

£2,000,000 GOING BEGGING
The Problem of the Prince of Wales' Fund

The Quiver

April
1920

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EASTER HOLIDAY
STORY NUMBER

CLEMAK

Safety Razor

"A PERFECT BLADE"



COMBINATION OUTFIT
COMPLETE IN LEATHER CASE

15/-

MACHINE STROPPER
WITH VELVET HIDE STROP

5/6

SILVER-PLATED CLEMAK
IN CASE WITH SEVEN BLADES

7/6

MINUTE TO STROP — MOMENT TO CLEAN

CLEMAK SAFETY RAZOR CO., 56 KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.



DURO

Fadeless Fabrics

"GARMENT REPLACED IF COLOUR FADES."

Fashions come and go, and come again; but dainty design, charm of texture, fadelessness and durability, always mark the ideal washing fabric, and there is a DURO" for every purpose.

The pattern and needle case, together with the name of local retailer, will be sent free on application to the DURO Advertising Offices, Room 39, Waterloo Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Dyers and Manufacturers:

BURGESS, LEDWARD & CO. LTD.
MANCHESTER.

DURO CAMBRIC ... 40 ins. ... 3/11
for Frocks, Shirts, & Children's Wear.

DURO ZEPHYR ... 40 ins. ... 3/11
for Children's and Ladies' Frocks.

DURO GINGHAM ... 40 ins. ... 3/11
for Overalls, Nurses' Costumes, etc.

DURO PIQUE ... 40 ins. ... 5/6
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DURO BURWARD ... 40 ins. ... 6/6
for Sports Coats, Costumes, and Skirts.

DURO SUITING ... 40 ins. ... 6/11
for smart Coat-Frocks and Costumes.

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for Sports Coats, Jumpers, Skirts, etc.

DURO SHIRTINGS for Men, in all
weights and styles.



PATTERNS SENT POST FREE

Good taste is forcibly reflected in the choice of fabrics, such as Casements, Curtains, Tapestries, Rugs, and other essentials for decorative furnishing which go to make the home what it should be and give it an air of comfort and charm. Therefore, go to ALLEN'S and buy the best; it is always cheapest in the end. Send for patterns of



ALLEN'S FADELESS Durobelle

Any length
replaced
FREE
if
colour fades.

which fulfils every requirement of interior decoration, and is made in an infinite variety of artistic shades and colourings. It is DURABLE, WASHABLE, REASONABLE IN PRICE, and guaranteed to be absolutely FADELESS.

	Width.	Cream.	Col.		Width.	Cream.	Col.
Plain Durobelle Casement				Durobelle Stripe Casements			
Cloth	3in.	32	2/11	9in.	6/11	7/11
Do	20	2/11	2/11	Durobelle Poplins	30	6/11
Durobelle Bolton Sheetings	30	4/6	6/6	Durobelle Fadeless Madras	30	1/11
Durobelle Canvas Casement	Muslins, beautiful effects	30	1/11	10/9
Cloth	30	4/11	6/9	Magnificent range of Cotton
Durobelle Fancy Damasks	30	7/6	7/6	and Artificial Silk Casements, plain and figured,
Durobelle Tapestries	30	8/11	27/6	lovely shades	30	8/11
Durobelle Rugs and	Durobelle Rugs from 21/- each.	11/9
Mattings	30	6/11	8/11				

A splendid range of **Cottons, Shadow Tissues, Linens, and Tulle** of choice designs and rich colouring, for Curtains and Loose Covers, from 1/11 yd. Please specify textures when writing for patterns.

Foreign
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Orders
Promptly
Executed.

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Dept. N., Bournemouth.

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All Post Orders direct to Bournemouth.

STANWORTH'S "Defiance" UMBRELLAS.

THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day, together with P.O. for 7/6, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 6/- upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.
Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.

Cephos

THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY
FOR NEURALGIA,
HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM
AND INFLUENZA.

A SAFE AND CERTAIN CURE AND
SPLENDID TONIC.

Does not affect the Heart.

CEPHOS does NOT contain any
Antifebrin whatever.

To be obtained of Messrs. Boots Cash
Chemists, Tailors' Drug Stores, and of
all chemists, 1/3 and 3/- per Box.

If your chemist does not happen to have it in
stock, send 1/3 or 3/- in stamps, or P.O., addressed
CEPHOS, LTD., BLACKBURN,
and they will send it to you POST FREE.

"Marple" Sheets & Sheetings

—Best for Rest—
Strongest and last longest

For the bride-to-be or the experienced housewife you can find no more acceptable present than a gift of "Marple" Sheets. In finest weave or heavier weight they are all doubly durable, as only high-grade cotton is used, and special care is taken in the spinning and weaving.

Plain hemmed, or hemstitched, in both plain and twill weaves.

Try your usual draper, or you can be put into touch with retailers who can supply you by writing to

The Proprietors:
THE HOLLINS MILL CO. LTD.
Spinners and Manufacturers,
(Dept. Q), 5 Portland St., Manchester,

who are also the
proprietors of
"SUNRESISTA,"
"WASH-RESISTA"
PRINT,
"SEALFLEECE,"
etc.



THE QUIVER

THE PELMANOMETER

WHAT DOES
YOUR BRAIN
EARN ?
for you.



£1000
A YEAR
£750
A YEAR
£500
A YEAR
£400
A YEAR

HAVE you ever properly realised the fact that in your brain you possess the finest money-making machine in the world?

There is practically no limit to the income-earning powers of the mind, when it is keyed up to the highest pitch of efficiency of which it is capable. By training your mind to greater efficiency you can put yourself in the way of earning twice, three times, four times the amount you make at present.

In every profession, business and occupation there is a demand for men and women with scientifically trained minds.

Over 500,000 men and women have already been trained to greater efficiency by the famous Pelman System, which develops just those qualities of Concentration, Memory, Initiative, Ideation, Self-Confidence and Administrative Power which are in the greatest demand to-day.

Many great business houses are enrolling their employees *en masse*, in some cases 200 to 300 enrolments being made in this way.

A Course of Pelman Training is the finest of all mental exercises. It develops your mind as physical training develops your muscles. It is most fascinating to follow and takes up very little time. It is taught by post and can be followed anywhere.

THE NEW PELMAN COURSE which is now being given is the revised and enlarged Course upon which the specialists of the Advisory Board of the Pelman Institute have been engaged for many months past. The data have been gathered in the course of dealing with over half a million men and women of all classes and the whole scope of the System has been considerably widened and its interest for the individual student deepened and intensified. As with its predecessor, it is not a training in any specialised technical subject, but a most thorough and effective preparation of the mental attitude and memory, so that the sphere of technical effort may be considerably widened and its utmost possibilities realised.

**Write to-day for a Free Copy of
Mind and Memory**

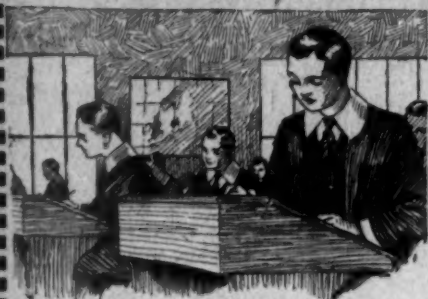
It tells you all about the
New (1920) Pelman Course.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE

155 Pelman House,
Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

OVERSEAS BRANCHES—New York City, U.S.A.:
505 Fifth Avenue. Melbourne: 46-48 Market
Street. Durban: Club Arcade. Toronto: Temple
Building. Bombay: Chowpatti Sea Face.

THE QUIVER



Train your boy

to give proper attention to his hair. Buy him a bottle of Anzora and let him rub a little well into the scalp every morning before using the brush and comb. His hair will then remain neat and tidy all day in spite of boyish energy. Gently, yet firmly, refuse all substitutes. Insist upon Anzora.

Anzora Cream for slightly greasy scalps, and Anzora Viola for dry scalps, are sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc.

Price 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) per bottle.

ANZORA

Masters the Hair

Anzora Perfumery Co., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6.



SCIENCE CONQUERS RHEUMATISM



Is Rheumatism curable? Doctors say "Yes." URACE PROVES IT. Urace has cured thousands of Rheumatism, Gout, Backache, Sciatica and all uric acid complaints. It never fails.

Urace Tablets are sold by Boots (250 branches) and all Chemists at 1/3, 2/6 and 5/- per box, or direct, post free, from the URACE LABORATORIES, 68 Webburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

URACE TABLETS

HARBUTT'S

PLASTICINE

FOR HOME MODELLING.

The charm of "Plastine" opens a new world of delight to that immense army of little people who are always coming on. Do not think it old because maybe you used it ten or fifteen years ago; it isn't to them. Pass on your pleasures: buy a box and show them the funny things you used to make.

Complete Outfits:—

2/-, 2/6, 4/3, 6/8, 8/3, post paid.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE, Ltd., 37 Bathampton, Bath.
London Showrooms: 33 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

The KANDAHAR PENCIL



MADE IN ALL DEGREES FOR ALL PURPOSES.
A Pencil of Uniform Excellence.

"KANDAHAR" Pencils are smooth, durable, and a pleasure to use. One "Kandahar" Pencil will outlast a dozen ordinary pencils.

"KANDAHAR" PENCILS are British Made by GEORGE ROWNEY & CO. ESTABLISHED 1769.



4d. each, 3/6 per doz. From all Stationers.

Real Harris, Lewis, and Shetland Homespun

Direct from the Makers.
Light weights for Ladies—Medium for Gents.
Patterns and Prices on Application.
S. A. NEWALL & SON (Dep't. L.V.), Stornoway, Scotland.
Shirts shirts cleaned and if for Gent's or Ladies' Wear.

For cleaning Silver Electro Plate & Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/6 2/6 & 4/6

THE QUIVER

Onoto

THE Pen



As Simple as Posting a Letter

When you want to write, the Onoto is always ready. When you have finished, a twist with finger and thumb turns the Onoto into a sealed tube, which cannot leak.

And when you need a fresh supply of ink, the Onoto fills itself in a flash from any ink supply, and cleans itself in filling.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., Ltd.
Bunhill Row, London, E.C.4.

THE QUIVER

Food Value

Food to-day is so expensive that you should buy the food which affords greatest nourishment and health-building energy. A staple food such as bread merits careful consideration in this respect.

HöVIS

(TRADE MARK)

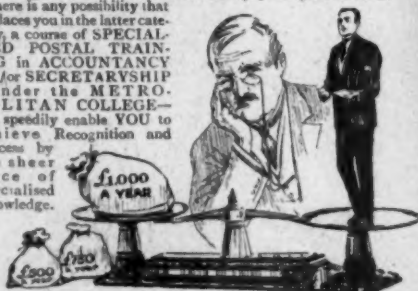
bread contains more nourishment (valuable natural protein) than any other bread—and it is the most digestible.

YOUR BAKER BAKES IT

What is YOUR Market Value?

When your employer "weighs you up" in his mind, does he regard you as a Coming Man, whom he will be glad to rapidly advance to a highly paid and responsible position, or does he look upon you as a man of limited ability and initiative, capable of earning little or no more than he now pays for your services?

If there is any possibility that he places you in the latter category, a course of SPECIALISED POSTAL TRAINING in ACCOUNTANCY and/or SECRETARYSHIP—under the METROPOLITAN COLLEGE—will speedily enable YOU to achieve Recognition and Success by the sheer force of Specialised Knowledge.



A SKILLED KNOWLEDGE OF ACCOUNTANCY and/or SECRETARYSHIP IS A CERTAIN LEVER TO SUCCESS IN ANY BUSINESS.

Any one of the higher administrative posts—GENERAL MANAGER, UNDER-MANAGER, WORKS MANAGER, ACCOUNTANT, COMPANY SECRETARY, CASHIER, WORKS ACCOUNTANT, HEAD BOOK-KEEPER, COST ACCOUNTANT, or CHIEF CLERK—is open (in any description of business) to a qualified student of the METROPOLITAN COLLEGE—the Varsity of Secretarial and Accountancy Training.

SPECIALISED POSTAL TRAINING TAKEN AT HOME IN SPARE TIME.

Send a post card to-day for the **FREE GUIDE**, free and post paid on application. This little book will show you clearly what course to take to ensure a successful career.

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE, Ltd.
(Dept. 49), St. ALBANS.

Perry **TESTED**

No. 1405
THE
IRRESISTIBLE

Pens

A most delightful pen, for smooth, easy writing, made of yellow metal. **NON-CORROSIVE.**

Assorted Sample Box, containing 24 Perry Tested Pens, etc., from all Stationers

or Post Free 10/6, from Perry & Co. Ltd., 49 Old Bailey, E.C.4.

Jewsbury & Brown's Oriental Tooth Paste

You can't paint the lips—
you can keep it pure. The
natural beauty of healthy
teeth is worth a tube
of Oriental Toothpaste.

In Tubes 1/3
Pots 1/6 & 2/6



Mlle. Alice Delysia
Says:—

"I Recommend
Lavona
Hair Tonic
to all my friends."

"Lavona Hair Tonic is the most delightful and effective dressing for the hair I have ever used. The sheen and lustre it gives the hair is beyond belief until one actually experiences it—then one's only regret is that it wasn't discovered before. I recommend Lavona to all my friends, especially in cases where illness or overwork has played havoc with hair beauty."

Alice Delysia

Many a woman wonders at the gloriously radiant heads of hair possessed by the stars of stage and film, and here, in Mlle. Delysia's own words, is the reason for this wonderful beauty of hair. But Lavona Hair Tonic is now to be obtained, not only at the few *pharmaciens* who supply the theatrical profession, but at all high-class chemists' and stores throughout the country, and the result from its use is never in doubt. Right from the very first application of this unusual preparation the hair becomes more lustrous, more "wavy" and more delicately radiant; the dandruff which for so long has been choking the life out of the hair is permanently banished, the lank, "scraggy" locks are no more, but in their stead comes a treasure of long, beautiful, adorable hair indicative of youth.

AN UNQUALIFIED GUARANTEE. In the words quoted above, Mlle. Delysia offers to every woman advice that is worth untold money. Just get a 2/11 or 4/3 bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic from the nearest chemist and use as directed. Enclosed with every package is a binding guarantee of entire Satisfaction or Money Back, so that a thorough trial of this preparation can be made with the knowledge that it need cost you nothing unless it makes your hair long, luxuriant, lustrous and the admiration of your friends. Lavona Hair Tonic is prepared solely by

THE INTERNATIONAL CHEMICAL CO., LTD., Wybert St., Munster Square, London, N.W.1

"Lavona Hair Tonic"

THE GUARANTEED DRESSING FOR HAIR & SCALP

THE QUIVER

Don't Wear a Truss.

Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draw the broken parts together, and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely binds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it for your relief—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to us, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—send we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, no barres, no ties, no falsies. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. *Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.*
(15538) 80 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.



Instantly Kills Pain!

One touch of Vikwik and you can feel the pain of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Strains, Bruises, etc., etc., fade away. Kills pain—gives new life to tortured limbs and aching muscles. Doctors support and recommend it.

Vikwik Liniment can be obtained from Boots (also branches) and all Chemists at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle, or direct, post free, from the

VIKWIW COMPANY, Desk 58, 27 Store St., London, W.C.1

VIKWIW LINIMENT



HOLIDAYS AT HARROGATE BRING HEALTH & PLEASURE

TRY IT THIS YEAR. FULL PARTICULARS AND BOOKLET FROM
F. J. O. BROOME, Cure Director, HARROGATE.

Wonderfully Invigorating Air
Delightful Country Rambles & Excursions
Plenty of Amusement Inside and Out
Finest Treatment in the World
Magnificently Equipped Baths

Write Him To-day.



"What a Change!"

"I can hardly believe it. My skin is improving daily. It is firmer, clearer and cleaner. And I like that faint tinge of colour which betokens skin health. I shall keep on using Pomeroy Skin Food, never fear."

Pomeroy Skin Food

Of all Chemists and Perfumers in 1/6, 4/-, and 2/6 Jar.

MRS. POMEROY, LTD.,
29, Old Bond Street,
London, W.1.



PLEX THE DUPLICATOR

Makes 100 Copies in a few Minutes

whenever you want a number of copies from Hand-writing, Typewriting, Drawings, Brushwork, Music, etc., without trouble or skill in use or a pretty variety of colours. PLEX THE DUPLICATOR is essentially the most popular, outclassing all others. Send for one to-day. Price 1/6, foolcap size, complete with Supplies. Add 1/- for postage and packing. S. FODDRE & CO. (Dept. Q), SOUTHPORT, and 67-69 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

ALL WOOL WHITE BLANKETS



AMAZING VALUES

Send for PRICE LIST.

Our Blanket values astound everyone. Through keen buying foresight we are, despite recent increases in cost of wool, still selling at Summer Prices. To test our wonderful value send for our beautiful Silver-Grey Blanket—a really nice shade—size 58 ins. by 78 ins., price 10/3 each, post free.

Money returned if not satisfied.

S. BARROW & CO., Dept. 161.
104 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

The Name

PHILLIPS

on Rubber Heels and Tips is a Guarantee of

QUALITY

PHILLIPS' PATENTS LTD., 142 OLD ST LONDON EC

HEALTHY WOMEN

should wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE
CORSET
OF
HEALTH



The Natural
Ease Corset
Style 2.

9/11 pair

Postage abroad extra

Complete with
Special Detachable
Suspenders.

Stocked in
all sizes
from 20 to 30.
Made in finest
quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.
No lacing at the back.
Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality,
with corded supports and special suspenders,
detachable for washing.
It is laced at the sides with elastic cord to
expand freely when breathing.
It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.
It has a short (9 inch) busk in front which
ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at
the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks
and Eyes.
It can be easily washed at home, having
nothing to rust or tarnish.

The History of the Health Corset may
be set out in a few lines—it is founded
on Science, improved by Experience, and
beautified by Art; its perfection is the
result of the co-operation of the Artist
and the Expert.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who
enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is
nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids
will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to
breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially
housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding
constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease"
Corsets. They yield freely to every movement of the
body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most
comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

No goods sent without cash, but money willingly
returned if dissatisfied.

Catalogue sent with Corsets. Cross your Postal
Orders and make payable to the

HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Room 99,
Morley House, 26-28 Holborn Viaduct, London,
EDWIN TURPIN & CO., LTD. E.C.1.

THE QUIVER

NEURASTHENIA

(NERVE WEAKNESS)

CURED BY ELECTRICITY

To-day the conditions of life are causing a serious increase
in Neurasthenia and other Nervous and functional disorders.

The symptoms of Neurasthenia are many and varied.
They are mainly mental or nervous, and often the victim is
quite unaware of the fact that he or she is travelling rapidly
towards Nervous Exhaustion and Nervous Prostration.

ARE YOU NERVOUS LIKE THIS?



If so, Curative
Electricity will
put you right.

The Pulvermacher Appliances are the only inventions for the
administration of curative electricity, endorsed by over 100 leading
Doctors and by the official Academy of Medicine in Paris.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

Are you Nervous, Timid, or Indecisive?
Do you lack Self-Confidence?
Do you dread open or closed spaces?
Are you wanting in Will Power?
Are you "fidgety," restless, or sleepless?
Do you blush or turn pale readily?
Do you shrink from strange company?
Are you subject to sudden impulses?
Do you crave for stimulants or drugs?

If so, you can safely assume that you are suffering from Neurasthenia.
The neurasthenic also often suffer from Indigestion, Liver
Troubles, Constipation, Palpitation, Loss of
Appetite, Excess of Appetite, and a host of other dis-
orders due to faulty functioning of various organs. Electricity is the
only force that naturally supplies this deficiency of Nerve Force,
and restores tone to the whole nervous system. To-day you can be

CURED IN YOUR OWN HOME BY ELECTRICITY

by simply wearing the Pulvermacher appliances, which are light,
easy, and comfortable to wear. They give no shock, but all the
time they are being worn they supply the nerve centres with a
continuous flow of electricity, naturally stimulate the circulation of
the blood and increase nerve nutrition.

This is the natural and physiological treatment of Neurasthenia,
which drug treatments can never cure. The Pulvermacher Treat-
ment has cured the most obstinate cases of Neurasthenia and
Nervous Disorders when all other methods have failed. If you
are suffering from any form of Nerve Trouble, or if you have any
of the symptoms as described above, write to-day for a book that
may well prove of incalculable health value to you, yet it costs you
nothing. It is entitled "Guide to Health and Strength," and will
be sent post free. Those who can call personally
are cordially invited to do so, when a consult-
ation on their health trouble may be secured
absolutely free of charge and without obligation be-
tween the hours of 10.0 and 5.30 daily.

FREE COUPON

By posting this FREE FORM TO-DAY you will receive the
"Guide to Health and Strength." You place yourself
under no obligation by applying for this Book and particulars of the
Pulvermacher Appliances.

Name.....

Address.....

Post to the Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Insti-
tute, Ltd., 17 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.
Quiver, April, 1920.

THE QUIVER

Try my Cake Royal

MAKES PERFECT CAKES.

Easily! Quickly! Cheaply!

Contains all the necessary sweetening, flavouring and raising properties.

You can make many different kinds of cake by following the Recipes and full directions given in each packet.

The purity and high quality of the ingredients makes every "Cake Royal" cake not only a delightful dainty but a valuable food.

Ask your grocer for this perfect Cake Maker.



J. & J. BEAULAH LTD., BOSTON, ENGLAND.

Severe Nerve and Stomach Trouble

Neuritis, Neuralgia and Indigestion cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Mrs. WILLIAMS, Alwyn Cottage, Whitby, near Chester, says:—

"After an attack of pleurisy about three years ago, I was left very weak, I could not keep still for nerves, and worse than all, I could not sleep at nights. This of course made me weaker than ever. I had little desire for food, and when I did eat pain was sure to follow in my back and over the kidneys. I suffered also with flatulence and a nasty sick feeling, and the headaches I endured were awful. They were like neuralgia. In my left arm too there was a dull gnawing pain which I believe was neuritis. The indigestion had become so bad by this time that I was told my stomach was ulcerated.

"I had medical advice, of course, and kept trying one thing and another, but without any benefit till at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then relief came, I began to sleep at night and the pain and indigestion lessened. I grew stronger daily till in quite a short time I felt as well as before my illness."



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised Home Remedy for—

Home Prices:
1/3 and 3/-

The 3/- size being the more economical. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Kidney Trouble
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Indigestion
Malnutrition	Wasting Diseases	Vital Exhaustion
Neurasthenia	Palpitation	Nervous Debility

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

FREE INFORMATION

as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request. Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester, England.

IT'S GRAND!!!

HOW ELECTRICITY CURES

Startling Results in Cases of Neurasthenia, Rheumatic Troubles, Indigestion and Complaints of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.

It's grand, magnificent, marvellous to feel well and strong again after being ill and ailing—after feeling run down, nervous, depressed, and unable to take your full pleasure out of life.

It is the experience of a lifetime when you feel your heart's blood coursing its exhilarating streams through the once weakened veins and arteries. It is a joy of joys to feel the nerves strong and steady, and to notice the crisp firmness of the muscles that once were flabby and weak. And yet it is an experience every sufferer may enjoy. The secret is in one word—ELECTRICITY—kind Nature's one infallible remedy, and the greatest power to cure that the world can produce.

There is no bar to your full enjoyment of its benefits. It is no system for the rich alone—but one that all may freely and confidently adopt. Science has shown nothing more marvellous than the victory of Electric treatment over such terribly painful and harassing illnesses as Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago; than the splendid rebuilding of weakened nerves in cases of Debility, Neurasthenia, Neuralgia, Nervous Dyspepsia, Lack of Confidence; than the renewal to strength of the digestive system in cases of Indigestion, Kidney, Liver, and Bowel complaints.

The method is as easy and certain as it is convenient. All you need to do is to put on an "Ajax" battery for one hour each day. You can do this while resting, and as you sit in your comfortable chair or recline on the couch it is delightful to feel the mysterious, soothing, healing, and strengthening power circulating through your system in a beautifully soft flood. Of course this cannot be done with an ordinary battery, such as those used for electric lights, &c., because in such a battery, naturally, the current is neither radiated nor properly adapted. Shocking coils, too, which irritate the nerve centres, are also useless for the purpose. The correct and scientific method to apply is the "Ajax" Dry Cell Body Battery, which is specially made so that all the important nerve centres radiating through the system are simply saturated with the new-life-giving current.

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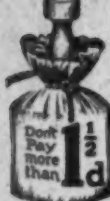
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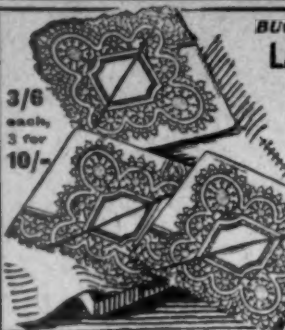
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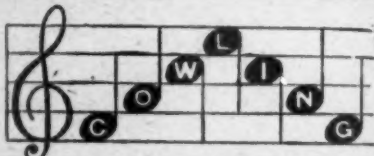
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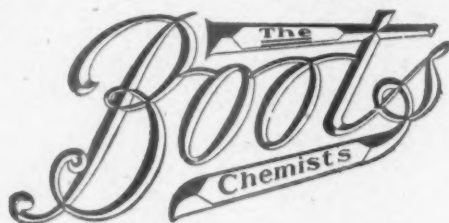


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The Editor

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"I WISH," said Helen, as she gave her hair a final pat, "that I could get hold of a really decent costume for to-morrow night. This jazz affair is getting dreadfully tired. And every other girl in the room is wearing its twin sister."

A pretty rose-and-grey Pierrette who was adjusting her right shoe nodded reflectively.

"M'm," she said, "but it's no good worrying. It's a bore not being a plutocrat . . . I say, Helen . . . just look there!"

The two girls gazed, fascinated, at a woman who had just slipped off her cloak. She wore a delicious eighteenth century costume of mauve satin over a sprigged petticoat. A white powdered wig set off her slyly glowing face and a patch was perched naughtily in one dimple.

"Isn't she exquisite?" whispered Helen. "I think those old-fashioned things are enchanting . . . and original these days!"

It was a very depressed Helen who changed her shoes in the dressing-room after the dance.

"I can't go to the 'Excelsior' in this to-morrow night," she confided to Mabel. "I'll have to tell Guy I've got a headache or something."

"Poor old girl," sympathised her friend. "I've only this one fancy dress, and I haven't a sou in the wide. Oh, I say, I was introduced to that lovely creature . . . she's a Mrs. Beauchamp. She's asked me to have tea at her flat to-morrow . . . here she is . . . I'll introduce you too."

The following afternoon Helen and Mabel were having tea with Mrs. Beauchamp. It was a charming room, and though the weather was warm, a small wood fire burned clearly in the grate.

Mrs. Beauchamp's appearance by daylight had given both girls something of a shock. Her frock was pretty, her complexion beautiful, but the lovely wig of the previous night had given place to her own hair, which was lank, dull and straight. Though she seemed young there was already more than one grey streak in her locks.

"I am so glad you liked my frock," she smiled, in answer to a remark of Mabel's . . . "But it always depresses me so. I do wish I lived in the eighteenth century, or that wigs were the fashion nowadays. I can't camouflage my horrid hair anyway by daylight! Forgive my being frightfully rude, but could you tell me where you get your hair waved?"

Helen laughed.

"Can't afford to patronise hairdressers," she answered, "and it isn't natural. No; I just use *silmerine*." She finished as if that explained everything.

"Silmerine?" Mrs. Beauchamp inquired. "I'm afraid I'm very ignorant. What is it?"

Where do you get it? What do you do with it?"

"One at a time," laughed Helen. "It is a rather nice smelling colourless liquid. You can get it from any chemist's. You just damp your hair with it, put in slides where you want the wave . . . and, voilà, ze curls. . ."

"But that's too wonderful," exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp. "Do you have to use it every day?"

"Oh, no . . . the effects last for some days."

"If my hair weren't so odiously thin and streaky," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "I would rush out this minute and buy a bottle. But my grey locks would look too ridiculous in waves."

"Mrs. Beauchamp," put in Helen, "I'm going to reveal a horrid secret. A little while ago I found some grey hairs on my own head. Mabel's fair; she won't go grey so soon. So I got a packet of *tammalite* and dissolved it in bay rum, and put it on the faded parts with a clean little brush. It was wonderful the way that it gradually brought back the colour to my hair."

"How lovely," exclaimed their hostess.

"Yes, I really must try that. *Tammalite*, you said, didn't you? By the way, a lot of people I know are using *boranium* as a hair tonic, but so far I haven't tried it. Do either of you know if it's any good?"

"Any good?" chorussed the two girls . . .

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This time Mabel answered . . . "Oh, the usual . . . *Stallax*, you know."

"*Stallax*? I don't seem to know it. Is it some special preparation?"

"I don't think so," replied Mabel. "It is quite ordinary stuff, I believe. You can buy it in ¼-lb. tins from most chemists. But it makes the most lovely shampoo; it lathers gorgeously in any water and your hair dries quickly after it and looks so soft and bright. My own hair always gets so dry and brittle after a shampoo of any kind that I always massage my scalp with olive oil before washing it."

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The Quiver

Easter

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

A FANCY DRESS FRIENDSHIP

"I WISH," said Helen, as she gave her hair a final pat, "that I could get hold of a really decent costume for to-morrow night. This jazz affair is getting dreadfully tired. And every other girl in the room is wearing its twin sister."

A pretty rose-and-grey Pierrette who was adjusting her right shoe nodded reflectively.

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The two girls gazed, fascinated, at a woman who had just slipped off her cloak. She wore a delicious eighteenth century costume of mauve satin over a sprigged petticoat. A white powdered wig set off her softly glowing face and a patch was perched naughtily in one temple.

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"Keen and shrewd he glanced
down at the arm"—p. 503

Drawn by
J. Dewar Milne

The Acid Test

A Schoolmaster's Story

By
Michael Kent

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence

For the fullness of the days? Have we withered or agonised?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?"

ABT VÖGLER.

ANDREW MCINTYRE CREWS, depositing a pile of exercise books upon a chair, passed across to his mantelpiece and took up an ancient sepia-coloured clay pipe. He was proceeding to fill it when his eye, wandering along the line of the shelf, discovered two letters propped against the clock. "Losh," said he, "who will be writing letters to me?"

He ruffled the long, silvery hair that lay like a mist about his head. Letters to Andy were generally the heralds of dismay—demands for payment—for he was a schoolmaster. With fallen jaw he examined the envelopes. The three-halfpenny stamps reassured him. Upon the flap of the first the initials B. S. and P. were embossed. The second bore a more familiar device, the lozenge-shaped shield of St. Athelric's.

"It will be the answer to my application," said he. His eager fingers made a botch of opening the thick and opulent-looking cover. It did not tear easily, and he clawed the missive fiercely from an irregular hole.

It was really a model of correspondence. The paper was dignified; the seal of St. Athelric's appeared again at the top right corner, this time in royal blue with the school's motto in a garter about it, "*Manum Godes Iusan leoht*," and in appropriate antithesis "W. R. Sharp, solicitor, clerk to the Governors."

The legal setting out of the letter did not surprise him for he had received former communications from the Governors of St. Athelric's.

*"The Governors of St. Athelric's School,
Merton and Sealing Foundation."*

A. M. CREWS, ESQ., M.A.

"SIR,—I am directed by the Governors to acquaint you with the minutes passed by the financial committee of the above foundation

in the matter of your letter to them dated the 9th inst.

"The minutes in question are as follows, viz.:

"That the committee does not see its way to recommending any increase in salary above the present maximum in the case of Mr. Crews.

"That the committee recommend Mr. Crews's retirement at the age of sixty on a pension of £50 (fifty pounds) per annum."

"I have the honour to be, sir, your most humble obedient servant,

"W. R. SHARP."

He put the letter down upon the table, and an ironical smile twisted his thin lips. "Aye," he muttered. "Fifty pounds per annum. Ye're a sucked orange, Andy."

His landlady came in with the tea tray, putting it down in silence and stalking out. She was without a maid, and every movement conveyed her sense of martyrdom at the outrage on her dignity in such menial practices.

"'Tis well," thought Andy as he poured out a cup of tea, "'tis as well I have another string to my bow," and taking up the Governors' letter gingerly between finger and thumb, he ran his eye over it again. "*Manum Godes Iusan leoht*," he muttered. "For men the light of the love of God! Aye, 'twas for men ye made that saw, old friend, for men not schoolmasters. There's a differ."

He tossed it bitterly aside, and opened the second communication.

It had by no means the same investment of circumstance. Above a mediæval drawing of a crane it was headed: "Blair, Sinclair & Pownall."

"SIR,—," it read, "Our attention has been directed to an edition of early Italian sonnets which bears your name as translator. Mr. Wimborne, the editor of our series 'At the Sign of the Crane,' is of opinion that your knowledge and style may be profitably used in English editions of such Italian writers as Pasquil, Bandello, etc.

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You doubtless are familiar with the general air of the series.

"If you would care to call and see our Mr. Wimborne, we think that you will find the work not unremunerative, and we could, granted satisfaction, offer you a continuous amount of it.

"We hope to hear from you shortly.

"Yours faithfully,

"A. BLAIR."

"Losh," said Andy, nearly upsetting his tea cup as he threw the letter aside. "The dirty books! Man, yon offer is scurrilous."

He was making no new comment when he termed the "Sign of the Crane" series "the dirty books." They had originally been launched under the title of "The Thirty Books," but the public, discovering that a taste for the salacious was no barrier to the study of mediæval literature, had joyfully rechristened them.

Blair, Sinclair & Pownall had indeed done very well out of the series. They had made use of the ironic twist in morals which admits historic interest as an excuse for many sorts of vulgarity. They had furnished forth the volumes expensively with the subtle penwork of an erotic and decadent draughtsman, lean women with thin fingers and pout lips, a result most beautiful and vile.

The dirty books satisfied at the same time a conventional conscience and a prurient mind; they were bound to be successful.

Andy, however, was too honest to blink the issue. He dropped the letter on the hearthrug, cheek by jowl with St. Athelric, and addressed himself to tea. After a while he picked it up to refresh his memory on a phrase, "You will find the work not unremunerative." "Aye," quoth he bitterly, "more remunerative than helping men to the light of the love of God, Brother Athelric."

He knew Wimborne. Thirty years before the two had been together at Cardinal, and Wimborne had a brilliant reputation as a scholar before he took by way of alcohol the road to disrepute. But the excesses which forced him from the quiet life and modest stipend of the University had proved profitable. He had doubled his income at Blair's, and no one worried whether he was drunk or sober.

Andy sensed a mordant irony in the fact that he who had always followed the high ideals of a noble calling should be so ill

requited that he could be offered a helping hand from this studious scallawag now that service in his old limbs lay "lame, with unregarded age in corners thrown." He finished tea sombrely, and lit his pipe.

According to routine, he glanced through the paper, and then set himself to the task of correction. The exercise books were in two sections, IV.A Latin and V.B. essay, and he stood over them gloomily, uncertain which to attack. Fatigue had, in fact, robbed him of initiative. The Latin would be a mechanical grind, but he would get through it quickly. The essay would last longer, but it would be more heart-breaking. It did not worry him if some careless youth wrote "*fuërim*" for "*fuissem*," but there were things in the essays that made him gnash his teeth. On the other hand, there were things in the essays that made him get up and rub his hands, and stamp about the room, wagging a warning forefinger at the glass case of waxen grapes. "Man, yon laddie's got something in him, I'm telling ye."

So he stood pensive between uninteresting duty and the pursuit of his ideal, stopping the tobacco down into his brown clay with a slender, nervous forefinger.

At last, with a little shiver, he pulled the Latin set towards him. Opening the first book, he scanned the text, the original Latin interlined with the translation. "*Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda.*" Many disadvantages surround old age."

It stabbed him lance-like. The hand with the pencil paused, and he stared at the page. "Many disadvantages surround old age."

"Aye," said he. "As, for instance, a pension of fifty pounds per annum."

For a moment or two he saw, through the ruled, scrawled page, into the past. He surveyed his thirty years of service, the death of his wife ten years ago, the loss of his son in Flanders at the end of a University career which had taken all the old man's savings to provide, the hard life, the hopeless future. All the time there was something tapping timidly at the back of his brain, and he realised it at last—the phrase, "You will find the work not unremunerative."

When he had closed the last of the Latin exercises he nodded grimly at Blair's letter on the table. "Aye," said he, "I'll e'en have to write your dirty books."

THE ACID TEST

He pushed the stack of essays away, and, taking note-paper and pen, wrote:

"MY DEAR WIMBORNE,—I have just received from Blair's a tentative offer of work on the Italian volumes of their Crane books. It is doubtless the outcome of your conversation with me, and it was good of you to keep me in mind. If their offer is anything like as good as your outline you may depend on my acceptance. The 'dingy trade' of teaching is, as you know, a delightful spare-time employment, but no livelihood, and I have not too much time before me to raise a barrier that will keep my old bones from the wolf.

"With many thanks,
yours sincerely,

"A. MCL. CREWS."

A second letter ran as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your letter. I shall be very glad to call and see Mr. Wimborne in the course of the week, and trust to be able to arrange with him for the work you wish done.

"Yours faithfully,
"A. MCL. CREWS."

Sealing the envelopes, he pushed them aside and plunged into the essays. The decision had cleared his brain and left him freer to work, but behind his activity the resentment flamed that St. Athelric's should force an old servant thus to pander to a depraved taste to save his old bones from the wolf.

It was with a mind made up, if not content, that he attacked Form V.B.'s dissertations on the happy warrior.

"A happy warrior," he read, "is one who is victorious, because a warrior can't feel happy when he is running away from the enemy or got a wound on the field of battle. The happy warrior feels proud when people



"For a moment he saw, through the ruled, scrawled page, into the past"

Drawn by
J. Dewar Miller

say that he fought well and give him medals such as the V.C., which is only worth three-pence but very hard to get, M.M., Royal Humane Society and the Silver Badge, like C. D. Walkley and Lord Roberts."

"Your ideas on honours, friend Alstone, are a little mixed," said Andy to himself, when there came a knock at his door. The handle turned, and in the darkness of the passage his landlady complained, "Somebody's come to see you, Mr. Crews."

He looked up to find his visitor entering, a tall, spare young man dressed to the

THE QUIVER

verge of fastidiousness. For a fraction of a second Andy swept his memory to place those brilliant dark eyes, that shone on him from the dead-white face below the wave of sleek hair. "Walkley!" he cried. "C. D. Walkley. Man, it's good to see you!"

He noted the firm, almost frantic grip of the long, nervous hand in his own, and the cold, unhealthy feel of it. "Sit you down, man," he said. "It's nigh on fifteen years since you were at St. Athelric's."

"Seventeen years, sir," said Walkley, as he threw back his coat and stretched thin, fluttering hands to the blaze. "I was eighteen when I left."

"Aye, seventeen years," said Andy, shooting out his under jaw. "*Tempus edax rerum*. Ye'll have travelled a long way since then, laddie."

Looking across keenly at the young man who leaned forward to the flicker of fire-light, he saw a sombre shade cloud his eyes.

"Yes," said Walkley.

The lines deepened at the side of the compressed, temperamental mouth, and the muscle sprang tense in the angle of the jaw.

"Ye haven't been down so often," said Andy. "I don't mind you at any of our shows these seven years."

The young man leaned back in his chair. "I've been busy," he said.

"Aye, we'll have heard of that," said Andy, smiling. He got up and lounged lazily round the table to the bookshelf on the far wall. "'Myrrh and Frankincense,'" he cried, tapping the back of a volume; "'Bimini,' 'The Ghosts of Doctor Sard,' 'The Bondage of Great Deeds.' I've followed them, laddie."

There was envy in the old man's pride. In seventeen years this boy whom he had knuckled through the declensions had become a trumpet voice while he was still a whisper in the classroom. "St. Athelric has made few authors," he said. "And we're proud of you."

The young man rolled his head languidly. "Yes; they sold," he said, "they caught on and sold."

"They're good work," returned Andy with spirit. "Clean stuff, austere and proud and true." He caught sight of the envelopes on the table, and picked them up shamefaced and put them in his pocket.

A faint red tinge spread over the author's face. "I'm glad you like them," said he.

"If they are good it is because they are largely you."

"Man," cried Andy, blushing furiously, "you're ragging me; and I taught you no soldiering, anyway."

"Oh, soldiering," said the young man. "That was luck."

"Ye did very well." Andy's voice was harsh, almost ungracious.

Walkley nodded.

Andy scanned his visitor curiously across the hearth, unable to divine why Walkley had come down to St. Athelric's, why he had called upon him. There was an air strange and tense about the young man.

"Have you seen the Head?" asked Andy at last.

"No." Walkley merely parted his lips and shook his head. There was a frown between his eyes as though he pursued some unspoken, fixed resolve. "No, I came to see you."

"You haven't seen the old place, then, and the memorial in Hall?"

"No," the same mute negative, and again, half-whispered, "I came to see you."

Andy rose restlessly. "Ye're not smoking," he said, and pushed his tobacco-jar along the table.

"Thanks." Walkley tucked his long legs under the chair, and, sitting up, felt for a cigarette-case. He drew a deep breath. "You're very peaceful and calm here," he said. "St. Athelric's has got into your blood, sir, I think, in all these years. 'The light of God's love to men.'"

The silver head bent. "It's not like racketing round town," he admitted very quietly.

"No," returned the author. "It is the peace I was seeking."

The word drove Andy back upon the steep gorge of his ideal. Here was a boy—one of his boys—to aid. "Peace?" said he; "ye seek peace?"

The man had changed, not outwardly at all, but in a subtle way, as if one might "crank up" the soul for action. He was no more cordial, but his eyes had grown alert. A light seemed to spring to life deep within them. He had become eager as a hound unleashed to trail the younger man's misdeeds, questing, testing the trend of gesture and inflection. Nothing of the morbid escaped his swift deduction. The obsession of dreadful memory, the nervous tension in hand and eye, he found them all, and he found more, for under all lay fear.

THE ACID TEST

He tapped the young man's bony knee. "Laddie," he said softly, "what are ye afraid of?"

"Myself!" Walkley lay back in his chair with a look almost of disdain upon his handsome, bloodless face. On a sudden, rather recklessly he pulled back his sleeve and bared a slender, white forearm punctured all its length with little pores. Some were mere black dots, some still showed a rosy tinge, and some were set in purple. It was with a curious desire to shock—almost with pride—that he lay back watching Andy for the look of horror that should be his.

But Andy disappointed him. Keen and shrewd he glanced down at the arm and fell a moment pulling at his lip. "That will be morphia?" he asked.

Walkley nodded wanly, for the old Scot's quietness had taken the zest from the scene.

"Ah, well," said Andy. "It's little use crying over spilt milk."

The young man laughed. "Spilt milk," he said bitterly. "It's still a-spilling, and will be till I lob over the lip of the jug myself."

"Havers!" said Andy softly, as one reproving a false concord.

"You can't guess," cried Walkley impetuously. "We live under hard conditions—writers. We pour out and the public expects us to go on pouring. Out there, too, things I have seen obsess me."

"Then I came back crooked and they used this on me for sleep—sleep, when I had gone waking till the world buzzed about me like a mad hive. Now I am free to work again, free of it all. But there's a break in the pipe. No flow. No concatenation. Virtue has gone out of me. And the public gape and say: 'Ah, not so good as his last. He's going off.'"

"Laddie," returned Andy, "they don't say that. You're hag-ridden." His hand fell upon the stiff bulge of the two sealed letters in his pocket. He crushed them with a savage grip, and with a curious gust of unreasonable anger stepped across to the hearth, frowning upon himself in the speckled glass of the mantel.

"Am I hag-ridden?" the young man took up. "Have you read the 'Colonels Betise'?" What did you think of it?"

"Aye," said Andy. "That was the work of a sick man."

"Who'll never be better," agreed Walkley.

"This needs talking out. Why did ye come down?"

The author was in no haste to answer.

Walkley turned up his right hand as it were weighing, swaying it up and down upon the hinge of his elbow as he spoke. The spurt of fire had died; he seemed tired. "I came," he said, "because, though up in town and in France I have met many men, good men, and made many friends, there is none to whom I could speak thus and hope for help—none of the calibre—the steel to guard and the heart to know."

"Man," cried Andy angrily, "I am a failure, ye ken."

"Perhaps that is why," said Walkley quite calmly. "Forgive me if I seem hard in analysis. All good schoolmasters, like all good parsons, must be failures. Do you remember Abt Vogler?" He paused and spoke the lines softly with fastidious emphasis:

"What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of the days? Have we
withered or agonised?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing
might issue thence?"

"I don't call that failure."

"And you come back to me after seventeen years?" asked Andy tenderly, regarding him with boyish pleasure.

"I have looked to you all the time, sir," said Walkley. "You have been my touchstone. In doubt I have asked, 'Would Scotty Crews'—forgive me—allow this?' 'Would he pass that?' I have written with you at my elbow all the time, sir."

The open weighing hand came to rest; the strain had slackened beneath the eyes.

"Thank ye, laddie," said Andy Crews. He pulled hard at his pipe, frowning into the fire. "What will be your idea in coming down?" he asked at last.

Walkley was eager to go on. "Here I was young and strong and without fear. Here I found men, at least a man, pursuing a great vocation, unshaken by the exigencies of time as the vulgar are. Ever at my back was guard and guide in case I failed, so I am here in the old school again seeking the spirit of the past. It is my only chance, I tell you."

"*Labuntur anni*," quoted Andy under his breath, but the instant knowledge that this was no suggestion to plant in the sick man's mind kept him silent. "Ye did well," he said.

"I have taken rooms in Selwood Place."

"And this coward's needle?" Andy,

THE QUIVER

with beetling brows and imperious index, scanned the scarred forearm.

"I have brought them to you—the syringe and solution."

"Ye can e'en take them back," said Andy dryly.

The sick man's face fell.

"They can do no harm wanting your ain thumb on the plunger. The peril's no there, laddie."

The author looked up with surprise and some elation. "You would trust me so far," he said. "I do not trust myself."

"Do you trust *me*?" asked the school-master keenly.

"Why else am I here?" cried the young man. "Oh, sir, what am I to do?"

"For two weeks ye shall but read and walk and talk to me by the fire o' nights," said Andy. "Then ye shall work as ye will. Only each time ye use that needle ye shall come and tell the same to me." He leant over his friend, challenging, scrutinising from narrowed eyes scintillant with mastery. "Will you do that?"

The fierce jeering air of the question repulsed the younger man. "What?" he asked, hesitating.

"Tell me," snapped Andy. "Tell me every time."

It wrung the answer from him involuntarily as from a boy. "Yes, sir."

Andy nodded shortly. "It's as good as done," he said. "Laddie, ye'll laugh at this coil in a year."

The author passed a hand across his brows. "I knew I could lay it on you," he said softly. "I knew you wouldn't fail me." He stood upright; there slid into his eyes a rest they had not known for many days. "I had one fear in coming, that you might not be here, dead or gone away, or given up the job for something better."

"No," said Andy. "You will always find me here."

The young man sat down again, smiling. "What is the magic you invest one with?" he asked. "I have drawn confidence out of you as in the old days. I feel you cannot fail. Somehow, you are still above us and beyond as though you touched some source of virtue which we do not know."

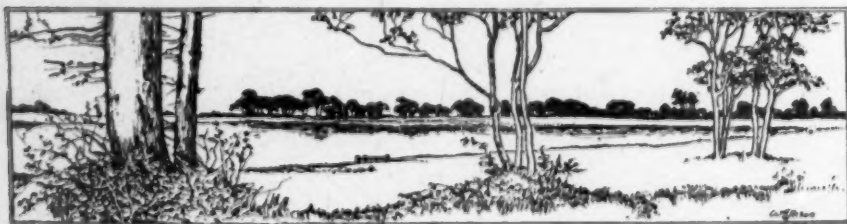
"Laddie, laddie!" broke in Andy Crews gravely, "I am no more than you. I still strive to keep in subjection my body—God forgive me—lest having preached to others I should myself become a castaway."

"A castaway?" cried Walkley. "You forget I have known you twenty years."

"Ah," returned Andy. "No man's quit of the devil till his coffin lid's screwed."

When he had said "Good night" to the author Andy Crews sat down again by the fire. The room looked barer and meaner for the young man's visit. Andy himself felt bare and mean. Old age, the silent, was at his elbow with a heavy hand upon his shoulder. He sat for a long time looking at the fire pinched, and worn, and tired. The reaction of his struggle, the outflow of virile suggestion, of confidence and conquest, had drained him. At last, with a tinge of boyish shyness, he took from his pocket the letters which he had written and dropped them on the dull remainder of the fire. They twisted, and shrivelled, and browned, and puffed at last into flame that seemed in Andy's mind to have something in it fierce and foul.

"The light of the love of God for men," he whispered as he watched. "What of the little folk who fail to guard your trust?" He added the Governors' letter to the bleaching ashes. "They're rich, maybe," he continued with a smile. "*But they do not see our vision, Brother Athelric!*"



£2,000,000 GOING BEGGING

*The Story of the Prince of Wales's Fund, together with
Suggestions for its Disposal*

By A. C. Marshall

TWO million pounds sterling is going a-begging. People responsible for the money hardly know what to do with it. The real object for which the cash was raised never completely materialised. Now there is a colossal surplus, the ultimate disposal of which is dependent solely upon circumstances and suggestions.

The Distress that Never Came

To explain the matter clearly it is necessary to go back a few years. In our minds we must conjure up a picture of Great Britain, inured to peace and plenty for many years, thrust suddenly with dramatic violence into a fierce war at her very gates.

One of the initial thoughts of that grave period in the national history was the acute distress that must inevitably follow. Tens of thousands of people were likely to be thrown out of employment. Want, hunger, desperate need would stalk abroad. The Poor Law institutions would be packed to overflowing.

Such were the fears of those who judged the situation. Their apprehensions were based chiefly upon the reasoning that our trade as a whole would be entirely dislocated; and, as early as August 6th, 1914, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales instituted the National Relief Fund and appealed in the following terms to the public at large:

"All must realise that the present time of deep anxiety will be followed by one of considerable distress among the people of this country least able to bear it. . . . The means of relief must be ready in our hands. To allay anxiety will go some way to stay distress."

This was the spirit of the Fund, the immense balance of which is now awaiting disposal. That it was a prudent spirit there can be no manner of doubt; and those who

would decry our national institutions have in this Fund an example of zeal, wisdom and masterly forethought that has never been equalled in the disposal of such a bulk of money at trifling administrative cost and to such complete beneficent utility.

A Gigantic Total

As a matter of fact, over the whole period of the war, the Fund reached the gigantic total of £6,565,533 9s. 9d. The interest earned from the proportion of the moneys temporarily invested exceeded half a million sterling. The task of organisation alone was stupendous.

As for the objects of the Fund, they were succinctly summed-up in this statement: "to embrace within the scope of its philanthropic effort the relief of all hardship, whether arising directly from war casualties or through unemployment caused by the inevitable dislocation of trade."

Thus, we have on the one hand a country plunged into chaos through which there are to be seen outstretched hands pleading for help; on the other an enormous sum of money held in trust by the Heir to the Throne for the alleviation of war-time distress.

Happily, there was to all intents and purposes but little want. In the loomland of Lancashire among the cotton operatives there certainly was hardship in 1914, and money was allocated towards its relief. Generally speaking, however, industry adapted itself to the altered conditions marvellously, and absorbed gigantic Government contracts; so that the transition from peace to war brought in its train but little need and consequently only small claims to be met by the National Fund.

Quite early in its career, however, this Fund had been publicly wedded to Queen Alexandra's Soldiers' and Sailors' Families

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Association and, as the outcome of the fusion, a good deal of money was allotted to the supplementing of the meagre Separation Allowance which then pertained; and also to the provision of grants to the dependants of our fighting men, some of whom had been left to face distress. At the same time, the joint Fund was receiving a great deal more in cash than it was paying out; though, with all the uncertainties of modern war, there was constantly the chance that it would be unable to meet some sudden, overwhelming call, so that its resources had to be husbanded to the full.

It is in order to explain how there comes to be two millions of money going begging that this brief recapitulation of the romance of the Prince of Wales's Fund has had to be given. It is public money only in the sense that it was subscribed by the public. It is *not* under the control of the Government; and is only concerned with the authorities inasmuch as they possess the machinery for its equitable distribution.

What the Fund has Done

It would be beyond the point to go right through with the little-known story of this Fund. It has been used throughout consistently with its original aims. It has carried benefit to objects as far asunder as the poles, provided their need has been brought about by the war. The fisherman whose humble smack was torpedoed, the family that was homeless through an air raid, the boarding-house keeper on the East Coast who in time of peril could obtain no patrons, have all had cause to thank the Fund for relief. St. Dunstan's Hostel, the Actors' Benevolent Fund and the dependants of French and Italian soldiers domiciled in this country are among the hundred and one deserving cases to which practical assistance has been given.

All the while the Executive Committee of the Fund kept their attention fixed upon the second great danger point, the cessation of hostilities. They foresaw that in the transformation of labour from war back to peace hardship must inevitably ensue. There would be disbanded soldiers unable at short notice to resume their former avocations. There would be that great social difficulty—thousands upon thousands of girls turned adrift from war work and seeking other employment where perhaps

there was little to be obtained. There was money in the Fund to meet this emergency, naturally insufficient for more than a week or two with the prevailing high prices; yet something to help in alleviating distress. Here again the cash was not required, for the Government came forward with its scheme of doles for those in need, either war workers or service men and women; a scheme that was extended in its duration until the industrial conditions assumed a comparatively normal aspect.

What can be Done with the Money?

Such, then, is the narrative of this two millions of money that is going begging. It was subscribed for the relief of hardship consequent upon the war. It must be utilised for this purpose and for no other. Now, what outlets are there consistent with the objects of the Fund? And from which outlet should we in a national sense obtain the greatest benefit?

Let us look first at one of the most pressing problems of the day—the stern need of housing accommodation for the healthful, comfortable and decent conditions of living that should be the right of everyone. At the present time 3,000,000 people are existing in an overcrowded and consequently unhealthy state. Of the houses standing 70,000 are unfit for habitation; a further 300,000 are seriously defective. Before the war, 100,000 new houses were required in England and Wales every year to take the place of those that fell into disuse and to provide for the needs of our increasing population. During the five years of the war there was an almost complete cessation of building (at least 200,000 men engaged in the building trade were killed or maimed), with the result that we stand to-day in need of no fewer than half a million houses.

If Spent on Housing

And surely the hardship endured through the want of a house in 1920 is essentially born of the Great War? There are thousands of newly married couples who can take no interest in nursery and cradle until they possess castles to call their own. Of all those who are houseless, dragging out an existence herded in apartments, the bulk of them are heroes of the war because they come last in the list of applicants for accommodation.

£2,000,000 GOING BEGGING

Supposing, then, that the two million pounds surplus on the National Relief Fund were devoted to the alleviation of war distress brought about through the lack of houses. What would be the net result? It costs £800, with land, roads and sewers, to build a house of the type approved by the Ministry of Health. At this rate, £2,000,000 would build 2,500 houses; or sufficient to accommodate say ten thousand people.

Compared with the need, these 2,500 houses would be but a drop in the ocean. At the same time, they would form a step in the right direction. Moreover, allowing for the charges for these houses to yield a modest return of 4 per cent. on outlay, the rents for the first year would build a further hundred houses; and so *ad infinitum*.

For ex-Service Men

Still, even this is no solution to the dispersal of the two million pounds that are awaiting a prescribed use. To sink the Fund into the sands of the complex housing problem would merely be to invest it and not to bestow it towards its final dissolution. *It is not suggested that the money should be employed to give people houses rent free.* Yet, if this scheme could be adopted, it would surely be a desirable plan to offer to ex-service men and ex-war workers an opportunity of buying their houses upon an impartial basis. If, for instance, they could pay one-fifth of the value down and allow the remaining four-fifths to stand on mortgage subject to the payment of quarterly instalments the Fund would be doing an excellent national service.

Is the Fund to be Dissolved?

The whole crux of the question is this—is the Fund to be dissolved entirely by the complete allocation of its moneys; or, alternatively, is the surplus two millions to be suitably invested and upon it reared such a structure as would stand us in good stead in the stress of some future need?

By adapting the whole of the two millions to the purposes of the present house shortage it should be possible to double the money in a few years under skilful management. As a matter of fact, there are many brilliant economists who see in the husbanding of the Fund only the wisdom of true providence. They point out that civilisation will be many years in recovering from the effects of the

world war; that the food situation can hardly be stabilised for a decade at least; and that the universe would stand on the brink of disaster if for a single season in the immediate future drought or other calamity prevailed in the great grain-producing centres.

These wise men indicate also that when once our commercial stocks have been re-established and trade has re-charged its depleted stores and exhausted warehouses; when the arrears of production have been made up; when the supply approximates to or exceeds the demand—then will the pendulum swing back and, in lieu of the present mock prosperity, there will come such a slump, such a reaction, that distress and want will become more acute than they have ever been before, despite trade unionism and similar schemes of prudence.

A Great National Emergency Fund?

Accepting this somewhat doleful prognostication, it certainly appears that this two millions of money now at a loose end might well be used as a great national fund for the building-up of vast reserves to meet such a contingency. In land and small houses the money would be perfectly safe and capable of earning a fixed return.

On the other hand, there are innumerable profitable outlets for the money. In the newspapers from week to week one sees the issue of Colonial and other gilt-edged securities that form in themselves trustee stocks offering a 6 per cent. return for cash and ensuring the repayment of the principal in a given year. Invested in this way two millions would produce an annual income of £120,000.

Again, thinking of the war and its harvest of misery, one has only to consider the state of Central Europe to realise the need of money for social recuperation. Hunger and distress are rampant in Austria-Hungary, as a case in point. Giving the national revenue as security, what rate of interest would either of our late enemies pay for a loan of two millions for a period of say ten years?

For the "New Poor"?

But, to take up the other thread, the dispersal of the Fund and the dismissal of the Committee with a word of thanks for all its labour. There are still many war sores

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that have not been healed ; many cases of hardship brought about solely by the tumult that have not been alleviated.

Consider the outlook of professional men—doctors, architects, solicitors, journalists and many others. Universally, the ones who joined up first were hardest hit ; those who lagged till the last more equitably treated. Doctors, for instance, who were called to service in the later days of the war fared far better than those who were associated with the Territorials and donned khaki in 1914. The latter had no time in which to dispose of their practices or to settle their affairs ; and, in many instances, all that they had acquired after years of toil was lost. Could not something be done directly to compensate such loss ?

But, quite distinct from the professional classes, there are innumerable people who have been indirectly hit by the war, and yet have obtained no relief. Take the Old Age Pensioners, for example. There are nearly a million of these elderly people subsisting on the Government grant of 10s. a week. How many of them would have been better off had not sons been killed in the Great War ? Threescore years and ten, and over, it would seem only fitting that those who had suffered real war hardship should have their pilgrimage towards the sunset brightened by a money grant from the Prince of Wales's Fund.

To Aid Emigration

So far as emigration is concerned, the Fund is already doing a good deal *not* to encourage people to leave the Mother Country but to assist financially those who have definitely decided to take this step. Sufficient money is granted to ensure a comfortable journey and to give the emigrant something upon which to turn round in his new home. That this good work might be increased as more shipping becomes available is another suggestion for the disposal of the balance of the Fund.

Many a young man straight from shop or factory learned in France and Flanders the joys of an open-air life and is determined to switch over the counter for the prairie or a loom for a ranch. To help him to attain to his new-found ambition, providing him with such instruction that he would not go to a fresh country quite a tenderfoot, seems within the scope of the Committee.

For the Young Men

The setting-up of disabled service men, war widows and war orphans in businesses of their own, with many other equally obvious outlets, is but another plan for putting the money to good use. There is also a class that has been affected by the war whose needs are not so patent. This group is formed by the youths who, at the age of 18, either enlisted voluntarily in the early days of the war, or, later, were conscripted. On their discharge from the Colours they are seriously handicapped. They have given vital years of their lives to the service of the country ; and their value in the labour market is pitifully low because they have not at their finger tips the rudiments of a trade or calling. In the case of young men who would have gone to a University preparatory to taking up a profession the hardship is even more acute.

Money can only be employed to alleviate this type of hardship collectively in the provision of centres for training ; but there must be innumerable instances of financial loss that could be met by direct contribution.

Summing up, *the wisest course of all would appear to be not to dissolve the Fund*. There can be no reason why it should not be established permanently, not as a Government institution but as a national benefit scheme in association with the ever-popular Prince. Hardships from the war will unfortunately exist for many, many years ; labour troubles will always be with us ; a desperately severe winter might bring industrial distress at any time ; a famine has always to be reckoned with.

The pressing housing problem may certainly force its claims for attention, and already the Fund has indirectly bought a block of flats at Battersea for the accommodation of officers' families, so that a precedent has been instituted. Cannot the balance of the Fund be used in mitigation of some of the distress due to want of houses so that out of national need it might be profitably invested for future use ?

"The Committee are not yet in a position to determine the final allocation of the balance," reads the official report. Perhaps these suggestions may in due time bear fruit.

The Caracul Coat

A Case of Magic ?

By

Ellen Ada Smith

THEY were married in June. She was twenty and he but three years older, so they hadn't all the wisdom of the serpent to begin life upon. Perhaps, being married in June, Audrey had not thought enough about the winter, for one cold Saturday in December she was lunching with her husband at a tea-shop, preparatory to a theatre matinée. They were at the beginning of things financially and otherwise, but they had their pleasures and enjoyed them with zest.

Tom Kennaway was very junior partner with his brother, Philip Kennaway, and they were both trying to push a new venture on the markets of the world, "Kennaway's Malted Meal for Laying Poultry." It was a genuine article, but the public were shy of it at first, no less than the poultry, who turned up their beaks at it until the taste was acquired. The profits as yet were few, as the firm advertised lavishly. Great posters on expensive hoardings showed magnificent cocks and hens surrounded by chickens with the build of prize fighters. The cocks were always crowing, the hens and chickens always eating malted meal; and these super-fowls invaded the insides of motor buses, the outsides of trams, and both in print and portraiture were all pervading. But the puff pictorial is costly, and it is to Tom's credit that he forgot all about this when the two had to face the bitter east wind on their way to the theatre.

"Girlie," he said suddenly, "you are positively shivering. I don't believe that tippety thing is half warm enough."

It really was not, and although Audrey protested that it was, her pretty looks were almost chilled out of her, and her nice little nose was red.

It so happened that they were passing Messrs. Perse and Peltry's at the moment, and without hesitation Tom swept his wife into the shop and asked for ladies' coats with the imperiousness of a lord. Seeing that Audrey was anxious to spare his pocket, he transacted the whole affair, carrying matters with a high hand over the sales lady in her soft black silk and so set off with her im-

placably superior manner. She found Kennaway difficult to please, and he was within an ace of seeking some other emporium, when she suddenly remembered one particular coat set mysteriously apart in a drawer by itself. The sales lady may have meant to buy it herself, for it was a truly delectable coat of real caracul skin, warm and light and ample. Fair-skinned Audrey looked lovely in it, and for general becomingness and suitability to cold conditions no duchess need have refused to wear it.

"I'll have that coat or none," Tom announced with finality. "What's the damage?"

The damage was five pounds, a price as honest as the coat—a pre-war coat, of course. Tom paid down the five sovereigns, and leaving the "tippety thing" to be sent home, Audrey walked out of the shop in the caracul coat, and Tom walked a little behind the rest of the way to the theatre that he might gloat over his wife in that warm and handsome garment. Audrey loved it from the first, and for ten happy, striving years the coat played almost the part of a family friend.

Aunt Julia, pedantic and genteel, called it *caracule*, and voted it a lovely skin. It was envied at many tea-parties, and Audrey always looked her best in it. As a young mother she could sit in the park even in winter, and her little son, as soon as he could speak, was wont to nestle up to the soft fur and say, "Pitty pitty," as he stroked it. When Tom was laid up with pneumonia nothing would keep his feet so warm as the coat—getting older now—laid lightly over them; and the kitten, if given the ghost of a chance, invariably took a siesta on the caracul's ample skirts. Naturally, after much honourable service, the caracul came to mending, but he never showed where he was mended, never lost his curl or his colour. Even after ten years, when his edges were bare and shiny, parts of him were soft and lovely still. He was a "never say die" coat, and Audrey at least had a fadeless affection for him. For the caracul had outlived many linings, had

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comforted her; through cold winters and those anxious times when the fortunes of the malted meal seemed trembling in the balance. But long before the caracul grew shiny in parts the meal had forged ahead, and the posters not only contained exaggerated poultry, but gold medals as well. They were able to leave Tooting Bec for Epsom, and Tom travelled up first class every working day of his life. Audrey liked pretty clothes, and she had them; but it never occurred to her to displace the caracul by a newer garment for frosty weather or cold winds.

And because money breeds money, Kennaway Brothers found themselves rich men while they were still young enough to enjoy the pleasures of wealth. Like many another, Tom Kennaway was extremely liberal to his wife, but reserved concerning his financial affairs, so that it was almost a shock to her when she met his train, as she so often did, to find him both excited and jubilant. He merely waited until they were free of the press of city men returning from town to let himself go.

"Look here, Audrey. You'd better scrap that blessed old coat of yours, for henceforth sealskin and sables will be your line. I've kept it pretty dark, but the malted meal has done us proud, and I won't grumble at four figures for the coat if it is worth the money."

Audrey was glad certainly, but her jubilation was quieter than his, for she was a happy woman, and therefore a contented one. She did not grasp then, or for many days, all that was included in the words "doing them proud."

"I am so glad, dear," she said lovingly, "because you and Philip have worked so very hard and come through such anxious times. But I couldn't possibly scrap my dear old coat, although I will certainly get a new one for grand occasions, but I shall never love it so well."

He was a little irritated with her quietness, which appeared to him to lack the enthusiasm of which he was full.

"I wish you were not quite so conservative, Audrey; it's about the worst fault you have. I can quite believe you would be content with a potty Epsom villa for the rest of your life; but I'm not, and so I tell you."

He wasn't. Without consulting Audrey he bought a ready-made, expensive house near Brighton, took it over, lock, stock and barrel, with handsome but ornate furniture and its

whole staff of servants. He got it cheap, for Tom had not made a fortune out of malted meal without business acumen; yet nothing is cheap that is too large, too expensive of upkeep, for the needs and pleasures of a small family. But Tom revelled in his new property and his lightning methods.

"No bother of moving, you see," he explained to his wife. "We have merely to have a sale at Elmtree Lodge, and then hang up our hats at Grange Royal. Then we can begin to enjoy life, Audrey, for I am not going to stick to the shop as I have done, I can tell you."

She tried to share his pleasure and not be hurt by the thoughtless words. She tried not to miss her household gods, and to make friends of the strange gods who stared her coldly out of countenance in the vast new house. Unaccustomed to a large domestic staff, the servants bothered her; but she would cheerfully have put up with these inconveniences if she had thought the change really for the better. But was it? Tom had no doubt about the wisdom of his choice, and looked forward to playing the generous host to an increasingly large circle.

"The people may be a bit stand-offish at first," he admitted, "because I represent Kennaway's Malted Meal; but once they've taken our food they will be glad to come again, I reckon."

Philip, the elder brother, came down to inspect Grange Royal, and although the two brothers were the best of friends, Philip spoke his mind.

"It's a barrack of a place, Tom, and I expect you will soon be tired of losing your way about it. But you will always be able to get your money back by selling it for a school or sanatorium, that's one comfort."

For Philip had kept his level head, not been whirled off his balance by the splendid success of the malted meal. Under the sun of prosperity he had moved himself and his family from Peckham to Tring, in Hertfordshire, where he had built a house just suited to his needs and without an iota of ostentation. "I don't want to advertise myself as I advertise my business," he was wont to say, "and though I like to be neighbourly, I am not going to court favour."

Tom was angry at Philip's plain criticism, and he thought the house at Tring beggarly beside his own. "Philip's the best of good chaps," he told his wife, "but he always

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was a bit pettifogging in his ideas out of business."

But Audrey envied Mrs. Philip with all her heart, for Grange Royal was emphatically a society house, while the one at Tring was a home. Audrey had her sealskin and sables, but through no vicissitudes of wealth would she scrap the old caracul. She would not even banish it from the handsome wardrobe, where her maid found it much in the way of more fashionable attire.

For Audrey had her maid now, and although the nobs—to quote Tom—looked somewhat askance upon "the malted meal man," there were plenty, indeed more than enough, to fill Grange Royal's reception rooms and share his good food.

Tom, who had worked so hard, liked to play hard too. He found golf slow, but he liked motoring and gay week-end parties with plenty of bridge.

He gave his wife diamonds, and carte blanche at her dressmakers, but he thought her evening dresses rather dowdy, and that she allowed the other women to cut her out.

"I don't like my wife to be outshone at her own table," he complained. "Couldn't you dress a little more up to date, like Mrs. Rivaz?"

Now, Mrs. Rivaz was Tom's favourite partner at bridge, and Grange Royal saw a great deal of both husband and wife. But Audrey only tolerated Mrs. Rivaz as she tolerated many of these new acquaintances, who would never be her friends.

"I am quite sure," Audrey answered calmly, "that you would not like to see me dress precisely as Mrs. Rivaz dresses, especially of an evening."

Now this was quite true, for men are

usually much more strait-laced about their own wives than about the wives of other men. Tom knew that some of Mrs. Rivaz's dresses were too daring for a woman of Audrey's refined type. "She couldn't carry them off," he told himself.

"I don't mean, of course, that you should be just a slavish copy. But I do like plenty



"'I'll have that coat or none,' Tom announced with finality"—p. 509

Drawn by
C. E. Brock

of style, and you can spend as much as you like, for we are making money hand over fist."

Grange Royal certainly looked like it, and the bridge play was often very high. But they were not all time servers who visited at the house that was too large to be a home. A Mrs. Brown came often, although she was a staunch Rechabite and never touched cards. Of a stout, plain make was Mrs. Brown, rich enough to do precisely as she liked, so she dressed dowdily and wore a bonnet that only just escaped having ear-pieces to it. Entirely a law to herself, her speech was as plain as her appearance, but



"They did not perceive Audrey"

Drawn by
C. E. Brock

her eyes held kindness, especially when they looked at Audrey.

"My dear," she said one day quite bluntly, "speaking as an old woman to a young one, I advise you to have very little to do with the Rivazes. They are both gamblers, but she is pretty much of a hussy into the bargain."

"I don't care for either of them," Audrey admitted, "but Tom finds them good company, and he is such a good bridge player himself that he can't stand a poor partner."

"I am not blaming your husband nor you; but as an old resident I've known the Rivazes for years. The man might have been a decent fellow if he'd married a woman like you; but she's—dangerous, the sort who rarely enters a house without

setting people by the ears—usually husband and wife."

Audrey smiled, for although the new life was in so many respects inferior to the old one, she would have staked her life fearlessly on Tom's utter loyalty.

"She won't do that here, Mrs. Brown, although I quite admit I would rather we had not come to know her, and I will try to see less of them."

Mrs. Brown shook her dowdy bonnet. "And that's easier said than done, Mrs. Kennaway, for she is much too brazen to take hints. But you mustn't think I am saying behind her back what I wouldn't say to her face. I have said it more than once, and Lily Rivaz knows it."

Mrs. Brown planted two large feet squarely on the carpet and defied the evil doers, whether absent or present. But Audrey did not find it easy to see less of the Rivazes, and Tom took long week-ends away from the business. Even Philip the cautious spoke confidentially to Audrey concerning the expensive entertainments ordained by Tom at Grange Royal. For Philip and his wife were invariably asked, although they seldom appeared.

"Of course, the business can stand it perfectly well, and Tom would never run into debt, I know that well enough. But I doubt if his life is really good for him, and he should come to the office more regularly. Putting the question of money entirely on one side, regular habits of work are necessary to a strong, hale man like Tom."

"I wish you would tell him so," Audrey had answered earnestly. "He thinks so much of what you say."

"I have told him," answered Philip emphatically, "but he only gets impatient; he isn't the good-tempered fellow he used to be."

Tom certainly was not, especially with Philip, for he could not help suspecting that Philip, with his unostentatious house, his few servants and simple hospitality, was really more in the swim than the master of

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Grange Royal. Philip did not seem to see the imperious need of cutting a dash in order to lure people into forgetting that he was really "Kennaway's Malted Meal for Laying Poultry." He was much respected, and made a county magistrate, bringing his good business head and sound sense to the help of justice.

But Tom continued to cut a dash, while Audrey wearied of the cares of housekeeping under such prodigal conditions and with such constant late hours. For Tom liked going to balls, and thought nothing of motoring up to town for a play, with supper afterwards.

Her efforts to place the Rivazes on a more distant footing failed; indeed, there seemed to her a growing insolence in the manner of the lady, as though she clearly perceived the attempt and laughed at it. It was then that Mrs. Brown's warning took on a deeper significance, and the climax came at a ball. Audrey, wearied out, sat apart in the conservatory to rest awhile. Her husband came in with Mrs. Rivaz on his arm. They did not perceive her; they were much too occupied with themselves; and Audrey saw Tom kiss Mrs. Rivaz on her lips before he led her out again. Now, Audrey did not immediately believe the very worst of Tom; she gave him, even in that moment of anguish, the benefit of every possible doubt. But it was a blighting incident, all the same, and she drove home in the morning hours a very despairing woman. Tom sat beside her, sulky and silent, for he was very heartily ashamed of himself. He had flirted with Mrs. Rivaz certainly, but it had not come to that before, and the degrading knowledge that he had pressed passionate kisses on the lips of a woman for whom he had no longer a shadow of respect made him hate himself. He hated himself still more later that same morning, when Audrey asked him about sending their little lad to a preparatory school. He was still too ashamed of himself to look full at her, and pretended to be doing full justice to a breakfast for which he had no shred of appetite.

"You have pressed his going more than once," Audrey said, "and I always felt he was too young. But he is older now, and I think he should go."

Still sulky because so ill at ease with himself, Tom answered ungraciously: "I knew he ought to have gone some time ago. We don't want him to be the dunce of Win-

chester School when he goes there. But what are you in such a hurry for, all of a sudden?"

She braced herself, for she was trembling and cold from head to foot, although it was August.

"I feel he ought to go—the sooner the better. The atmosphere isn't good in this house for a child. There's too much card playing, too late hours, and I am afraid he often hears things that he should not hear."

It was the truth, although Tom might not have recognised it before last night. And because it was the truth it made him furiously angry.

"So you suggest his father's house isn't good enough for our son! That's a nice return for all the prosperity I've earned for you. By all means get the boy away from contamination, and follow yourself if you feel in any danger."

She recognised this weak rage for what it was—the blustering defence of an unquiet conscience striving to hide its shame. But that such words should ever pass between them wounded her inexpressibly; she felt lost, forsaken, worse than bereaved. To avoid further speech Tom flung himself out of the room and went to business, although he had not intended doing so; but Audrey sat alone, colder than she had ever felt in her life, colder and more bereft. For three days Tom stayed in London on a formal plea of business, and Audrey wandered restlessly about the house she had come to hate, and no sun warmth could take the chill from body and spirit. On the Saturday, when the numerous gardeners left at noon, Audrey went out into the grounds, which were too ornate with carpet gardening ever to please her taste; for she loved an old-fashioned garden, old-fashioned, sweet-smelling flowers, with damask roses screening off the cabbages, and a lavender bush in the herbaceous border. But the head gardener of Grange Royal would have thought scorn of a lavender bush as a straggling, untidy growth. He demanded show plants and carnation cuttings at a guinea apiece.

The hot August sun was blazing on the geraniums and pelargoniums, but still Audrey felt cold, and, returning to the house, she asked for a fur coat.

Her maid was less astonished than she might have been had she not seen for some days that her mistress was certainly unwell; but it wasn't quite convenient for her to

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produce the sealskin and sables, so she had to make excuses.

"I am very sorry, madam," she apologised, "but your sealskin shows traces of moth, so the furrier has it. I am afraid that old coat in your wardrobe has caused the mischief."

Never had Audrey turned upon her so sharply. "That old coat of mine never had moth; it never will. It was the caracul I wanted; bring it to me."

The maid was ashamed to see her in it, but something in the friendly, soft warmth of the faithful old friend comforted Audrey; it seemed to capture the sun warmth and hold it lovingly about her until she ceased to shiver and fell asleep. She did not know if it was minutes or hours that she slept, but deep, sweet dreams held her and comforted her bruised spirit, just as the old coat wrapped her round and healed the physical shock. The sun was westering when she found herself striving not to awake from a dream so infinitely satisfying and consoling, but her first real consciousness was of her husband's anxious face bending over her.

"Gracious, Girlie! I feared you were dead, you looked so white!"

She smiled, for the cold was no longer at her heart. "I wouldn't have minded, Tom, for I was so happy; I can't tell you how happy. There must be magic in this old coat, for I've been back in the times when we bought it—when we first began to think of Laddie; you remember? She said there was moth in my dear old caracul, but we know better than that."

Tom kissed his wife, and then he stroked

the caracul as though it meant much even to him. He spoke with his eyes on it, abruptly, as men do when conscious of emotion.

"Audrey, I've really been away on business, although I dare say you thought I was sulking. Do you know, I've sold this place, lock, stock and barrel, just as I bought it. I knew you wouldn't mind, so I did it on my own. It's too large, my girl, and—and we lose our way in it, or at least I do. You don't mind?"

"Mind!" echoed Audrey, and her tone was rapture. Tom looked at her then, but he still stroked the caracul.

"I've been over a little farm in Kent. I'm awfully taken with it, and there would be just enough to do for a city man who requires air and exercise. The old house is quaint, and so is the garden—all nooks and corners, don't you know. Marrows and marigolds and rosemary all tangled up together. I want you to go with me to-morrow to see it; and we will take Laddie—it's a splendid wholesome place for a boy, and he would have the animals to be interested in and all the outdoor life of the place. He will just love to groom his own pony in the holidays, and it's good for a boy to do those things, even if his father can afford a groom. Will you come with me to-morrow?"

"Will I not?" cried Audrey joyously. Then her eyes sought the flamboyant façade of the show house which had never been a home to them. "Except the Lord build the house," Audrey quoted softly. "But I am quite sure He has built for us—the quaint old house in Kent."



The Mask of Laughter

The Story of a Cure
By
Reginald Heber Poole

HE was a very young doctor, but very serious. Had he been older he would probably not have been quite so truthful with Marston Quayle. Or it may have been that he had more wisdom than older and more experienced men. He looked very clever, and that was his reputation in Windelmere. The rumours of his skill had induced Marston Quayle to send for him, and Dr. Crellan had come, observed very carefully the man whose name was even now firing the public imagination, and then, equally carefully, had delivered his opinion.

Upon which Marston Quayle had expressed his views quite forcibly of the medical profession generally and of this country doctor individually and particularly.

Of course Marston Quayle could afford to do it. "If an engine goes wrong," he said sharply as he walked quickly from one end of the room to the other, "I send for a specialist and he finds out exactly where the trouble lies—then puts it right. If I go wrong I send for a specialist—two, three, four! Each has a different remedy—all equally useless. Pooh! What's your fee?"

The young doctor's clear white face flushed at that.

"There is no fee," he said slowly. "I am not a specialist. In any case I should make no charge as I have done nothing, and I should not care to accept you as a patient. Good day!"

Quayle, who had turned to his bureau and was pulling out papers, swung round again.

"What d'you mean?" he demanded.

Dr. Crellan paused in the doorway. "I mean precisely what I say," he answered calmly. "It is not worth while attempting to cure your complaint because, unlike the engine you mentioned, you will not allow the expert to do exactly what he wishes. You would interfere. And I could not allow that. Good day!"

"One minute," Quayle said quickly. "I'm getting horribly irritable, I know. Sit

down again. I'll try and talk more reasonably."

For a moment Crellan hesitated and looked at Quayle. The face of the commercial genius was twitching and was marked with a thousand little wrinkles. One would have guessed his age at somewhere near forty-five, though actually he was only forty. But in the past twenty years he had accomplished wonders, and to-day stood alone as a master-mind in the world of business. Undoubtedly he had a remarkable brain, unlimited courage, and splendid physique. But something was plainly wrong with him now.

The doctor came back into the room, and Quayle began to walk up and down the room again, quickly and nervously.

"There is nothing at all the matter with me," he said jerkily. "I'm perfectly fit. Sound as a bell! It's simply this wretched insomnia. I can't sleep. Put that right, and I shall be right. You understand? Can you cure that?"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Sit down, Mr. Quayle, will you—"

"I prefer to stand," Quayle interrupted.

"I know," Crellan answered, and his tone had changed a little. "But please sit down and listen to me for three minutes. I will time myself. But you must not interrupt."

Marston Quayle looked at him curiously, hesitated for a moment, then obeyed abruptly. For three minutes the doctor spoke, quietly, but very definitely. At the end he said:

"Are you going your own way, Mr. Quayle? I have told you where it leads. Or will you go my way?"

For a brief space Quayle stared at the young doctor's white and very serious face.

"I'll go your way," he said quickly, and took in a deeper breath. The doctor had packed his three minutes with impressive unpleasantness. "What d'you want me to do? I'll start now."

He had jumped to his feet again and was pacing up and down the room. Dr. Crellan smiled and seemed younger and less serious. "Please sit down, Mr.

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Quayle," he said. "I will explain exactly what you must do."

Two days later a little notice appeared in the morning papers to say that by his doctor's orders Mr. Marston Quayle had gone abroad for a long holiday. No correspondence would be forwarded.

II

THE little village of Whiteleaf probably exists by accident. Centuries ago someone built a church there, and that, so far as can be traced, was the beginning. There are two or three big farms around, and one or two fairly wealthy people have built comfortable country houses, and there are to-day quite a number of cottages. The school is a comparatively new building, not far from the vicarage, and the trade of the solitary inn does not suffice to keep its proprietor, who does better with his few acres of ground.

Visitors to Whiteleaf are few because it lies off the beaten track. Cyclists and other adventurers who have discovered it have been enthusiastic over its charms, but as its nearest railway station is six miles away its prospects of popularity are handicapped.

One pleasant evening the host of the Golden Harp was called from his labours to converse with a dust-stained traveller, who carried on his back a well-filled haversack. He had obviously walked many miles, and desired, such accommodation as the Golden Harp could give him. His name was John Marston, and he was on holiday, but did not know how long he would be staying at Whiteleaf. He seemed to be a pleasant, affable man, who sometimes spoke quickly and sometimes with deliberate carefulness.

During the next few days the visitor explored the neighbourhood, taking photographs with his small camera and making notes, or sitting in the pleasant orchard attached to the Golden Harp, reading and writing. On the morning of his second Sunday at Whiteleaf he went to the village church.

In a congregation of forty odd people one can identify the voice of any singer who is a little above the average. Mr. Marston had a good and moderately powerful baritone voice which at one time had been cultivated, but of late had lacked practice. Nevertheless, from the vicar to the choir-boys, everyone in the church knew that a

stranger was amongst them and that he sang well. Further, Mr. Marston enjoyed his own efforts. The lady who sat in front of him, slightly to his right, turned round very discreetly once or twice and appeared interested in the visitor. Mr. Marston was quite unconscious of the fact, and barely noticed her.

Yet he had a vague recollection that he had seen Miss Challinor somewhere before, when, on the Monday afternoon, she came with the landlord down the garden at the back of the Golden Harp.

"Miss Challinor—she's school-missis here, and she's come to see you," was all that Mr. Blub, the landlord, thought necessary in the way of explanation or introduction. Marston rose and murmured some conventional greeting, but for a few moments was puzzled.

His wonder was not for long, however. Miss Challinor was not the kind of person to leave anyone in doubt for many minutes regarding her intentions. Marston, in his own quick but not over-sympathetic way, had summed up his visitor: age about thirty, or possibly a little more, dressed sensibly, did not look quite the school-mistress type, had bright sort of hair—copper-red and gold it seemed—and she was probably enthusiastic over work and play. She looked capable too; Marston always observed this point, because he had no use for people who were not capable.

"I ought to explain to you why I've come, Mr. Marston," Eunice Challinor was saying, and her voice very quickly confirmed his idea that the brightness of her eyes was the outward sign of enthusiasm. "You know that I'm the mistress of the village school? I've not been here very long, but everything is so sleepy. They never do anything or see anything. The poor children— But I needn't go into all that! I'm trying to arrange a kind of pastoral play, and I'm quite sure it will do a tremendous amount of good. The children are taking the chief part, of course, and all their mothers and fathers will come, and we're going to get everybody for miles round, and later on it will become a regular institution. Don't you think it's a really sound idea?"

"I should think it was," Mr. Marston admitted. He really could not say anything else.

"It is going to be staged just the other side of the Vicarage Copse," Miss Challinor



"She picked up a stick of grease-paint, and Marston allowed himself to be touched and re-touched"—p. 519

Drawn by
Norah Schlegel

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went on. "It's simply an ideal place from every point of view. You see, all the children will be dancing, and then the Spirit of the Forest comes from the copse singing his song. There are only four grown-ups in the whole piece, and the vicar is frightfully keen. He's the Spirit of the Wind and Rain; it's only a very little part, but he's helping with the arrangements. He couldn't take the Spirit of the Forest in any case, and James Dowler doesn't want to do it. He's the only one who's got anything like the right voice for the song, but I'm afraid he'll spoil it. He's quite sure he will! That's why I want you, Mr. Marston. I heard your voice in church. You'll be staying here for a fortnight, won't you?"

"I really don't know," Marston said quickly. "In any case, I could not possibly take part—"

"Oh, but Mr. Marston!" There was a world of reproachful amazement in Miss Challinor's interruption. "Don't say you can't help us! Not yet! Let me tell you all about it."

"My dear lady," Marston began very firmly, and then into his mind drifted certain instructions from a young doctor. He was not to argue; he was to accustom himself to listening patiently to other people's points of view and trying to understand them. "I'll listen to you, of course," he went on, less firmly. "But I'm afraid I shall disappoint you."

"I'm sure you won't! Not with your voice!" Eunice Challinor quickly grasped at the faint hope. Then she talked. And went on talking.

At first Marston listened because he had made up his mind to do so, but presently he forgot that and listened because he was really interested. Occasionally he made a remark and was under the impression that he was taking part in the conversation. Miss Challinor had that peculiar faculty of talking about her listener's point of view of the subject and not about the subject itself, so that John Marston was under the delusion that his views on pastoral plays were undergoing some slight modification. Actually he had never had any views whatever on the subject.

"But I still don't think I am quite the most suitable man to take an active part in your performance," he pointed out. "There are surely better men to be found?"

"Of course there aren't!" Miss Challinor

answered decisively. And that really settled the question. He agreed, at least, to go round to the vicarage and try over the songs of the Spirit of the Forest.

Later, John Marston wrote to a certain Dr. Crellan, informing him of what had happened.

"I do not think for one moment that I should have agreed to take part in what is, after all, a public entertainment, but for this Miss Challinor, who, quite unintentionally, I have no doubt, misled me to some extent. Curiously enough, she has apparently taken this post of schoolmistress here as a rest-cure after strenuous exertions elsewhere, and is, according to the vicar, a remarkably intelligent woman. I should imagine she was, but she is inclined to assume command of everyone and everything too readily and to regard her judgment as final. Having induced me to sing, she criticised my efforts with what I considered unnecessary frankness. However, I shall continue now, though I feel that I shall probably end by conceiving a violent dislike for Miss Challinor. At the moment she merely interests me."

Just how Miss Challinor interested him he did not explain. By the end of the week he was word-perfect in his part, but not quite perfect in his rendition. He objected strongly to Miss Challinor's criticisms and suggestions, yet realised that she was perfectly right. With it all he had a curiously complicated desire to show her that he could accomplish bigger things than she imagined.

Normally other people's opinion affected him not one iota. Even now he was quite certain that it was not her actual criticisms which raised his resentment, but simply the idea that a country schoolmistress should dare to criticise him. Once or twice he felt a desire to shake her—anything to show that he was her master and superior. Yet when she complimented him he was foolishly glad.

"Am I coming nearer that perfection which you desire?" he asked her with a certain hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"You're splendid!" she answered with abrupt vigour. "You take criticism seriously and don't get offended. You know that I have done a great deal of this work—voice-training and so on. And nearly all men are the same. They can't take criticism—not from a woman at all events. But you can, and I'm changing my views, Mr. Marston."

THE MASK OF LAUGHTER

"Why?" Marston asked, but she did not explain, and he puzzled over it all that night. Yet when on the following evening he attended the final and full-dress rehearsal, he was surprised that her criticisms were just as quick and definite as ever.

"You don't laugh, Mr. Marston," she told him when she had come to him through the choir of children. "I've never seen you laugh! And in this song you are a jolly sort of spirit, and when you meet the Spirit of Sunshine you become almost intoxicated with joy. I think perhaps you ought to wear a mask."

"A mask?" Marston asked. "What kind of a mask?"

"A laughing mask," she answered, quite unmoved. "You see, you must appear joyful. Come to the dressing-room!"

The "dressing-room" was merely a canvas erection on one side of the wood, and behind it one could complete the details of one's make-up. Miss Challinor had fitted up a large mirror and a table on which various oddments were strewn.

"Try this!" she commanded, and picked up a queer-looking affair which in a moment she was fitting over his face. Marston felt certain that he could not sing when wearing it, and told her so.

"No, I'm afraid it won't do," she admitted. "But we must have a mask of some kind to cover your face with laughter and joy. Let me try this!"

She picked up a stick of grease-paint, and Marston allowed himself to be touched and re-touched. Eunice Challinor stopped at last and stepped back. For a moment she regarded him critically, then began to laugh.

"Oh, do look in the mirror!" she begged. "I ought not—oh, but isn't it a laughing mask I've given you?"

Marston had put on various things before they began: a long green robe covered him from head to foot and a queer home-made wig of brown and green grasses was on his head, while hanging about him were emblems of the woods in which he was supposed to dwell. He had merely obeyed Miss Challinor's behests, and she had been judge of the whole effect. He had not troubled to survey himself in the mirror.

He turned now and looked into the glass. For a space he gazed at the reflection without consciousness of the fact that it was his own face which laughed back at him from the framework of green. When he did realise it he smiled; it ought to have been

a sardonic, contemptuous smile, but the lines with which Miss Challinor had enlarged his lips changed all that. It became a monstrous, gorgeous grin.

Quite suddenly he laughed outright. Behind him Eunice Challinor had been holding herself in control, but at the sound of his laugh she began afresh. Her laugh was an infectious one, and the spirit of it descended swiftly upon Marston. For a few seconds they revelled in mirth.

Probably Marston had not really laughed for twenty years, but to-day somewhere within him a long-dormant sense of humour was awakened to new life.

It was Eunice Challinor who recovered first. "I really didn't mean it, Mr. Marston," she explained. "It's quite an extraordinary effect, isn't it? But it will come off quite easily, and then we really must get back to the others."

"I'm going just as I am!" Marston said decisively. And he had his way.

The children shrieked with joy when they saw him; they thought it wonderfully funny, and their laughter infected the adults. The vicar smiled doubtfully at first, but joined in the laughter at last, especially when Marston began his song. His cue was when the Spirit of Sunshine, in the person of Miss Challinor, sang loudly that on her coming even the dark forests laughed with joy. Whereupon the Spirit of the Forest, hiding behind the last tree of the copse, came forth and declared himself.

After this his programme had been to advance towards the Sunshine singing of his joy, take one of her hands, and, having in unison impressed everyone with the fact that they really were happy, the Spirit of Sunshine wandered gracefully round the Spirit of the Forest and then went slowly to her place in the chorus, while the little boys played valiantly on their pipes. In its perfect and natural setting and with the really good voices both singers possessed, the entry of the Spirit of the Forest had been a pleasing scene.

This evening it was more than that. The Spirit of the Forest came forth with a swaggering air of jollity and mirth which he had lacked hitherto, and instead of the two singers parting gently, Marston played his part fully. He drew the Spirit of Sunshine to him to dance a few steps before she went her way.

Eunice Challinor had not expected it, and just for an instant she stumbled ever so

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slightly. She was on ground a little higher than Marston, and as he felt her slip his arm instinctively raised her and drew her nearer himself.

vigour and energy he threw into it. Hitherto he had sung well, but without that abandon which Eunice Challinor had tried to inspire in him.



"The children shrieked with joy when they saw him"—p. 519

It was only for the merest fraction of time: he held her quite close and, as she recovered, his lips touched her cheek so faintly and lightly that the Spirit of Sunshine doubtless never knew. In a moment she grasped that he meant to dance a few paces, and fell in with his wish. They parted, and John Marston took up his song again.

To-night he surprised everyone by the

John Marston himself was scarcely conscious of the change. He never quite realised all that did happen, until, the light beginning to fade, the rehearsal came to an end. Miss Challinor had to take some of the children to their homes, and after she had gone a vague idea entered his mind that he might have accompanied her.

He removed his adornments and put them in their place; but not until he was in his

THE MASK OF LAUGHTER



Drawn by
Nora Schlegel

own room did he catch sight of his own reflection in the glass, when he began to laugh very softly to himself. A sponge quickly removed the mask of laughter, and Marston was his normal self again.

No; not his normal self. He was trembling a little, and the will-power which at all times controlled the proper course of his thoughts was struggling feebly to erect a barrier in his mind against the fierce

current which in some way had risen within him to-night.

It was that first laugh which had awakened this new madness. And to this had been added that brief instant when his lips had touched her face and he had felt for one brief moment the throbbing of her heart against his breast and the faint illusive perfume of her hair had touched his senses, and some unknown, uncomprehended joy

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had positively thrilled through his whole being.

It came to him again as he sat in his room, and he rose and went out on to the road, trailing as a piece of white ribbon in the moonlight among the black shadows of the hedges and the trees. The air was full of sweetness, and the quietness intensified the wild yet glorious riot of his mind.

Twenty years ago in the clear wisdom of his youth he had seen how men faltered because their aims were not single. There was a woman and a house somewhere in the background—and it was a man's duty to think of his wife. John Marston Quayle had put that out of his life. He had only one aim.

A dozen little pictures came to his mind, sharp and clear for the moment, but quickly driven away by the tumult of this new force. He was walking rapidly, without any sense of direction. All the energy, the courage, and the fierce ambition of the man had been diverted into a new course, and the little spark which had been struck to-night was burning now with a consuming passion.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a voice, quite low and soft, yet clearly articulated.

"Laughter and love! Laughter and love!
I bring them as gifts—"

It was the Sunshine song, and was stopped abruptly as Eunice Challinor saw Marston emerge into the full moonlight before her.

"You, Mr. Marston!" She greeted him cheerily. "I've just seen the last of the children safe in their mother's care. We kept them rather later than usual to-night."

"Yes." Marston spoke with an effort. He wanted time to think. Again he felt that strange tremor pass through him as he stood quite still, staring at her face. The moonlight robbed it of its colour, and it seemed to him that she had taken on a new and calmer beauty. It steadied him a little, and his thoughts became less chaotic, and he was more certain of his supreme desire.

"I think the rehearsal to-night was splendid, don't you?" she asked. "The children are very good, and even the vicar forgot his dignity. And you—oh, but you were fine to-night! You felt your song and forgot everything else and just let your-

self go! You must do that to-morrow: Let yourself go—laugh and be glad!"

"Yes." Again he spoke mechanically, because his mind had begun to riot again. Her nearness thrilled him, and his heart was throbbing so violently that it was difficult for him to breathe. "I—let myself go—something touched me. It is difficult to explain. Something new has come into my life. I'm trying to control it now. But I don't want to control it. Do you—understand a little—what I mean?"

He had put his hands on her arms and was holding her a little way from him, but she did not seem to notice it. And he was gasping his words out, struggling to explain to her all these new thoughts and ideas and hopes which had held revel in his mind.

She trembled a little as he spoke, and in turn some responsive spark within her was touched and leapt into life. Her face turned upwards and her eyes sought his. Very slowly he drew her still nearer until he held her quite close to him, and all the wondrous joy which had thrilled in his veins was no longer vague and riotous, but fixed and supremely certain of itself.

"Eunice! Eunice!" He whispered her name, and held her more closely till his lips touched hers.



"Our pastoral play," wrote the vicar to a friend some little time later, "was a very great success, and is likely to become an annual event. We were fortunate in having the services of a highly talented producer, and she will, it is hoped, continue to interest herself in the plays, although she is resigning her official post in our school. It was also a matter of good fortune that Mr. Marston Quayle was staying amongst us as John Marston, and his fine voice helped us greatly. He assures me that he had never met Miss Challinor until he came to Whiteleaf, but they are now engaged, and I am to officiate at their wedding in a month's time."

The comment of Dr. Crellan of Windemere when the full story was related to him is to be found in his case-book, which contains a detailed note of Marston Quayle's symptoms and the treatment prescribed. After this Dr. Crellan has simply written one word: "Cured."

Children and the Budget

A Problem for the Chancellor

By

Stanhope W. Sprigg

In a week or two the Budget will be introduced. What will the Chancellor do to encourage parenthood?

ONE of the most vital and important questions that will come before Parliament this month will be the Endowment of Parenthood. I admit at once that it will not assume exactly the name that I have given to it; but, nevertheless, the problem will be stated, and quite plainly stated; and a great deal of human happiness and a large amount of national prosperity and security will depend upon the way it is handled.

The Cry of the Children

Personally, I wish very keenly that I could say the best minds of the country will be excited about the new Budget and about what it will do for our children. I should certainly like to feel that the pulpits of the country will soon be ringing with clarion calls to politicians to remember, in their pride, the responsibility of the coming race—to give parenthood its fair share of relief, and to strike a blow in the hot and anxious times that are immediately ahead for all new taxpayers that control a family purse. But, frankly, it will not be so; for the men and women who think, like I do, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be forced by public opinion to listen to this new Cry of the Children, are only just beginning to make themselves heard.

Is it too much to ask? Is it too much to hope for? I think not, for "with the children is hidden the hope of the future."

£6 5s. for a Wife!

At present, however, nobody can even pretend that the position of the unborn and the newly born children of the country is, in any sense, adequately safeguarded when the House of Commons settles the incidence of the national taxation. The Finance Act of 1919 does, it is true, grant a relief of

£50 for the wife of a taxpayer, or, alternatively,
£50 for a female relative who runs a house, and

£40 for one child, and
£25 for each additional child.

But, seriously, does anyone pretend that this is adequate to post-war needs or the demands of the future?

Take the case of a man who pays, roughly, 2s. 6d. in the £ income tax. Well, he gets a relief each year of £6 5s. for his wife or of the same amount for the relative who keeps his house. Now what, spread over twelve long months, can be purchased nowadays with £6 5s.? Yet his position with a smaller allowance for a family of children is worse, infinitely worse, for children have needs that cannot be postponed or ignored.

A Radical Change Imperative

To put the business quite bluntly, the Chancellor of the Exchequer at present only fumbles and palters with the whole question of the Endowment of Parenthood. You see it is not a part of the national conscience. It is not recognised as a plain duty of the statesman, or of the State. It is not even a party shibboleth. A feeble cry of protest is, I admit, sometimes raised about it here and there at Westminster, and so we get these pitiable concessions that are dignified with the name of "relief." But they do not constitute any serious or practical relief. They have no guiding principle and little articulate force behind them. They are of the nature of the politician's everyday "sops to Cerberus," and, honestly, they won't do.

They have got to stop. The times demand a radical change of viewpoint.

You will remember Mr. Lloyd George promised some years ago that when the war was over he would bend his energies to the task of making this country "a land fit for heroes to live in!" A noble saying! A magnificent sentiment! A vision that will easily dazzle all generous minds that permit themselves to dwell upon it! But how is it to be achieved?

Surely this can only be accomplished by

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reform at the root of the unit of government! Well, the unit of government ever since the days of Aristotle has been recognised as the home! In other words, Mr. Lloyd George and his friends must start the heroic side of their quest in the Home. And the thing that touches the home most acutely in this April, 1920, is the income tax!

If the Prime Minister were not so busy about other things I would like to take him and the Chancellor of the Exchequer by the hand and to conduct them personally into the ordinary middle-class home such as you, perhaps, and I inhabit. It would undoubtedly clear their vision. And, anyway, it would show them exactly the problems they have to settle if the noble sentiment I have quoted above means anything at all beyond electioneering gush.

The Appalling Risks of Matrimony

First, and foremost, I fancy they would be appalled by the terrible financial risk that the ordinary girl and boy have to face nowadays when they enter the Holy State of marriage. I do not by this mean only the high cost of living, the difficulty of finding a house or the prohibitive cost of furniture, although all of these are formidable and sometimes overwhelming obstacles. I mean now the calls that are made upon that slender purse of the young and enthusiastic pair in their efforts to discharge their duties as householders and parents and citizens. And how little stands between them and disaster! Just one ordinary young man's health! A slip—a snap—even a breath wrongly taken, and lo! one "unit of government" topples into ruins! And friends of the newly married now are very like the friends and sympathisers of Job. They demand with much vocal violence why the victims don't "curse God (or the Government) and die!" And this way revolutionaries are bred!

But does the Budget do anything to discourage a sense of this social injustice and to encourage marriage? Does it help the newly married, and so ease the first uncertain steps of the young couple down the dizzy slopes that lead to the vales of ease and content? Oh, yes; this year it allows a man to deduct £6 5s. from his tax because he has taken unto himself a wife; but woe betide him if that said wife has a little money of her own which she spends on poor relatives or making herself more attractive.

He must still pay income tax on what she receives and dissipates whether he receives a penny benefit from it or not.

A Poor Outlook

Well, if this is the best that Mr. Lloyd George and the Chancellor of the Exchequer can do to solidify the home life of the nation I say unhesitatingly it is a very poor outlook for the future of our homeland and a very poor finish to a great war. The country needs more marriages, more homes, more children, but at present the Government do nothing of value to bring them into existence, and when they do come about, tax them to the hilt. And yet they raise their hands in horror when you question why the wrong classes bear children, why our girls hasten to the Colonies to find husbands, and why the Divorce Court is crowded with the unhappy and disillusioned.

Why should they, however, not Budget for the Home instead of for the convenience of the Treasury Official? He hates taking any trouble and seizes greedily on the most obvious and easy methods of raising a revenue without any regard to such moral considerations as the Endowment of Parenthood and the preservation of the sanctity and the future well-being of the Home!

Premiums for Children

This, mark you, is not an impossible dream. All that the House of Commons has to do to give it a really practical effect is to recognise that it has a very real and genuine and urgent duty to all the men and women who are building and upholding the homes of England and who are taking upon themselves the serious and solemn duty of continuing the race. If France, for instance, can put premiums on each newly born child, and Germany can evolve sensational schemes of financial assistance to provide a permanent surplus of "cannon fodder," surely it is not beyond the power of the statesmen of England to see that our Budget makes this country "a land fit for parents to live in!"

Naturally it will be impossible to provide for every case of hardship, but there is, I suggest, a great difference between satisfying everyone and being blindly indifferent to all claims of struggling and anxious parents for justice.

One of our great poets wrote years ago in praise of "the Stately Homes of

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England!" and boasted to unborn generations "How beautifully they stand!" Well, those spacious Georgian times have gone; the great estates of the country have, largely, been broken up; yet we can still, out of hearts and consciences, build homes, beautiful if not stately homes, but not happy or prosperous homes if the home-builders are taxed to death! Special provisions were made during the war for the necessities of soldiers and their wives. Why should not special provision be made now for the necessities of the home-makers and for the claims of the little children who have got to repair what was shattered in that great world conflagration?

To Adjust the Income Tax

This, I contend, can only be done through the readjustment of the income tax, and the time is ripe for that readjustment. A Royal Commission has been sitting only recently on the incidence of this particular tax. Several reports have already been issued by it. Hopes have begun to rise in connection with it. I have personally already made a series of representations to it, but if something big and valuable is not done by it to relieve parents and for the benefit of the coming race, I for one shall be most bitterly disappointed with it.

Now what can this Commission or the Government do to help middle-class men intent on marriage, or parents endowed with families?

Well, I have talked with a vast variety of men and women about this income tax, and invariably I have found a feeling that this levy bears unjustly upon them and that they cannot condemn wholeheartedly the poor wretches who evade it. Obviously it is not sufficiently elastic in its operation to secure that public sympathy or support which, in many ways, it undoubtedly deserves.

Why not Local Tribunals?

The mischief really is this: the tax is administered by Civil Servants who are bred on precedent, routine and red tape. It should really be controlled just as conscription was controlled, by local appeal tribunals. And it should be possible for every income tax payer to come before these local appeal tribunals, to narrate his particular difficulties as a home-maker in confidence, and to claim and obtain auto-

matically such relief as his position, his efforts, and his children warrant.

This may perhaps impress you, at first, as a very simple remedy, but I can assure you that, wisely organised, it would relieve income tax payers of a thousand fears and perils and actual hardships. Nobody with any sense really wants to deny the Government its revenue, but when the nation of that day took away from the House of Lords the right to interfere in national finance, it omitted to secure to itself the right to supervise the raising of that finance, and to-day we have, as a result, all these difficulties the middle-class citizen now very rightly deplores.

For these reasons we must restore that local control over the income tax. It is no good attempting to rely on the officials at Whitehall or Somerset House for any display of the ordinary humanising considerations. Very early in their career the Civil Service extinguished all these highly desirable human qualities. And any man who has appealed to the official hierarchy will tell you that he would sooner go before a dozen well-fed local magistrates than a single supervisor enthroned on a pile of law statutes and responsible to no one and no influence but his own construction of a certain set of discouraging and disconcerting facts.

Given these local tribunals, a man could plead that he had only just got married, that illness had overtaken him, that his employers had failed in business, that his wife had deserted him, that his children had just reached the most expensive age concurrently with the collapse of the business into which he had placed all his capital—and could confidently expect from them a helping hand when threatened with ruin by an overwhelming demand for income tax.

Without these local tribunals we shall continue to have all the present-day clamour for a Tax on Bachelors, Free Emigration for our Girls, Restricted Choice in Marriage, and worse. None of these panaceas really touch the fringe of the great national need—

A NEW ORIENTATION OF NATIONAL FINANCE
IN FAVOUR OF
THE HOME

AND

THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THE HOME.

May it come soon!



"She stood there, smiling that queer little wavering
smile, until the prelude to her song was done"

Drawn by
Rudolf Salomon

A Spring Song

A Woman's Conquest

By

L. G. Moberly

SHE came upon the platform, a slim, tall figure in clinging black draperies which seemed to bring into sharp contrast the exceeding whiteness of her face, the deep shadows under her eyes. Just for a moment before she left the door of the artists' room to mount the steps leading to the platform, she hesitated, and the accompanist, following close behind her, thought that she was on the point of turning away from the brilliantly-lighted hall into the comparative dimness of the artists' room. But she drew herself up with an odd little gesture of determination, her hands clasped themselves together, as though to brace herself to an effort, and then, with head erect, she moved on and took her place before the audience.

"What would Ken say—what would Ken say if I failed now?" The words ran to and fro in her brain. "He would tell me to face the guns with a brave heart."

No one in the audience knew or guessed what it cost the singer to stand there that night, facing the rows of upturned faces, whilst the strong light shone full upon her own face, showing its whiteness and the deep shadows under her eyes.

She smiled a little wavering smile when the people greeted her with clapping of hands, and none of those who watched her realised that her heart was aching to breaking point, and that only high courage and a tremendous sense of duty had enabled her to fulfil her engagement.

"Ken said, 'Be brave'; Ken said, 'Be brave.'" That little phrase rang in her mind as the accompanist played the opening bars of her song, and she drew herself up to her full, slim height, determined to give the audience of her best. There flashed before her mind a quick little vision of her own sitting-room three hours earlier, when they had brought her the telegram. The chords her accompanist played will for all time be associated in Vera Brentwood's memory with her little sitting-room in the light of an April afternoon, and the telegram that put out the light of her life for

ever. The faint sweetness of primroses filled the place, primroses sent her by a friend in the country, and arranged in bowls full of ferny moss; and the sunlight fell upon Ken's photograph upon her writing-table. She and Ken were to be married during his next leave, and after the war there would be good times to follow all the waiting and the loneliness, the heartache and suspense. . . .

And then the telegram was put into her hand, and all her joy was blotted out at one fell swoop, and she knew that the good times would never come at all—because Ken was dead.

The April sunshine, her own bright room, the faint sweetness of the primroses, all seemed to mock at the pain which numbed her very soul. But when her sister said quietly, "You can't sing to-night," some of the numbness stirred into life, and words of Ken's came stealing into her heart: "Oh, one can't let private sorrow interfere with public duty. There is more than one way of facing the guns."

She remembered that Anna's face had expressed a sort of dumb surprise when she answered, "I am not going to disappoint the audience. I shall sing as well as I can." And no persuasion of her sister could alter her resolution. Ken had died facing the guns. She would not shirk her duty even for sorrow's sake.

And so she stood there, smiling that queer little wavering smile, until the prelude to her song was done. Some of those who heard Vera Brentwood sing that night said that they had never heard anything so beautiful, or so unutterably pathetic; and when the first clear, full notes rang out across the room there was an almost breathless silence. It was as though every soul in the hall was intent upon not missing a single note she sang.

"In primrose time
I walked among the budding woods with you,
The April sky was bright with Heaven's own
blue,
The whole glad world had risen to life anew.
In primrose time.

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"In primrose time

The woods were ringing with the thrush's song,
'Rejoice!' they sang. 'Rejoice—for love is strong,
And youth is gay and glad and life seems long
In primrose time.'"

In a far corner of the hall, standing with his back against the wall, behind a row of sixpenny seats, was a shabby-looking man who looked curiously out of place under the bright lights and amongst the well-clothed, comfortably-fed people about him. His clothes had long, long ago seen their best days; they were so worn and shabby as to be almost threadbare. He held a battered old hat in his hand, and his turned-up coat collar barely concealed the fact that there was no white collar underneath it, only a worn blue handkerchief roughly knotted round his neck. His face was very lined and haggard; his deeply sunken eyes held a haunting sadness; his mouth was set grimly in an expression of despairing bitterness; and he stood there looking straight before him, apparently oblivious of the people round him, gazing into vacancy.

None of the first items on the programme had roused him from that fixed staring into vacancy. But when the clear notes of Vera Brentwood's voice rang across the hall he pulled himself into an upright position, and all his gaze was concentrated upon the slim figure in black upon the platform. Every word she sang reached his ears. He was no longer oblivious or absent-minded; he followed her song with eager, rapt attention, and picture after picture came flashing before his mind, brought there by the words she sang. He lost sight of his surroundings; he was no longer conscious of the rows of men and women in front of him, of the brightly-lighted hall, or even of the platform and the slim figure in black standing upon it. His sunken eyes looked at all these things, it is true, but the eyes of his mind were seeing very different scenes, very different surroundings.

He was standing at the bottom of the garden in the old home, looking across the stream that went singing over the stones, looking into the copse on the farther side of the stream, where the ground was starry with primroses.

The old home! The old garden with the stream at its bottom, and the primrose copse on the far side of the stream! How long it was—how very, very long—since he had remembered these at all. He had buried them far away in the depths of his soul,

when he himself had dropped away from decent-living people, and sunk into the same position as that man in the old parable, the man who fed swine, and ate the husks that the swine left.

"In primrose time—" The words came ringing down the room in the singer's clear, liquid notes, and the man by the wall shrank nearer to it with a sudden sense of shame. The boy who had gone whistling down the old rectory garden, the boy who had watched the stream dancing over the stones, the boy who had jumped lightly over it into the copse to gather great handfuls of primroses for "mother," was it possible that he and the boy he visualised could be one and the same person? What high hopes and noble ambitions had filled his mind in those days when he had picked the starry flowers that filled the copse with their delicate loveliness! And now—

"In primrose time." The last lingering notes of the singer's voice died away, but Rupert Denison, the shabby man in the background, did not even hear the burst of applause that followed Vera Brentwood's retreating form. He only heard a voice out of the very long ago, his father's voice, "God bless you, my dear boy!"

The yearning tenderness in the tones came back to Rupert across the years; something hard and bitter in his heart, something that in all the years had grown harder and more bitter, suddenly melted away and left in its place the thought of that yearning tenderness he could remember in his father's voice. "God bless you, my dear boy!" Always his father had said that to him when he left home; always his father had looked at him with blue eyes full of understanding love. And he had broken his father's heart.

That was the long and the short of it. Look at it how he would, try to explain it away, or apologise as he might for his own shortcomings, it all came in the end to the same grievous certainty—he had broken his father's heart; and his mother's heart, too, for the matter of that. Memory told him so with a quick stab of pain. His mother had died broken-hearted because the boy who had been the apple of her eye had ruined his life, and refused to come away from the swine and their husks even for her sake. . . .

What was the old home like now? The wonder shot through his mind. Were the primroses blooming to-day in the copse across the stream? And did his father sometimes go along the garden path and



"He walked over towards the new-comer
with hurried, outstretched hand"—p. 531

*Drawn by
Balliol Salmon*

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over the rustic bridge to look at their starry loveliness?

If only—a great wave of homesick longing swept over him—if only he could see the copse again, and the primroses under the hazels where the thrushes sang! Did a thrush still build in the bush beside the stream, where thrushes built spring after spring in the far-off days of his boyhood? And did the robins still come in at the open window of the study to find the crumbs that were always ready for them there, and to flute their joyous little songs to the rector at his writing-table as they used to do of old?

A queer little smile hovered over the thinker's haggard face, a smile that emphasised the deep lines about his mouth and the shadows under his eyes, a smile that faded as quickly as it had come, leaving his face more utterly sad than before. What was the good of allowing his thoughts to dwell upon these pictures of the past? Why was he here at all, drawn by the warmth and the light and an innate love of music? Why had he ever come into this hall to hear a song which stirred up memories he would fain have allowed to sleep for ever?

The singer had done the mischief. If she had not sung that song about primrose time those memories of his would never have awakened; he would not have seen that haunting vision of the primrose copse, and the old garden, and his father's face; would not have heard the haunting echoes of his father's voice saying, "God bless you, my dear boy."

There swept over him an almost intolerable craving to hear those words again. Only—only, of course, it was useless and absurd to crave for what was impossible. Utterly impossible! How could he, an outcast, a broken man, a prodigal, go back to the old home and dare to look again into his father's face? How could he, who had made such a grievous mess of life, who had sinned so deeply, ask his father—the soul of honour and uprightness—even to touch his hands? Out of the question? Of course it was out of the question. He must dree his weird now to the bitter end. Primrose copses in spring-time were not for such outcasts as he; the vilest slum was his true home. . . . And yet—how that girl's voice rang in his ears and in his heart.

"In 'primrose time
The whole glad world had risen to life anew,
In primrose time."

"Risen to life anew!" That phrase stuck to him. "Risen to life anew!" And then by some odd turn of thought other words came creeping into his brain. "I will arise—I will arise—" What was the rest of it? "Risen to life anew." Yes, he knew that line of the song. It stuck in his mind persistently. But it had brought with it another phrase which eluded him, excepting for those first three words—"I will arise." And somehow they were linked on to the remembrance of his father; they brought with them a recollection of his father's kindly face and blue eyes, of his father's musical voice reading the lessons in church, reading—

Wait, it was coming to him! In that crowded hall the words came back to him across the years; his father's voice seemed to ring down the church with a strange charm, a strange yearning tenderness. "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, 'Father—'"

He still saw nothing round him, and when presently he elbowed his way out through the crowd by the door, there was a curiously dazed, dreaming expression in his eyes, as though his thoughts were very far away.

"I will arise and go to my father—and will say unto him—'Father—'" The words joined themselves to the words of the song he had just heard:

"In primrose time
The whole glad world had risen to life anew."

And his footsteps quickened as he walked along street after street, until by and by the streets turned into suburban roads and he was in the open country, walking, walking, walking under the stars through the quiet April night.



The old rector went down his garden in the sunshine of an April morning. His eyes noticed each new flower that had opened since the day before; his ears drank in the sweetness of the thrushes' songs, and though there was a sadness in his eyes which nothing could ever wholly drive away, he smiled as he watched the signs of spring about him. He loved the flowers and the birds and the beasts, and every fresh spring gave him a sense of fresh gladness.

At the bottom of the garden a little stream went singing over the stones, and a bridge crossed the stream to the copse on

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the far side, where primroses shone starry amongst the velvet green of moss and the soft brown of last year's leaves, and pale windflowers and dog-violets bent their dainty heads to the April breeze.

The old man stood long by the bridge looking at the primrose copse, and just as he was turning away there was the sound of a footstep upon the rustling leaves, and a man came slowly towards him between the hazel bushes. The man stooped a little; his clothes were very worn and shabby; his hair was thickly sown with grey, and his face was lined and haggard.

But the old rector seemed to notice none of these things. Perhaps he did not even see them. Perhaps he saw instead a happy-hearted boy, good-looking, reckless, gay, a boy whose eyes were not sunken, whose face was not haggard and lined.

After only one glance at the man coming with slow and heavy steps across the hazel copse, he walked over the bridge, and went towards the new-comer with hurried, faltering movements and outstretched hand.

"Father," the man said brokenly, "father —I—I am not worthy—"

But he did not finish his broken sentence. His hand was held in a close, tender clasp; the blue eyes that looked into his face were alight with joy and triumph; and if the old man's voice shook, it shook with a great joy.

"God bless you, my dear boy," he said gently. "My very dear boy, welcome home."



Vera Brentwood keeps amongst her treasures a letter which came to her on an April morning, a week after that concert at which she had forced herself to sing when her own heart was breaking. The letter bore no address, and was signed only by initials.

"I want to thank you for the song you sang last Thursday—In Primrose Time." It woke up all the little good left in me; it brought back old memories; it sent a prodigal home to the best father in the world. Thank you.—R. D."

"I have had my reward," she said under her breath when she read the letter. "I have had my exceeding great reward."



The Woodland Glade
in Spring

Photo:
S. A. Wallby

The Future of the V.A.D.

New Work for Amateur Nurses

By

E. Vaughan-Smith*

What shall we do with the excellent V.A.D.s the war produced? Waste their talent in dancing—or use them in the fight for health?

WHAT am I going to do for the rest of my life? Oh, jazz and go to tennis parties, and altogether have a good time," declared Dorothea the first evening she returned to civil life after three years of service as a V.A.D.

"I'm sure she's earned it, if ever a girl did," put in her mother fondly. "She never really liked nursing; it was simply a sense of duty that made her do it."

"The joy it is to be out of uniform!" went on Dorothea, giving a loving pat to her pretty blue *crêpe de Chine* frock. "And to think of never hearing that horrible rising bell again! Nobody who hasn't been compelled to have breakfast at the unholy hour of seven-thirty in the depths of winter can imagine how horrible it is. Oh, I'm thankful to have finished with it all!"

What we Miss

That was Dorothea's mood a year ago. When I met her some time afterwards, however, she did not look quite so happy.

"You know, there was something in war-time life—ghastly as the war was—that one seems to miss in one's present existence," she remarked in the course of conversation. "Then one seemed— Oh, I don't know how to put it, but I mean one was part of an ever so much bigger thing, whilst now one is just one's insignificant self again, and no particular use to anyone."

That was the second stage in Dorothea's post-war experience—distinct disillusionment.

Fortunately it was not a lasting stage. When I met her a few days ago Dorothea was once more looking as radiant as when she was first demobilised.

"I've found my job," she announced triumphantly. "I'm to be taken on as a Red Cross ambulance driver."

She went on to explain that the Red Cross and the Order of St. John are setting on foot a scheme under which practically the

entire country is to be covered by a network of ambulances, placed under the control of the Red Cross county directors.

"You see, in former days, supposing there was a bad accident, or someone was taken dangerously ill in some tiny place miles from any hospital, it was often very difficult to get them properly attended to, as they were probably too ill to travel in the ordinary way. So when the end of the war left the Red Cross with a number of ambulances in France and other places, it struck the authorities that this would be a splendid way to use them. In future, no matter how remote the district is, there will always be an ambulance within reach, able to bring help or to take the case to a hospital."

"It sounds an excellent plan. And I should think that your V.A.D. experience might come in very usefully in an emergency sometimes—I mean that you will be able not only to drive the ambulance, but to help give first aid in urgent cases."

"Yes. That was what I told our county director when I went to offer myself for the work, and she agreed that it was a real asset. I don't like nursing well enough to want to take it up as a profession, but I'm very glad I do know enough to help at a crisis when there's nobody better at hand."

Permanent Nurses

If some V.A.D.s, like Dorothea, only did war-time nursing as a more or less uncongenial duty, others found in doing it their real vocation, which they might otherwise have missed.

"The family always took for granted I was to be a teacher, because all the elder ones were," remarked one ex-V.A.D., "and as I didn't think I had any particular turn for anything else, I fell in with the plan, but I never felt really keen. Then the war

* The author of this article owes much of the information here contained to the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, Chairman of the Red Cross Executive Committee, who kindly granted her an interview.

THE FUTURE OF THE V.A.D.

came, and I packed away my text-books and went into a military hospital, meaning to do nursing just 'for the duration,' you know. But before I'd been there a month I found that nursing interested me more than anything else in the world, and I gave up all thoughts of ever becoming a teacher."

To V.A.D.s of this type, who wish to make nursing their life-work, the Red Cross offers scholarships to be held during their hospital training. It cannot be doubted that many of the best nurses of the near future will be found among these ex-V.A.D.s.

Two Big Campaigns

The Red Cross, however, is looking far beyond hospital walls in the work it destines for these gallant young women who laboured so splendidly and so loyally during the war. It is depending in great part on their help for two big peace-time campaigns on which it is embarking.

The first of these campaigns is against tuberculosis, that deadly foe to the race which in 1917 alone killed 55,954 of our people—more, probably, than the total mortality in many of our former wars, and a rate which, if maintained, would in less than fifteen years produce as many deaths as the number of British killed in the Great War.

In any effective warfare against tuberculosis a most essential part must be played by propaganda, as great sections of the nation are at present deplorably ignorant of the conditions likely to produce and spread the disease. Moreover, owing to this prevailing lack of knowledge the illness is often not detected in its earliest and most easily curable stage, and numbers of lives are lost which might probably have been saved if the patients had been put under proper treatment from the beginning.

A few thousand V.A.D.s, trained as health visitors, would have it in their power to carry on propaganda against tuberculosis far more efficient than anything the Government could do by means of leaflets, posters, or even films. To ignorant people personal touch is everything, and instruction, no matter how excellent, aimed at the general public is apt to miss fire.

Propaganda Wanted

Take, for instance, Mrs. Jones, of 10 Paradise Court, an excellent woman strongly imbued with the good old-

fashioned notion that draughts constitute the greatest danger to human health that can possibly be imagined. Hence in her motherly zeal for her children's well-being she is careful not only to keep the window shut in the bedroom shared by five of them, including a little girl beginning tuberculosis, but to stop up the chimney as well! Anything Mrs. Jones heard at a public lecture on the value of fresh air would as likely as not pass in at one ear and out at the other; but when Miss Smith, the health visitor—whom Mrs. Jones likes and trusts because she was so sympathetic on her first visit ten days after baby's birth—presses back the chimney register with her own hands, giving at the same time a simple little explanation of just what happens to the air in that bedroom when it has been breathed in and out again and again, Mrs. Jones really takes the lesson in. She may even be persuaded to turn the parlour into a bedroom for the tuberculous child until the latter can be placed in a sanatorium—a revolutionary step she would certainly never have been induced to take by anything she read in a leaflet on the danger of tubercular infection in the abstract.

The Nation's First Line of Defence

Yes, health visitors have it in their power to form the nation's first line of defence against tuberculosis, and it is because the Red Cross authorities know this, and are also aware that many a V.A.D. is exactly the right material to make an admirable health visitor—practical, sympathetic and helpful—that they are giving every encouragement to those of their workers who think of training for this extremely useful profession. The special course for health visitors required by the Ministry of Health takes two years for all but fully qualified nurses, who can go through it in one year. As well-paid careers for women go, two years is not a long period of training, so it is to be hoped that a number of V.A.D.s will see their way to it.

The second campaign into which the Red Cross is preparing to throw all its force is that against infant mortality.

The Dangers of being a Child

During the first year of the war it used to be commonly said that it was safer to be a soldier in France than a baby in England, for the number of babies who died in

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this country exceeded that of the British soldiers killed in the trenches!

To some V.A.D.s this question of the babies will make a closer appeal than anything else could do.

There is poor little Betty, for instance. She might have had babies of her own by this time, if a certain dream had come true; but, alas! he who shared it with her lies buried at Gallipoli. The part of Betty's heart which isn't buried there too is full of passionate love for all babies and little children, especially unhappy ones.

"I'd love to go into a children's hospital after the war," she said once, "only I'm not strong enough, and I don't think mother could spare me. But some work for babies and little children I *must* do, or I can't get through my life."

Betty has now found exactly the work that suits her at an infant welfare centre lately started in her home town. She goes there every day, helps with the weighing of the babies, and with the treatment given for certain minor ailments (such as sores, discharging ears, and mild cases of rickets). She gives simple little "health talks" to the mothers, with very practical demonstrations. She is present when the doctor holds "infant consultations," and visits the homes afterwards to make sure that his directions are being properly carried out. All these various duties she performs so tactfully and lovingly, as well as so capably, that the mothers adore her and the babies are as happy in her arms as in those of their parents.

Badly-needed Work

Other V.A.D.s are finding a congenial field of labour in connection with the crèches and day nurseries which have been opened in most industrial centres. Such institutions were never so badly needed as in these days when economic conditions make it almost impossible for working-class mothers engaged in industry to find trustworthy guardians for their babies for the sum they are able to pay. To the unmarried mother in particular—and her case is, as we know, all too common—this problem is such a tragic difficulty that, but for the crèches and day nurseries, many a hapless child would risk dying of neglect.

There is, of course, great scope for voluntary workers in the crèches, but many of them are in charge of trained matrons, and the V.A.D. who has to earn her own living

might easily do worse than qualify herself for such a position. Nursery schools are intended for somewhat older children, and are placed in charge of a trained teacher rather than a matron; but the Ministry of Health lays it down that there ought to be a trained nurse to supervise matters of health and personal hygiene—so here, too, a field opens which will suit many a V.A.D.

Then there are numerous posts in school clinics, where a trained nurse is required to help at the medical inspections, and to visit the homes afterwards to see that the doctor's orders are carried out. It is obvious what a valuable part these nurses at school clinics will be able to play in changing our "C3" population into "A1" citizens, and it is hoped that many V.A.D.s will take up this very useful work.

There are also nursing posts in connection with open-air schools for delicate children and with children's sanatoria. In these cases the two great present-day campaigns of the Red Cross—that against tuberculosis and that for child welfare—meet one another, so that the V.A.D. who trains for this special branch of child welfare work will be serving both causes equally.

A Wide Choice of Useful Vocations

What with one thing and another, it will readily be granted that the V.A.D. has a sufficiently wide choice of useful futures before her, even if she confines her view to the careers specially marked out by the Red Cross. The present-day girl, however, has ideals of her own. There are rumours, for instance, of V.A.D.s offering themselves for service on the foreign mission field, where their knowledge of nursing and hygiene will be extremely valuable assets, whether or not they devote themselves specifically to medical mission work.

If in ten years' time a new variety of "Who's Who" could be published, a "Who's Who" of V.A.D.s, giving the subsequent careers of all of them, the volume would no doubt afford an interesting study in divergence. What I, for one, do not believe is that—even supposing this new "Who's Who" to be uncomfortably truthful—any V.A.D.s to speak of would have to be entered as "slackers." The girl who has found out the joy of work in those formative years between, say, nineteen and twenty-three, is not going to be content to return permanently to an existence of nothing but tennis parties and afternoon teas.

WHITEWASH

by
Horace Annesley
Vachell



CHAPTER XI

Revolution

I

MOTHER and daughter were left alone in the Vicarage drawing-room, pending the arrival of Grimshaw, who was likely to come in at any moment. The parson bustled off to colloque with an ancient parlour-maid, who exacted tactful treatment. Long ago the parson's wife had passed to a much-needed rest, a fact, indeed, stated positively upon her tombstone.

Lady Selina sank pathetically into a comfortable arm-chair. Cicely regarded her anxiously, but admiringly. She bent down to kiss her cheek, murmuring:

"Dear Mother, you are brave."

Lady Selina sighed, leaning her head upon her uninjured hand. It was difficult to interpret the expression upon her fine face. Behind the physical weariness, an odd look of bewilderment revealed itself. When she spoke, something else—was it acrimony or amazement?—challenged Cicely's attention.

"How smug this room is!"

Cicely glanced round. Her mother had hit the right word. Smug, indeed! But, familiar as she was from childhood with every stick of furniture, Cicely had never till this moment realised the smugness. And that, of course, jumped to the eye when it was mentioned. Every room has its particular message. Cicely knew that nothing in that prim apartment had been changed during five-and-twenty years. Anæmic

water-colour drawings adorned the walls, which were demurely grey, a lasting tint. The curtains and the seats of sundry chairs were excellent samples of Mrs. Goodrich's tireless needlework. They seemed to say, modestly: "See what patient industry can achieve!" The steel fender and fire-irons were more vocal. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." The well-worn carpet was immaculate; not a speck of dust could be detected upon the china ornaments or upon the rosewood furniture. A betting man would have laid heavy odds against finding cobwebs under the upright piano, starkly upright, naked and not ashamed. Cicely could remember the parson's wife playing hymns and sonatas upon it. Surely it would explode with indignation if the syncopated rhythm of rag-time were blasphemously imposed upon the ivory keys—! It was terrible to reflect that such an instrument, sanctified, so to speak, to Divine Service, might be debased—after a defiling public sale—to a worst inn's best room, to be banged by trippers.

These thoughts flashed into Cicely's mind.

"It is smug," she assented. "It knows, probably, that it's just right. Yes, self-righteousness is the note."

She laughed a little, but Lady Selina remained unamused.

"Cicely, some of my people didn't help at the fire."

This was an arresting statement, impossible to assimilate at a gulp. Cicely replied hastily:

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"I saw many helping."

"I saw some—laughing."

"I laughed myself a moment ago. It's just excitement. I felt hysterical myself."

Lady Selina appeared to be wandering down a maze of introspection, picking her way in and out of blind alleys. She asked a question.

"How long has this bitter feeling of the Farleighs against me been smouldering?"

"I—I suppose ever since his little girls died."

"You were aware of it?"

"Ye—es."

"Then, why didn't you warn me?"

"I—I don't know."

After a pause Lady Selina continued heavily:

"I am forced to the conclusion that things—important things—have been kept from me. Why? Why?"

Cicely blushed faintly, thinking of Grimshaw's phrase: "the conspiracy of silence."

"Perhaps, Mother, those who loved you wanted to spare you."

Lady Selina nodded.

"I understand. I have been regarded by those who loved me as a fool content in her paradise."

As she spoke Grimshaw was ushered in. He crossed to his patient, saying courteously:

"Forgive an unavoidable delay, Lady Selina. I had to dress your coachman's hand."

"My poor old Hutchins—! Is he much hurt?"

"He thinks so. It's nothing. He hasn't your pluck."

As he spoke, he took from his bag a roll of absorbent cotton wool and a bottle of picric acid solution, which he placed upon a table where such articles were eyed askance by a Parian-marble lady under a glass dome. Deftly, he removed the sling.

"Tell me if I hurt you."

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

In the presence of a comparative stranger, Lady Selina had reassumed her manner, so natural to her, so indisputably her shining armour. The sudden change confounded Cicely. Which was the real woman?

Grimshaw addressed Cicely professionally:

"More light, Miss Chandos."

Cicely pulled back the curtains, which always slightly obscured the light, because ampler folds revealed the needlework.

"That's much better."

He examined the burn, and then cut off a pad of the sterilised cotton, which he wetted with the picric solution.

"How red the burn looks!" remarked Cicely. She could see that her mother was not only grateful to the doctor, but pleased with the man. Lady Selina murmured approval.

"Your touch is as light as a woman's. What are you using?"

"Picric acid solution."

She never winced as he dressed the burn. Her tones were as light as his touch:

"Dear me! You were going to dine with us this evening! And I had ordered such a nice little dinner."

Behind Lady Selina a French window opened upon the lawn, which faced the village green. Through this window floated noises culminating in cheers.

"Please shut that window," commanded Grimshaw.

"Please don't," said the Lady of the Manor. "The atmosphere of this room is slightly oppressive. I suppose the dear souls are cheering me."

"Safety-pin, Miss Chandos."

The parson entered, blandly beaming.

"Your chauffeur has come back from Wilverley, Lady Selina. The fire engine is at the Hall, under Lord Wilverley's direction. Lord Wilverley has put the Court at your disposal, but I told him that you had accepted my own more modest shelter."

"Many thanks."

Grimshaw interposed.

"I should like you to go to bed at once."

"My dear doctor! After I have dined."

"Before. You have sustained a shock."

"I have." She smiled ironically. "But I am myself again."

Goodrich went out. From the green came raucous laughter, punctuated by groans and cat-calls. Lady Selina sat upright, frowning.

"I don't understand this noise."

"Nor I," said Cicely.

"It sounds like a sort of—a—demonstration."

She glanced interrogatively at Grimshaw, who was apparently intent upon his dressing. He said pleasantly:

"I think I can promise you that there won't be any scar."

"Not on my arm, you mean?"

"Not on your arm."



" 'I ha' waited fifteen year for this hour
—fifteen year,' he continued "—p. 535

Drawn by
John Campbell

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Attempting to interpret the derisive inflection of her voice, he asked lightly:

"I hope your house was well insured?"

"Oh, yes. Fully. This noise is very extraordinary."

"I think I must insist upon shutting that window, Lady Selina. It would be unwise to run risks of taking cold, you know."

"I don't take cold."

Grimshaw went to the window and closed it. Lady Selina submitted.

Stimson appeared, much perturbed.

"What is it, Stimson?"

"I've been on the green, my lady, and—and—" he broke off gaspingly.

"Bless the man! What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing, my lady. They left me alone, my lady. It's Mr. Gridley. He—he wanted to break up the crowd. He said . . ."

"Well, what did he say?"

The unhappy Stimson, dirty and dishevelled, grasping the rags of his former dignity, replied austere:

"I beg your ladyship's pardon; I must be excused from repeating what Mr. Gridley said. Very rough tongue he has."

Beside herself with impatience, Lady Selina rapped out:

"Am I never to get the plain truth from my own people? What has happened?"

"As I left the green, my lady, they were chasing Mr. Gridley into the pond. It isn't a deep pond, my lady, but full of horse-leeches."

"I must go out at once."

"No," said Grimshaw as positively.

Cicely signed to Stimson to leave the room; he obeyed deprecatingly.

"The Riot Act must be read by me, Mr. Grimshaw. When you crossed the green just now did you notice bad temper on the part of the crowd?"

"Well, yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

He replied quietly:

"Because you are my patient."

"What has caused this?"

"John Exton's arrest."

"I must go at once."

She stood up. Grimshaw said firmly:

"Forgive me—it isn't safe."

Lady Selina smiled incredulously. At the same time she was sensible of Grimshaw's sympathy, of his unmistakable solicitude, expressed not so much by his voice, but by his eyes. She thought to herself: "This

young man is considerate; he has the old-fashioned protective instincts about women."

"Not safe, you mean, for your patient?"

Grimshaw never answered the question, because Goodrich came in through the French window, closing it after him; but significant sounds entered with him. Obviously some of the unruly were trespassing upon the Vicarage lawn, stamping down the moss.

"This is a revolt," said the Lady of the Manor.

Goodrich might have replied: "No, madame; it's revolution," but he was beyond quotation. In a troubled voice he delivered a message.

"Timothy Farleigh wants to see you."

"Don't see him, Mother," entreated Cicely. "You're not up to it."

"Not up to it? What an idea! I will see any of my people, or all of them, at any time."

"He is on my lawn," said Goodrich.

"My privet fence is broken down."

"Can I see him here, Mr. Goodrich?"

"Certainly, if you insist."

He went out, carrying a head out of which distressed and congested eyes bulged prominently. When he came back, Timothy accompanied him. Agatha and the softy followed. Nobody noticed them. The parson shut the window. Timothy approached Lady Selina, very erect in her chair.

"What do you want?" she asked quietly.

Timothy confronted her with a dignity quite as impressive, in its way, as hers. The despairing fury had burnt itself out, partly, possibly, because his Mary was mending, partly, also, because it had served its purpose, whether designed or not—it had fired others.

"I want justice."

Lady Selina replied scornfully:

"You shall have it, I promise you. So you, *you* have raised my own people against me?"

"Aye."

He spoke impersonally, as if he were aware that he had but served as an instrument. And he continued in a low voice, pathetically apathetic:

"I ha' waited fifteen year for this hour—fifteen year."

Agatha stood beside him, still defiant. Nick, unnoticed, save by Grimshaw, crept furtively to the fireplace, apparently aston-

ished and distressed to find no fire in it. Grimshaw leapt to the conclusion that the softy had been brought to the Vicarage purposely. Presently he would serve as an object-lesson, a notable part of Timothy's indictment.

"You can say what you have to say," observed Lady Selina. "Apparently you are here to speak for some of your neighbours?" He nodded. "Very well—speak."

Timothy prepared himself for a tremendous effort, how tremendous none can understand who is not intimately acquainted with the rustic mind, almost atrophied by disuse, when it attempts to measure itself against Authority. Grimshaw, watching him closely, reflected that his attitude and expression were more eloquent than any speech could be. Bent and bowed by interminable toil, his gnarled hands trembling with agitation, he spoke very slowly:

"You might ha' been burned this day along wi' your gert house. . . ."

"True."

No rancour could be detected in her voice. Grimshaw wondered what she was feeling. Her perfect manners might have misled a less acute observer, but he divined somehow that she, also, was intensely affected, blind for the moment because a cataract had been torn from her eyes.

"Be you prepared to die, my lady?"

At this the parson raised a protesting finger. To break through his privet fence was a grave misdemeanour; to trespass upon his spiritual domain in his presence palsied a tongue apter at asking rather than answering such direct questions. However, Lady Selina replied courteously:

"Why do you put such a question?"

"I puts it to 'ee. We brings nothing into this world, and we takes nothing out. But the reckonin' must be paid. What ha' you done, my lady, wi' us? We've worked for 'ee . . . crool hard, at a low wage."

He stretched out his rough hands, palms uppermost, revealing the scars and caluses, but unconscious of them.

"You could have left my service, Timothy Farleigh, if you thought the work too hard and the wage too low."

"Aye. Fair warning I had fifteen years ago, when my lil' maids died. I might ha' gone then, but someways I couldn't leave the old land, and so—God forgi' me—I

stayed. We pore souls, my lady, bain't free. . . . We be, seemin'ly, just beasts o' burden, your beasts—under your yoke."

Lady Selina never flinched from his intent gaze. Grimshaw was unable to decide whether indeed her clear blue eyes were fixed upon the trembling speaker or upon herself. Could she see him as he thus revealed himself? Could she see herself with anything approximating to true definition? She said firmly enough:

"My yoke has not been heavy; you know that."

His hands fell to his sides.

"I knows what you ha' done; and I knows what you ha' left undone. We be housed lil' better than the beasts o' the field. We be kept helpless a-purpose."

Lady Selina glanced at Agatha's tense face.

"No. Your niece here has risen above her station, and I helped her. Whether such help was wisely given is another matter."

"Aggie be a clever maid. I speaks for us as bain't clever. I speaks," his voice rang out emphatically, "for every man in Upworthy as has a wife and lil' 'uns to lose, if so be as you remains blind and deaf to the writin' on your own smoulderin' walls. Better, I says, far better that you should ha' perished this day wi' your grand house than live on wi' your heel upon our bodies and our hearts."

His words, coming from such a man, amazed Grimshaw. And yet they confirmed an ever-increasing conviction that true inspiration is kindled from without, that Man is indeed but the receiver and transmitter of a purpose far transcending finite intelligence. No trained orator could have chosen better words than these which had fallen, like water from a rock, out of the mouth of a peasant. Grimshaw watched their effect. They had brought softening dew to the eyes of Agatha and Cicely; they had penetrated the parson's hide-bound understanding. He stood agape in his own drawing-room, deflated, thinking, possibly, of Balaam's ass. Lady Selina seemed to be petrified. Nick alone remained indifferent, the usual grin upon his face. He had taken from a pocket a match, and was contemplating the neatly laid fire, obsessed—so Grimshaw decided—with the desire to light it.

Lady Selina replied, after a pause. What she said came from within, as sincere, in

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one sense, as the message from without. Grimshaw realised that she was delivering a message, a tradition rather, entrusted to her keeping. Her brother, her father, all her distinguished ancestors would have spoken the same words in exactly the same tone.

"I have listened to you patiently, Timothy Farleigh. Listen to me. I am not blind to the writing on my smouldering walls. And one word stands out flaming—Ingratitude! You come here asking for justice. Justice shall be meted out to you. And now go!"

She pointed to the door. Timothy hesitated.

"You be a hard 'ooman. But Johnny Exton be innocent. Let 'un out—let 'un out, I says."

"My house has been burnt. If John Exton didn't do it, who did?"

"I dunno."

"Exactly."

Grimshaw moved nearer to her.

"I think I know," he said, almost in a whisper, because he was humbly aware that inspiration had descended upon him. Lady Selina repeated his words:

"You think you know, Mr. Grimshaw?"

He beckoned to Nick, saying in his kindest tone:

"Come you here, my lad."

The softy shambled up to him. Grimshaw sat down upon a chair near the fireplace, assuming an easy attitude, but his eyes caught and held the eyes of the boy.

"I bain't afeard of 'ee, I bain't."

"Of course not. I wish I was as brave as you, Nicky."

The softy swelled with pride. The others stared at Grimshaw, who dominated them as he did the stunted intelligence in front of him. He continued lightly:

"Shall I tell you a secret?"

"Ah-h-h!"

"I am a bit afeard of somebody, though. Guess."

An unexpected answer introduced a touch of comedy. Nick grinned broadly:

"I knows—Miss Cicely."

For an instant Grimshaw was disconcerted; Cicely blushed. Fortunately nobody perceived this.

"No, no. I am afeard of George Ball, the constable."

The shot went home. Nick squirmed.

"George Ball!"

"Aye. Sit on that stool, my lad. Listen

to me." Nick obeyed, staring up at the keen face bent over his own. "Let's have a little chat. I like you, Nicky."

"Do 'ee, now? I likes you; yas, I do." He grinned again, adding slyly: "An' so does Miss Cicely."

This second allusion challenged Lady Selina's attention. She turned to glance at her daughter, but, happily, the tell-tale blush had faded.

"Do you ever smoke cigarettes, Nick?"

"Times, I do, when fellers gi' me some."

"Have one with me."

He held out his cigarette-case. Nick selected one; Grimshaw took another, saying lightly:

"Have you a match?"

"Yas."

A murmur from Agatha nearly broke the spell. Nick, however, intent upon Grimshaw, opened his left hand, and revealed a match, a wax vesta. Grimshaw took it, looked at it, and smiled ingratiatingly:

"What a nice wax match!"

"Aye, same as quality use."

Grimshaw struck the match on his heel.

"Light up!"

He leaned forward and downward. Nick lighted his cigarette, puffing at it complacently. Grimshaw lighted his, and then blew out the match. With his face still close to Nick's, he asked suddenly:

"But where is the match-box?"

"I dunno. I lost 'un."

"What bad luck! You found a silver match-box this afternoon and lost it inside of—an hour?"

"Yas, I did. How do 'ee know that?"

"I'm a doctor. I can see inside your head. Shall I give you a shilling?"

"Yas."

Grimshaw took a shilling from his pocket, flicked it into the air, and caught it. Then, with a laugh, he held it out. Nick tried to take it. Grimshaw deftly palmed it. Nick was confounded.

"It be gone. You be a wondersome man, you be."

"Hallo! Here it is again—in your ear, by Jove!"

He exhibited the shilling to the excited boy, flicked it up again and allowed it to drop on the carpet.

"It's yours, Nicky."

Nick picked up the shilling, going down on his knees. As he rose to his feet Grimshaw stood up, taking him gently by the shoulder:

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"I say, tell me something. Why did you set my lady's house afire?"

Once more, inarticulate murmurs from those present might have broken the spell, but Nick was too absorbed in his possession of the shilling. He answered seriously:

"I dunno."

Grimshaw was not satisfied. He tried another tack, saying lightly:

"You know, Nick, I often want to burn houses myself."

"Do 'ee?"

"Why did you do it, my lad?"

"To please Father."

"To please Father, eh? Did he ask you to do it?"

"No-o-o."

"Johnny Exton may say that he burnt the big house."

Nick replied jealously:

"Not he. Johnny baint brave enough for that. 'Twas me done it. I be allers ready for a lark."

Grimshaw turned to Lady Selina.

"Are you satisfied?"

"Yes. I—I'm infinitely obliged to you."

Agatha exclaimed fervently:

"God bless you, sir!"

Lady Selina had spoken stiffly, still erect in her chair. And she gazed mournfully at Nick, not at Grimshaw.

"Nick."

"Yes, my lady?"

"Do you hate me?"

All softies are extremely sensitive to the tones of the voice. Nick must have felt the hostility which Lady

Selina had purposely veiled. He replied sullenly:

"I be saft along o' you. You baint so good as the Lard."

"The Lord?"

"Him as livés Wilverley way. Upworthy pegs we be called by Wilverley folk."

His fatuous grin was unendurable. Lady Selina winced. Then Grimshaw interposed hastily:

"That will do, Nick."

Agatha added as quickly:

"You come home along with Father and me."

"Yes," murmured Lady Selina. "Take him away. John Exton shall be released from custody at once." She added bitterly to Timothy: "You see what your words have done."

He replied starkly: "Upworthy



" ' Good night, Mr. Grimshaw; and very many thanks ' " —p. 542

Drawn by
John Campbell

THE QUIVER

be a whited sepulchre, naught but a whited sepulchre."

II

THE tension was relaxed slightly after the Farleighs had left the room. At once Lady Selina instructed Goodrich, as magistrate, to take the necessary steps to deliver John Exton out of durance vile. As she was speaking, cheers were heard outside. Goodrich, peering out, announced that the villagers were leaving the lawn. He mentioned that dinner would be ready in a quarter of an hour, adding:

"May I prescribe a glass of champagne for your patient, Grimshaw?"

Lady Selina said wearily:

"You are very kind. I shall go to bed."

"Please," murmured Grimshaw.

The parson went out. Lady Selina lay back in her chair, closing her eyes. Cicely glanced anxiously at Grimshaw. Had the inevitable reaction set in? Grimshaw approached his patient, and laid his hand upon her wrist. She opened her eyes.

"I'm rather tired. That's all."

"No wonder." He held her wrist for half a minute, saying reassuringly: "Your pulse is excellent. Some light food in bed, and a night's rest, will quite restore you."

She nodded. He was about to take leave of her, when she said abruptly:

"What did that poor boy mean by saying that he was born soft along of me?"

Grimshaw answered with slight constraint:

"As to that, I have the facts at second-hand. Some six months before he was born his mother had diphtheria. She was distracted about that time by the death of her two little girls from the same disease."

"I see. Would that account for this boy being born wanting?"

"It might."

Lady Selina refused to accept this as final. The constraint in Grimshaw's voice had not escaped her.

"But in your opinion, with such facts as you have, it did, didn't it?"

"Well, yes."

"Good night, Mr. Grimshaw; and very many thanks."

He bowed and went out.

III

As he crossed the green he noticed that the villagers had left it. Cheering, at a dis-

tance, lent colour to the hypothesis that John Exton's release would lead to more ale-drinking. After that Upworthy would forgive and forget. On the morrow, popular feeling would be as flat as the dregs of ale left in the big tankards.

Lady Selina would not forget.

His feeling for her was now one of intensest pity, and, as he walked, he beheld himself as the fateful instrument by which fresh laceration must be inflicted. She had thanked him civilly for his services, but she had not held out her uninjured hand, simply because his final expression of opinion ranked him amongst her critics. Very few women of the better sort, conscious, as they are, of self-sacrifice to what they conceive to be duty, can endure criticism. He knew, also, that he had disappointed Cicely, too young and too loving a daughter not to resent plain-speaking if it hurt an already stricken creature. Many a gallant gentleman, he reflected, would have lied convincingly at such a moment.

At a low ebb, physically, he was unable to fight depression with vigorous action. He wanted to lie down and think. And, being a doctor, he was aware that lucid thought was impossible. He had to envisage three persons, two women and himself, from three points of view. And his vision was blurred by malaria or quinine, or both! A rising temperature meant more quinine.

Dinner was awaiting him at Mrs. Rockram's, but he had no appetite. To distract attention from himself, he decided to walk up to the Hall and see what was left of it. Mounting the gentle slopes of the park, fatigue assailed him afresh; every bone in his body seemed to be aching. But the storm had passed away, leaving clear skies and a delicious freshness of atmosphere. He stopped to inhale the odours of grateful earth.

In the mid-distance he could see the walls of the house, still standing. Smoke ascended from them, and steam, for the Wilverley fire engine was at work. He could hear the sharp rap of the pistons. The roof had vanished; out of the blackened walls, like sightless eyes, glared what had been windows, the windows that reflected so gloriously the setting sun.

An ancient home had been destroyed.

It would be rebuilt, of course, with all modern improvements, electric light, bathrooms, and labour-saving devices—a change for the better, so Mrs. Grundy would

affirm. Lady Selina would not think so. Could she, could anybody of her age adjust themselves to new conditions?

When he reached the lawn he was greeted by two energetic persons, Arthur Wilverley and Tiddy. In a few words Wilverley stated that his labours were ended. The stables and some outbuildings had been saved. He added regretfully:

"Lady Selina ought to have had a small engine here."

He looked exuberantly strong and fit, with no air of the dejected and rejected lover about him. Here was one who could adapt himself to new conditions. Presently he led Grimshaw aside and listened attentively to a terse recital of what had happened in Upworthy, laughing heartily when he heard of Gridley and the horsepond, expressing sympathy tempered by humour for Lady Selina.

"If this wakes her up, Grimshaw, all will be well."

Grimshaw made no reply. Wilverley continued in a different tone:

"Ought I to see her to-night before I go home?"

"As her doctor, I'm afraid I must veto that."

"Thank you; I understand. I shall write. Miss Tiddle wants to see Miss Chandos. I can wait in the car." Then, sensible of constraint in Grimshaw's manner, and misinterpreting it, he added frankly: "You are a good chap; you can size up a delicate situation. I will say this to you. This fire has burnt away some humiliation. I believe that good must crop out. If I can help, I will. Miss Tiddle feels as I do—a remarkable girl that!"

"Yes."

"You look rather fagged."

"I have a touch of malaria on me."

They sauntered back to the engine. Wilverley described with enthusiasm Miss Tiddle's executive abilities. Under her capable direction all the more valuable pictures, porcelain and plate had been stored in the coach-house. Other outbuildings held furniture and household stores.

"That young lady can get a move on," declared Wilverley.

Grimshaw wondered whether he was contrasting Miss Tiddle with Cicely, not to the advantage of the latter. Quite sincerely he hoped that it might be so. In time—Wilverley would take time—Miss Tiddle might play Jill to his Jack. They would mount the

hill of life together, and not tumble down it. The pail of water carried by such a pair would be used to irrigate the waste patches of others. He refused a lift back to the village in the big car, and watched it whirl off rather enviously, with Wilverley at the wheel and Miss Tiddle enthroned beside him.

IV

By this time Lady Selina was a-bed and Cicely was dining *tête-à-tête* with the parson. You may be sure that the good man played the host in the old-fashioned way. The good dinner mellowed him, banishing disagreeable reflections. Cicely, unable to peer beneath a polished surface, tried to reflect herself in that surface and stared ruefully at a very blurred image. The parson's slightly patronising tone when speaking of Grimshaw irritated her intensely, the more so because he laid an insistent finger upon what had already irritated her.

"Your dear mother is no more responsible than I am. Why didn't he say so? Heaven knows she needed a word of comfort. As her medical attendant, it was the man's positive duty to cheer her up."

Cicely said bravely:

"Mr. Goodrich, forgive me, but aren't we all partly responsible?"

He blinked at her.

"In a way, m'yes. Collectively the responsibility must be divided up. I deprecate violence."

"So does Mr. Grimshaw."

"Of course, he's an outsider, and something of an iconoclast. A square peg, I grant you, in a round hole."

"You admit that Upworthy is a hole?"

He blinked again.

"It lies low; hence these grievous visitations. I remain loyal to Upworthy and your dear mother."

From this impregnable position the parson refused to be budged. Cicely abandoned further assault, too tired in mind and body to deal faithfully with the amorphous generalities of the old friend who had baptised her. He might have been a tower of strength, and a tower he was, she reflected: one of those Martello towers, scattered here and there along our southern coast, rather uninteresting survivals, strongholds of the past which the future inevitably must destroy.

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The parlour-maid told her that Miss Tiddle was in the drawing-room.

"I'll see her at once."

Goodrich, learning that an august neighbour was outside, and presumably dinnerless, hurried out to offer hospitality, dimly conscious that his cupboard was nearly as bare as Mrs. Hubbard's. However, something might be done.

Cicely rushed into Tiddy's warm embrace.

"I want you more than anybody else," she declared fervently.

"I've five minutes."

Two of these precious minutes were devoted to details, but Cicely apparently took for granted what had been accomplished at the Hall. And, to Tiddy's astonishment, she seemed equally indifferent to the exciting events on the green. She held Tiddy's hand, squeezing it.

"When can I see you, Tiddy? I must see you. I must have a long talk."

"Long talks are nearly always too long. You've something on your chest. Now pull up your socks and pin up your skirts and out with it. Wait! I'll bet Daddy's pile that you and the Man with the Disconcerting Eyes have been passing more than the time o' day."

"You're wonderful," Cicely admitted.

"I'm alive," remarked Miss Tiddle, complacently. "And my shot wasn't a fluke; I played for it. What does dear Mother say?"

"That's it. She doesn't know."

"Nor do I yet. But I take it that you have really bounced out of the frying-pan into the fire?"

"Yes; I have."

"I'm delighted to hear it. There *is* stuff in you, but only a can-opener, like me, is able to get it out. So the glass is 'Set Stormy,' eh?"

"That describes things exactly. Why can't you sleep with me to-night?"

"Because I'm on duty, apart from other reasons. What are you going to do? Hide your head in the sand?"

"I don't know what to do."

Tiddy's eyes sparkled.

"He does, though."

Cicely answered evasively:

"A man's methods are always so brutal, Tiddy."

"That's why really we love them. If I keep Lord Wilverley waiting he'll be brutal; but for your sake I'll risk that. Shall I tell you what to do?"

"Please!"

"Scrap the buskins! You can't act for nuts. Nor can he. Both of you will give the show away if you try dissembling—always a rotten game."

"Have you seen Mr. Grimshaw?"

"I left him up at the Hall."

Cicely's eyes softened.

"And he hasn't had dinner."

"He didn't look as if he wanted dinner. But I'm sure he wants you—desperately. He appeared to me worn and torn to tatters. Make no error; you can't rig him up in your moss."

"There's not much moss left."

"Lots of it, believe me. I haven't time to argue with you, Cis. I can make a guess at what's in your mind, because, as I say, you're crystal-clear to read, a big asset, if you knew it, and probably the thing that appeals tremendously to Mr. Grimshaw. If he begins to think you're not straight he'll fly the track."

"Not straight!"

Tiddy answered impatiently:

"You want to have it both ways. You are most awfully sorry for your mother; you would like to be sweet to her, to play the devoted daughter; but what will all that sort of thing be worth when she finds you out? And she will. You want to be just as sweet, perhaps sweeter, to Mr. Grimshaw, and all the time he'll see you playing a part with your mother, and, worse, forcing him to do the same. Really, you're risking his love and your mother's respect."

Cicely frowned. Moss-scraping hurts.

"I suppose you'd rush in to Mother, and, on top of this awful calamity, hit her hard on the head when she's lying down."

"If you speak of the fire, I don't regard it as an awful calamity; nor do you. As to speaking to-night, that is absurd. To-morrow, or the day after, will be time enough. I am much sorrier for her than I am for you. I can measure her disappointment, but I can't measure your folly if you play the wrong game. And now—I must hop it."

Nevertheless, Miss Tiddle's parting kiss was warmer than her words. As she was leaving the drawing-room, Cicely asked a last question:

"When are you going to France, Tiddy?"

"Why should I go to France?"

This was rank evasion, and Tiddy, challenged to practise what she had preached,



"I'm doing my bit here,
and like the job."

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John Campbell

knew it. A little red flowed into her cheeks.

"Because you told me that was your intention."

"Well, we all change our minds, don't we? I'm doing my bit here, and like the job. So that's that."

Her curls were a-flutter as she went out.

Cicely stood still listening, till she heard the purr of the big car. The thought came to her, as it had come to Grimshaw, that Tiddy was not going to France because she had more than liking for her present job. Jealous pangs assailed her. If Tiddy wanted Arthur she would get him.

And why not?

Presently she went upstairs to sit beside her mother. To her astonishment Lady Selina, fortified by soup and a cutlet, declared herself ready to discuss present and future.

"We can't impose ourselves upon Mr. Goodrich, my dear, and Danecourt, under the circumstances, would be too depressing, Heaven alone knows when we shall get into our own house again. A fairly comfortable flat in London seems the one thing possible."

"Oh! London!"

"I said London—not Timbuctoo. Do you object to London?"

"N-no."

Lady Selina eyed her daughter sharply. As a matter of fact, she had thought of London entirely on Cicely's account. Her own friends were living quietly in the country, more or less engrossed by patriotic work. London, she felt, would distract the child. And she hated flats.

"Would you prefer Bournemouth?"

A derisive inflection underlay the question. Lady Selina detested popular water-

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ing-places and big hotels, where food you didn't want was placed before you at stated hours, and even earls' daughters were known by chambermaids as numbers!

"Bournemouth! No."

"Perhaps you will tell me what you would like before I try to go to sleep."

Hunted into a corner, Cicely said hastily:

"There is Happy Mead, isn't there?"

Happy Mead, with its preposterous name, had long been a source of unhappiness to Lady Selina, because, in accordance with her principles, she had declined to spend much money upon a dilapidated house, tenantless for more years than she cared to reckon. Too big for people of small means, and not likely to appeal to the well-to-do accustomed to modern comforts, it was situated about a mile from Upworthy in a pretty but neglected garden.

"That ruin! What a suggestion!" She continued irritably: "I don't pretend to understand you, Cicely. I should have thought that a girl not absolutely devoid of pride would have seen the propriety of leaving her own county for a season if she was offered the chance."

Chandos silence countered this observation, and, looking at Cicely's firm little chin, Lady Selina told herself that the child had really very little of the Danecourt pride. Having taken her own line over a stiff country, she would stick to it. The mother went on after a pause:

"I dislike London in war-time, but we must go there."

Having delivered this ultimatum, Lady Selina indicated by her manner that she intended to compose herself to sleep, adding:

"I expect to lie awake half the night."

However, Grimshaw, it appeared, had provided against this unpleasant probability. A mild sleeping-draught was sent from Pawley's dispensary. Cicely, when she administered the Lethean liquid, regretted that so thoughtful a man had not sent enough for two.

CHAPTER XII

Reconstruction

I

GRIMSHAW remained at the Manor for about half an hour after Wilverley had left. To his astonishment he discovered that the fire, from the point of view of Lady Selina's servants, was re-

garded as a blessing in disguise. An enormous quantity of rubbish had been destroyed, the accumulation of generations. It appeared, also, that dry-rot in the ancient timbers had caused much anxiety and expense. And an immense roof had leaked persistently.

None the less, Grimshaw gazed at the still smoking ruins with sorrowful eyes. A clever architect would be able to preserve these. The significance of this penetrated into Grimshaw's mind. Certain elementary things seemed destined to endure in a world of chance and decay. Insensibly, he began to compare persons with things. The insoluble problem of heredity and environment presented itself. It was difficult to envisage Lady Selina Chandos in a new house. Would modern improvements affect her? He remembered that Cicely had denied the possibility of earthquakes in English villages. And within a few hours an earthquake had taken place, something cataclysmic, to which, willy nilly, the Lady of the Manor must adapt herself.

He returned to his lodgings to swallow food without appetite. Then he went to the dispensary to prepare Lady Selina's sleeping-draught. In the dispensary word came to him that Dr. Pawley wished to see him, not—so it turned out—professionally. Indeed, the exciting events seemed to have had a tonic effect. Pawley, very alert, had become a lively note of interrogation, asking eager questions, interpolating shrewd remarks, alive to the humours of the situation but full of sympathy for Lady Selina.

"Has it been an eye-opener?" he asked.

"I hope so."

"I suppose I know the dear woman better than anybody else, better, perhaps, than she knows herself. She has all the virtues of her class—fortitude, courtesy, sincerity and pluck."

"You can say as much of some of her dependants. Isaac Burble, for instance, and old Stimson."

"True. Extremes meet. I like to think of that. The trouble becomes acute when extremes don't meet. In a sense I have always regarded her as short-circuited."

Grimshaw nodded. Pawley's never-failing interest in others invited confidence. And his advice would be sincere and helpful. The impulse to tell his secret became irresistible. He began tentatively:

"The breaking of the Wilverley-Chandos engagement rather upset you, didn't it?"

"For the moment. I was so sorry for the mother. And it meant so much to the village. We old bachelors are confirmed matchmakers. Yes, yes; it upset me, but I can admit frankly that I left little Cicely out of my reckoning. She didn't want a good fellow, and she cut loose from him. The why and wherefore are beyond me, but the essential fact suffices."

"Perhaps she cared for somebody else?" Pawley shook his head.

"No, no; in that case I venture to think that I should have had an inkling, eh? Since she came out, the child has met nobody—nobody."

Grimshaw laughed.

"Exactly. Now be prepared for a shock. I'm nobody. In Lady Selina's eyes that describes me to a dot."

Pawley was not dense, but, for an instant, he was befogged, and Grimshaw realised this, and with it the inevitable conclusion that even his friend and colleague regarded him, like Lady Selina, as negligible. He smiled derisively: and the smile was illuminating. Pawley understood.

"Good Lord! I've been blind."

"There wasn't much to see. I was blind myself till yesterday. And then, suddenly, I saw. I'll add this to you. I fell in love with her five minutes after I met her. When I scraped that midge out of her eye the big thing happened. I fought against it. Yesterday I succumbed. She—she cares for me, bless her!"

"You mean it's settled?"

"Settled! I wonder if anything more unsettling to all concerned could have happened."

Pawley remained silent, a silence misapprehended by Grimshaw, who reflected, naturally enough, that congratulation was deemed impossible. But the elder man had embarked upon a long pilgrimage at racing speed. He was whirled back to those far-off days when he, a nobody, aspired to enter a guarded pleasure, with its conspicuous notice: "Trespassers Beware!" He had entered it and left it—alone. Ever since he had remained alone, a festering fact. His kindly eyes rested upon Grimshaw's tired face. He held out his thin hand.

"Can I help you to win through?"

His sympathy was so unexpected after a long silence that Grimshaw stammered a reply:

"You—you think I am w-w-worthy?"

Pawley gripped the hand in his.

"If you can ask that question sincerely, you are. I take it Lady Selina doesn't know?"

Grimshaw plunged into fluent speech. When he finished, Pawley was in possession of what had passed between the lovers, of the compromise exacted by Cicely, of its effect upon Grimshaw. He listened with pursed-up lips and frowning brows. Then he delivered his considered judgment:

"You are stumbling along in ruts. Where have they led me? Where have they led Goodrich? Come out of them, my dear fellow. Cicely is wrong. But there is every excuse for her."

"Then Lady Selina is not to be spared?"

Pawley made a deprecating gesture.

"Has Omnipotence spared her? The longer I live, Grimshaw, the more amazed I am at human fallibility. We mean well, most of us, and we do ill. And ill follows our benevolent efforts. *Per contra*, good pops up out of evil. Anyway, compromise has been the curse of my life." He paused, adding in a lower tone: "Compromise came between me and the woman I loved. It was too much for both of us. Be honest with Lady Selina. It's your best chance. In her heart, and it's a big heart, she must have a measure of contempt for poor old Goodrich and me, because we have kow-towed to her."

"If I could get at her heart—I have a weapon—"

"A weapon?" Pawley winced at the word. "What sort of weapon?"

"It would lose some of its edge if I showed it to you. I shall not use it unless I am driven to do so."

Pawley was too courteous to ask for further explanation.

II

GRIMSHAW returned to the Rockram cottage much the better for his talk with Pawley, but conscious, also, that a wise old man was not optimistic in regard to his chances. He had the wit and the will to plead his case strongly. The real issue, so he reflected, lay between strength and obstinacy.

Mrs. Rockram was awaiting him.

"You made a pore dinner, sir, and I thought, maybe, you'd fancy some nice hot soup."

"Bless your kind heart, I do."

As he ate his soup, she hovered about

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him, eager to talk over the fire and the soul-stirring events on the green. Knowing her to be a faithful servant of the House of Chandos and devoted to its mistress, he yielded to the temptation to draw from her some expression of opinion. Obviously she sided with Authority.

"My lady 'll never be the same again, never!"

"In what way do you think she will change?"

"The ingratitude of 'em 'll eat into her bones."

"Ah! Lady Selina used that word."

Mrs. Rockram expressed the positive opinion that no other word could be used by a perfect lady. Emboldened by Grimshaw's silence, she went on:

"I know my place, sir, but I did pass the remark to Rockram: 'Her ladyship 'll up and leave us,' I says, 'to stew in our own sauce.'"

This was strong language from Mrs. Rockram. Grimshaw was impressed, because it bolstered his conviction that Lady Selina's astounding belief in herself could be imposed tremendously upon others. To attempt argument with Mrs. Rockram would be futile. Under her queen so loyal a Bezonian would live and die. But the suggestion that rank ingratitude might drive Lady Selina from Upworthy startled him. It was just the unexpected sort of thing that might happen.

"I can't see her ladyship outside Upworthy."

"Maybe. But I have seen her. In my day we went to London every year."

"And am I to infer, Mrs. Rockram, that her ladyship is a different woman away from Upworthy?"

Mrs. Rockram rebuked him delicately.

"A lady, like my lady, is a lady wherever she may be. But in the room we used to remark that her ladyship in town was different."

"In what way? This is interesting."

"Rockram was butler in them days. The little I knows I gets from him. My lady took things easier in Curzon Street, never fussed like. Very popular she was, too, with the *crème de la crème*."

"I dare say your good cooking had something to do with that."

"Maybe. There was no pinching in those days—the best of everything. And no trouble neither. The best came to the kitchen door."

"It doesn't now, not even in London."

"Well, sir, all I says is that my lady is at the age when peace and comfort come first. If she can't get 'em here, she'll go elsewhere; and quite right, too."

Left alone, Grimshaw smoked a pipe before turning in. Tobacco, however, failed to soothe him. Mrs. Rockram's words rankled. Peace and comfort! Peace at any price! With war raging over all the civilised world, who wouldn't set an extravagant value on peace? The merely material difficulty of rebuilding her house, with every able-bodied man in khaki, might drive Lady Selina out of Upworthy. And once out, once settled in a snug town house, would she return?

III

At eleven next morning he crossed the green to dress Lady Selina's arm. Upworthy presented to his critical eye no apparent change from the normal. What villagers he met greeted him with a sheepish and apologetic air. Ebullition of feeling had simmered away. Even Timothy Farleigh had reassumed his bovine mask, although his face was brighter, Mary being decidedly better, and likely to improve from hour to hour. Agatha thanked him effusively, on her marrow-bones before his "cleverness." She repeated the same phrase again and again:

"Oh! you are clever, sir; you saved us all, you did."

"A bit of luck. I saw the wax vesta in the boy's hand."

"And so did I, sir. It told me just nothing, nothing."

"You were too excited to notice trifles at such a time." He paused, adding significantly: "Are you still excited?"

She flushed a little, hesitating, but constrained to candour beneath his kindly glance.

"Things can't go on as they are, sir, can they?"

Her tone was interrogative, not defiant. Recognising the change in her mental attitude, he said genially:

"Things never do go on as they are, nor persons. The progress of the world is intermittent; and it rolls on in curves, now up, now down, but the mean level is steadily rising. Ill-considered speech and action clog the wheels. You can give a motor too much lubricating oil, can't you?"



"Cicely took the letter and
glanced at it"—p. 553

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"I am very sorry that I misunderstood you, sir."

With these heartening words he left the Farleigh cottage and walked more briskly to the Vicarage.

Cicely, you may be sure, contrived to see him alone for a minute. From her manner he could divine nothing of her feelings, because they met in the small hall within reach of curious eyes and ears. He fancied that her hand lay cold in his. And her expression was troubled.

"Your mother has passed a bad night?"

"Mother slept like a baby, thanks to your draught. She's up; in the drawing-room. She insists on going to London at once. We are likely to stay there for several months."

"I see."

"But do you see? I can't." Her voice was almost piteous. "Perhaps it's for the best. I don't know. And she talks of sending the family solicitor down here to deal with Snitterfield and Gridley. But he's an old fossil. They'll twist him round their fingers. Can't you coax her into staying here?"

"I am not very sanguine of succeeding where you have failed."

He followed her into the drawing-room, where Lady Selina was enthroned on a large chair, with energy exuding from her. Grimshaw did the little that was necessary. He had to admit that the burn was not serious. Cicely could attend to it. Lady Selina said briskly:

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Grimshaw. Please sit down. Cicely, my dear, you needn't go. You are vitally concerned in what I have to say."

Cicely betrayed slight nervousness. Grimshaw sat down near Lady Selina. He perceived that she was overbrimming with considered speech.

"I awoke with a clear mind," she affirmed. "I have had an object-lesson, not wasted upon me, I can assure you. I admit that I have been blind to what has been going on under my nose. And I can take into consideration the—the—a—consideration that has been, not too wisely, given to me. Enough of that. I can't, under the circumstances, call in Lord Wilverley, as you suggested. But there are others. My own solicitor, for instance. I shall instruct him to institute a sort of court of inquiry here. He will know how to deal with this man Snitterfield and our inspector of nuisances."

"Will he?" asked Grimshaw quietly.

Lady Selina answered with slight acerbity:

"Of course he will. Before he meets these men, I shall ask him to have a talk with you. Out of the chaos of yesterday, one phrase bites deeply into my memory. I was told by Timothy Farleigh that my village is a whited sepulchre. You didn't contradict him."

The unhappy Cicely wriggled in her chair. Grimshaw remained silent. Lady Selina continued inexorably:

"It is possible, Mr. Grimshaw, that you didn't contradict him because you share his opinion of Upworthy. Do you?"

Cicely interposed hastily:

"Mother, do wait till you are yourself again."

"Nonsense, child! I am very much myself this morning. Who wouldn't be after such an awakening? Mr. Grimshaw will do me the justice to believe that I am in no mood to spare myself or anybody else. If Mr. Grimshaw honestly thinks that Upworthy is a whited sepulchre, let him say so."

"Mother. I entreat you!"

Lady Selina waved her hand impatiently.

"I must find out what the doctor of the parish thinks. I detest evasions. Heaven knows we have had enough of them."

Grimshaw replied eagerly:

"I am sorely tempted to evade your question, Lady Selina. And I could do so easily. But you have chosen to raise the big issue between us, and I dare not shirk it. I dare not shirk it." He repeated the words so sorrowfully that she eyed him more attentively. After the pause he went on: "The metaphor may be crude and harsh. It is. I should not have chosen it myself. But conditions are fundamentally wrong here, as I ventured to hint to you at our very first meeting."

"Hints! Hints! Let us away with hints. Please tell me this: If—if conditions are so fundamentally wrong here—which I don't admit—why are you working here? Why did you come back to—to a whited sepulchre?"

Her tone became indescribably ironic, charged, too, with a feeling that she was unable to suppress. Feeling always engenders feeling. Something about Grimshaw, the conviction that he was intensely moved, moved her. She scented mystery. And immediately this suspicion was height-

ened as she intercepted a glance of Cicely's directed full at Grimshaw, a supplicating glance, beseeching forbearance and patience. Tiddy had predicted aright. Cicely was no actress. Grimshaw, unable for his part to dissemble, returned the glance. Obviously there was an understanding, or a misunderstanding, between these two. In a harder voice Lady Selina addressed the silent Grimshaw.

"Why do you look at my daughter? That boy, last night, said that you were afraid of her. Why? Is there any sort of—of league between you?"

The hunted Cicely burst out:

"A common desire to spare you."

"To spare me? Thank you for nothing. I demand the truth. Why is Mr. Grimshaw, a clever, distinguished man, working here under conditions which he holds to be fundamentally wrong?"

Throughout this interview, so poignantly illuminating, Grimshaw had been sensible of Lady Selina's sincerity and intelligence. He had never doubted the former; the latter gave him pause. Granting that she was really intelligent, an acute observer, why had she drifted into this impasse? Then he remembered what Pawley had said of her, her utter lack of business training, the stigma of all women of her class, and behind this the inherited instinct to move slowly in an appointed groove. Out of this groove she had been rudely shaken. For the first time he had a glimpse of what such a woman might accomplish if she were freed from the fetters of tradition and convention. He replied calmly:

"What governs most of our actions, Lady Selina? Self-interest. Self-interest lured me into staying here against my better judgment. Self-interest brought me back to Upworthy, although I knew that the basic conditions were not likely to be changed."

"Self-interest?" She slowly repeated the two odious words, evidently puzzled, but keenly alert. "I can't for the life of me see where self-interest comes in. Making due allowance for your modesty, Mr. Grimshaw, I fail to follow you. A big town is the place for you, not a country parish. You are the nephew of a distinguished London physician. You must know, better than I do, that self-interest, if you are speaking professionally, ought to have kept you away from Upworthy."

"I was not speaking professionally."

"Oh-h-h!"

"I have been weak; something, too, of a coward; but I promise you that self-interest is going to be scrapped here and now."

"I am utterly at a loss—I!"

"You will be enlightened at once."

He stood up, the light from the windows falling full upon his face.

"I have stayed here because I love your daughter."

IV

LADY SELINA gasped as she sat rigid in her chair, but of the three she was the first to recover self-possession. Cicely, absolutely unprepared, remained tremblingly silent. Grimshaw was too moved to say more. After an interminable pause, he heard the autocrat's soft, derisive voice:

"My son, Brian, warned me against that possibility, and I laughed at him—I laughed at him."

Grimshaw spoke less calmly.

"I am not ashamed of loving her, but I am ashamed of trying to win a wife by playing the humbug and hypocrite."

Lady Selina tried in vain to assimilate this. He loved Cicely; did she love him? The girl was now, apparently, in one of her absurd trances, looking exactly like her father. The mother was familiar with these curious seizures, but Grimshaw knew nothing of them. Cicely seemed to be turned into stone. She looked cold as marble. Beneath this impassive surface a battle was raging, as before, between the two Cicelys. The body remained aloof and inert. To the old Cicely Grimshaw's declaration seemed brutally inopportune. Without consulting her, he had sunk all the little boats, a tiny fleet, which carried her plans and hopes. She felt that she was swamped with them, foundering helplessly in mid-channel with the farther shore almost within sight. With so much at stake, why had he acted so precipitately? At such moments, odd phrases obsess the mind. She kept on repeating to herself a French sentence learnt at school, an exercise in articulation:

"Je me précipite,

"Tu te précipites,

"Il se précipite."

Grimshaw was confounded, as he stared at her, and instantly he, too, became the prey of mental civil war. Doubt assailed him. He was racked by the tormenting thought that his judgment had been cruelly at

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fault. Conscious that he had risen to opportunity, that he had soared high above mean and material considerations, he seemed to be looking down upon his beloved grovelling in the dust of the ages—dust of that dust—disintegrating before his eyes—I Impetuously he spoke:

"I can, of course, leave Upworthy."

Lady Selina hesitated, but not for long. She observed coldly:

"Under the circumstances, Mr. Grimshaw, that is the wise thing to do."

The hypercritical may affirm that it was not, under the circumstances, the wise thing for a mother to say, inasmuch as it forced into action an apparently apathetic and dazed creature. For the moment, Cicely remained as before. Then, with a sharp exclamation, she stood up—revitalised, quickened incredibly. She seemed to Grimshaw to expand from a girl into a woman, a complete individuality, self-reliant, capable, almost dominating; the new Cicely, the daughter of strenuous times, born of them, exulting in them, as fresh as Aphrodite when she rose from the waves.

"I shall go with him."

Swiftly she crossed to his side, lifting a radiant face to his. Then she addressed her mother, speaking very softly, but clearly, with enchanting tenderness.

"I love him as devotedly as he loves me."

Lady Selina shivered, as if seized by a rigor. In a pathological sense this had indeed happened. A rigor of the mind caused a sort of collapse. She lay back in her chair, closing her eyes. Cicely hastened to her.

"Mother, this is a dreadful surprise to you. But you love me, don't you? You won't be unkind?"

A dreary voice, hardly recognisable, answered her:

"In a few hours I have lost my house, my people, and my daughter."

V

CICELY fell on her knees beside her.

"Not your daughter!" she exclaimed passionately.

Lady Selina opened her eyes at the touch of Cicely's hands. Something of the girl's determination may have flowed to her. Possibly, too, the presence of Grimshaw hardened her, although, deliberately, she ignored him. Her strength returned, the energy which she had never frittered away during a long, tranquil life.

"Is your mind really made up, Cicely? Is it?"

"Yes."

The change of tone was sufficiently convincing.

"To marry a man who is against me, who sides with my enemies?"

Grimshaw answered her.

"I am not against *you*, Lady Selina. You belong to the old order. I belong to the new. I have never indicted your sincerity of purpose. I hope you won't indict mine."

She shrugged her shoulders, saying with finality:

"I stick to my order. I can't change."

We don't change."

He came nearer.

"But—your son changed."

"What—?"

Obviously, she considered herself challenged, and unfairly challenged. She sat up. Her eyes sparkled. She spoke with intensity:

"He did not change. My boy stood by me always—always."

"He changed after he had faced—realities."

Cicely was no longer on her knees. She had risen, when Grimshaw approached, retreating a little, divining somehow that her lover was about to use a weapon of which she knew nothing. But the weapon, when she saw it, inspired little confidence. Brian, so far as she was aware, had not changed. Were he alive, he would stand beside his mother now and always, as she affirmed with such poignant conviction. None the less, faith in her lover remained constant.

Lady Selina addressed Cicely, not Grimshaw.

"Do you remember, child, that Brian came home on leave shortly after Mr. Grimshaw left Upworthy to go to France?"

"I remember."

"Your brother was Mr. Grimshaw's friend, and fully alive to his many sterling qualities and, and—attractions. Because of these he guessed what might happen. And he warned me. And, as I say, I laughed at him. Brian would say, if he were present, what I am about to say."

She paused to select the right words, thinking not only of her son but of her husband. Brian, possibly, was more Dane-court than Chandos, and dearer to the mother on that account. But in matters which concerned the women of his family he was unquestionably his father's son, a

stickler for tradition, an upholder of the unwritten law which forbade marriage between persons of unequal social position. She continued with austere solemnity:

"I can hardly believe, Cicely, that you have considered what is at stake. This big property was left to me to pass on to a successor, to a child whom your dear father and I believed to be bone of our bone, sharing our ideas and governing principles, content, like us, to walk in the old ways, to carry on our work. Brian would have done so. But he died—"

Her voice melted away mournfully.

Cicely edged nearer, much moved. But when she attempted to take her mother's hand, Lady Selina repulsed her, saying quietly:

"I am speaking now for Brian, for your father, and for myself. If you decide to marry what I firmly believe to be the wrong man, Upworthy and all it includes will go to your cousin George."

Cicely gazed incredulously at her mother. Slowly, incredulity vanished. The familiar figure of Brian took its place. He stood between her and happiness. He had been resurrected from the dead for this one inflexible purpose. Then he, too, melted away, and she beheld Upworthy, the village with its pretty thatched cottages, the rich pastures, and beyond them the woods and uplands—an Arcadian paradise out of which Brian was driving her—

Lastly, she perceived her cousin George, lord of this goodly manor. She had never liked George. And he was one of the "Indispensables" at the War Office, a-glitter with decorations not earned upon the field of battle. The last time she had talked to George he had held forth prosingly upon the good old days before the war. Whatever happened, George would "carry on" in the easy grooves, and be more concerned about the breeding of pheasants than the housing of peasants—

Her mind cleared as she glanced at Grimshaw. Here stood the flesh-and-blood reality, the man of her choice. Their eyes met, flashingly. Each disdained Cupid's adventitious lures and guiles. He seemed to be saying: "Read me! Look well before you leap!"

Accordingly, she looked deep into a mind and heart open for her inspection. Then she leapt without fear.

"If I have to choose between Upworthy and my lover, I take him."

With a noble gesture she held out her hand. Grimshaw took it, holding it tenderly.

"I am the proudest and happiest man in the kingdom."

Lady Selina, not untouched, and sensible, perhaps, that duty was goading her on along the appointed path, observed judiciously:

"I have spoken for my dead son, you understand?"

"But not his last word," said Grimshaw.

"Not his last word?" she repeated.

"What can you mean?"

"I have a letter from him, written just before he went. He spoke in that letter of you, Lady Selina, and of Upworthy, and of me."

"Have you seen this letter, Cicely?" asked Lady Selina.

"No."

"No one has seen it," said Grimshaw, "except myself. I brought it with me this morning."

"Please give it to me."

She held out a trembling hand. Grimshaw took an envelope from his pocket. Lady Selina saw the familiar writing through a mist of unshed tears.

"I c-can't read it," she faltered.

"May I?" Cicely asked eagerly. Hardly waiting for an affirmative, she took the letter and glanced at it.

"Oh-h-h!"

"What is it, child?"

"It is dated only two days before he died."

"Read it aloud."

As Cicely obeyed, the mother covered her face with her hand. Cicely's voice faltered and broke more than once, but she read on and on till almost the end.

"MY DEAR OLD GRIMMER,—I shall be over the top in a few hours, and mayn't come back. In the old days you tried to make me think. I've had to do it out here. If there isn't a purpose behind all this slaughter, one must come out of it. I see now it's up to us to do what we can, not only at the Front, but where our men come from. They deserve it. By heaven! they do. I know at long last that I was wrong not to back you up about our village. I sided with my mother. She's the dearest thing, but however beautiful the past may be, we can't live in it. And she does. If Upworthy ever comes to me, I'll do what you want, if it costs me my last bob. I should like to see England come out of this splendid all

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through. It might be, and it isn't. If things go wrong, tell my mother this some day, but not yet, because she isn't ripe for it. If I know her, she'll try to do something for me that I can't do for myself. She always did. There's one more thing heavy on my mind——"

Cicely paused.

"Go on!"

The command was almost inaudible. Cicely read on:

"It's about Cis. I put a spoke in your wheel because I shared Mother's ideas about suitable matches, and all that. Now, whether I win through or not, I hope that you and she will come together. Bless you both!"

Silently, Grimshaw moved to the window

and stood with his back to the two women. He could see the trim lawn, once more in order. The gap through which the excited villagers had burst their way was still open. He heard Lady Selina's voice:

"Give me the letter, child."

For a moment, Lady Selina held the letter, murmuring:

"My son!—my son!"

Then she re-read it, Cicely kneeling beside her, hiding her tear-stained face in her mother's lap. The letter fluttered to the ground. Cicely felt her mother's hand upon her head.

"I—I wonder if he knows?"

Cicely looked up.

"What should he know, Mother?"

"He might know that his message to me has been delivered, and——"

"And——?"

"And accepted."

(The End)



"The Loop of Gold,"

BY

DAVID LYALL

I have much pleasure in announcing that my next Serial will be written by that ever-popular author, DAVID LYALL.

"The Loop of Gold" deals with the romance of a war-marriage—as lived out in the everyday life after the war.

Readers will find this an entrancing picture of modern life, delineated with all the skill and charm for which David Lyall is so famous.

What You Can Do To Bring the Cost of Living Down

by
ALEXANDER J. HEMPHILL

I make no excuse for returning to this vital question this month. Mr. Hemphill was Treasurer of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and connected with several French War Relief organisations. In recognition of his important services the French Government conferred on him the Medal of the Legion of Honour

As a text for our discussion suppose we start with two examples of what is going on in the world about us. They are entirely typical, unfortunately, so much so that any reader can add a dozen such instances out of his or her own experience.

The Upward Way

The first incident occurred last autumn in the office of a young business man of moderate means. Ever since his boyhood's days his clothes have been made for him by the same tailor. Three guineas was the price five years ago. Gradually it moved up to five; and then six. Last spring, acting on the tailor's advice, he ordered a suit at eight guineas for delivery in October. Eight guineas for a coat, a vest and a pair of trousers—it seemed a tremendous price to the young man, yet there was no profiteering on the tailor's part. He had always been content with a fair margin and had taken care to protect his customers' interests. When he delivered the suit in October he brought even worse news for this spring:

"At eight guineas I am just about able to make ends meet on this suit," he said, "because I had the cloth on hand. If you were to order it now, at the present prices of labour and materials, I would have to charge twelve. And unless something is done to remedy matters we will be getting twenty guineas for suits like this before the end of the year."

Twenty-one pounds for a suit that five

years ago could have been bought for three!

"During the last few months my workmen have had increase after increase," the tailor continued. "And yet they are more dissatisfied than ever. Soon they will be planning another strike. I'm up against it. Where it's all going to end is more than I know."

"I won't pay Twenty Guineas for a Suit"

"I'll tell you where it's going to end as far as I am concerned," the young man replied; "it's going to end right here and now. I won't pay twenty guineas for a suit if I have to come to the office in overalls and a jumper. When your men settle down and can make a suit for me at a reasonable price, I'll buy it, but I'm not going to work in this office ten hours a day just to support a lot of fellows who work half-heartedly for six hours or eight and go off every other week on strike."

Overworked on Luxuries

The second instance has to do with a little shop in one of our larger cities whose business is in pure luxuries: bric-à-brac, fine china and other non-essentials. The proprietor of that shop is almost worn out from overwork. Each month sets a new record in his sales, and the monthly total is considerably larger than the annual total was before the war. The same situation prevails in every quarter where

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luxuries are for sale. While the prices of necessities are rising out of reach, the demand for the frills of life refuses to be satisfied. We are immersed in an orgy of extravagance, and the wealthy are by no means the worst offenders. Everybody, with the exception of the unfortunate folk on fixed salaries, is apparently engaged in a great game to see who can get rid of his money the fastest. Men and women who used to walk in order to save tram fares are now riding in taxicabs.

Diamonds and fur coats cost a king's ransom, yet the dealers cannot get them fast enough. "What is the world coming to?" people ask each other, and, "Where is it all going to end?" And before we can answer those questions we must go back a few years and consider one or two very elementary propositions in economics.

How much is a Pound worth?

Something very serious was happening to the purchasing power of the pound even before the war. Prices were rising steadily from 1898 onwards.

In their explanations of the situation economists were not altogether agreed, and their explanations are not particularly easy for the layman to follow in any event. But the two facts were perfectly obvious: There was much more money in the world than there used to be—part of it in gold, and most of it represented by currency and cheques, which under our modern banking facilities make it possible for one golden sovereign to do the work of many. In the second place, there was going on all over the world a steady movement of men away from the farms to the cities; and in the cities hours of labour were becoming shorter and shorter. So, while the world was increasing the number of sovereigns, it was producing less of the goods which gold buys; and, obviously, when the gold multiplies faster than the things which are to be bought, each pound will buy less of those things. Or, as we say, the value of the pound declines.

Then came the war, and the curve representing the purchasing power of the pound, which had been dropping steadily since 1898, took an almost perpendicular fall. We were all being paid much more money than in 1898; but when we took it to the stores we found that it would buy only a

third as much as in 1898. The war gave an enormous impetus to the two factors which had already been operating—the increase in the amount of money in circulation and the decrease in the production of things which money will buy.

It called away from the farms and the factories millions of men who had been engaged in raising food and cutting timber and mining coal and weaving cloth. For four years these men stood in trenches, producing nothing. And while they were kept there, non-productive, their Governments at home, to meet the enormous costs of the war, were issuing millions of pounds of new securities and currency—dividing the purchasing power of the pound again and again.

Thus we woke up at the end of four years to find ourselves rich in banknotes and poor, in everything else. Ten millions of the world's workers had been killed or disabled. Twenty millions more, who had been away from their work four years, found it hard to settle down to work again. Their machines had been destroyed, their horses killed, their ploughs broken up. Many of them decided not to go back to farms, but remained in the cities, adding to the immense population which produces no food but must be fed.

Losing Respect for Money

The world was surfeited with banknotes, but short of things to eat and wear and use. So with our almost worthless notes we began bidding against each other for the things we must have to live; and inasmuch as the process of bidding and spending is an insidious one, because we had lost respect for our feeble money, we found ourselves almost unconsciously committing extravagances that a few years earlier would have staggered us.

A strict economist would probably find much to criticise in this explanation. It does not pretend to be too scientific: I have meant merely to give you in very simple language the background of our present situation, because until we know the reason why conditions are what they are we cannot discuss intelligently the cure.

It is a condition not new in the world. Few conditions are really new, if only we understood them. History *does* repeat itself again and again almost monotonously. The span of human life is short, and human memory is even shorter, so we are con-

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stantly being surprised by situations which seem to us new and strange, because we have forgotten that our fathers experienced them in their day; and our grandfathers in theirs. What happened, for instance, during the American Civil War, and after it, is almost precisely what is happening to us now. For four years men were withdrawn from production, while the Government was busy inflating the currency by greenbacks and bond issues. Then, as now, the country was outwardly prosperous. Everybody had money; business was brisk; prices of property and goods were soaring. Happiness and optimism and extravagance were the order of the day.

So things continued for a number of years; but the wiser heads knew that they could not permanently continue. Sometime, somehow, prices would have to be brought down. The immense supply of dollars would have to be reduced. The Government made an earnest, though not wholly intelligent, effort to bring conditions back to normal; and every move met with vigorous protest. Nobody wanted the era of false prosperity to be shortened. It ran its course, like a fever; and the crisis came in 1873, bringing one of the worst financial panics that the United States has ever known. Business houses failed, railways were bankrupt, factories closed down, men who had been making large wages found themselves without work, or money to provide the necessities of life, and the loss to the country before business picked up again was probably greater than the entire cost of the war.

Will there be a Panic again?

Will the panic of 1873 be repeated after this war? Must the nations of the world experience a bitter crisis before they can start again on a normal basis? Certainly all of us hope not. We know more about the laws of economics than we once did. Whether we make our readjustment normally and comfortably, or whether it is forced upon us by disaster, depends very largely upon our willingness as individuals to recognise the cure and to apply it vigorously in our own lives.

There is one cure, and one only. Inflation



Mr. Alexander J. Hemphill

of the supply of money must cease, and the supply of things that money will buy must be augmented. Only by working more, producing more and saving more, can we bring the buying power of the pound back to where it ought to be. The people who are carelessly throwing their money into luxuries these days are fools running before the storm. Wise men and women are making the foundations of their future secure by working a little harder than ever, producing a little more than usual, and saving every penny they can.

The programme of the prudent family ought therefore to be very clear.

The First and Most Important Investment

If you haven't a bank account, you ought to have one; and when you open it you ought to make a point to meet and talk with one of the officials of the bank. Get to know him, and let him know you. Think of him as *your* banker; form the habit of telling him something about your financial plans and problems. His advice about insurance is generally sound. It is his business to know what real value lies behind the

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bonds and stocks that may be presented to you as an investment, and in offering you his advice he is likely to err on the side of conservation—which is the way to err in investment matters—because he has seen so many security issues that looked good and proved later to be worthless. Finally, he has helped many other families through the sometimes difficult but always splendid experience of owning their own homes.

I have said that the banker's judgment in matters of insurance is generally sound; and that leads to another point: If you were to go through the great banks and business houses of any city and ask successful men, "What was your first investment?"—I venture to say that nine out of ten of them would answer, "Life insurance." It ought to be every man's first investment.

To these successful men insurance is as much a part of their annual budget as food bills or rent, and for the same reason. Their insurance policies represent the rent and the food for their families in the days to come. No matter how rich a man may be, there is no certainty that he may not die poor. So far as his insurance is concerned he ought to assume that he *will* die poor. His policies ought to be sufficient to provide the necessities for his family even though everything else were gone.

Too few men think of insurance on this basis; still fewer ever carry as much insurance as they ought. A man earning £500 a year will often assume that he is well insured if he has a £1,000 policy, forgetting that the income on £1,000 is only £50 a year, or £60 at best. With living costs what they are, even the men who were adequately insured five years ago are in many instances inadequately insured now. For the income on their policies, if they were to die, would be no greater than it was then; and that income would buy only half as much in food and clothes and rent.

It will pay every family to check its in-

surance very carefully in days like these, and to translate its income into terms of the necessities of life.

Home Owners are not Agitators

I need not say more than a single word about the importance of home ownership both to the home owner and to the State. Why is it that we have Bolshevism in Russia? Because Russia was a nation in which millions of families owned neither homes nor land. They had no investment in the social order, nothing to lose, and everything to gain through an overturn. Why is it that Mexico

hovers so long in a state of instability? Because it lacks a middle class. At one end of the social scale the great landowners stand, at the other the landless and homeless mass. Between them is no great group of property owners to exert their influence in favour of a Government that will give protection to their lives and property.

Analyse the list of agitators who are gathered in by the police from time to time, and you will seldom find a home owner. They are men with no investment in the social order. Take those same men and give them houses and a piece of land of which they can say, "This is mine," and most of them would become conservatives overnight. Every banker, every employer, every capitalist in the country ought to feel a personal responsibility in aiding every movement or organisation which aims to increase the number of home owners. The present shortage of homes and the high costs of construction constitute a real peril to us. Most of our industrial disturbances are in the great centres where people are huddled together in apartments for which they feel no attachment or responsibility. Whenever a factory moves from the big city into a smaller community, where each family among its workers can have a house and a garden, and feel a sense of proprietor-



Photo: R. A. Mahy

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ship in the town and its affairs, it becomes easy for capital and labour to work in harmony. All men are capitalists in such communities.

We must make Strikes Impossible

There are some signs that our period of industrial disturbance has passed its crisis, that we shall have fewer strikes from now on and more work. If that be so, it merely places a new duty upon those who are the leaders in our financial and industrial life. We ought all of us to labour together for an industrial solution that will make strikes impossible. And the first step is to find some way in which every worker may be assured that his work, if he performs it faithfully, will gratify the ambitions which every normal man feels: will give him a home of his own, and provision for his old age, and the opportunity to start his children into the world fully equipped by education to make a success of their lives.

Most families in these days have some sort of a budget. To let circumstances rather than a definite plan dictate the expenditure will mean that there will be no margin left for investment at the end of the year, no matter how liberal the income may be. And the family that is saving nothing is failing. A family budget is the very corner stone of family happiness.

Most families now realise that; but few understand that it is quite as important for a man to make a will as it is for him to make a budget. The will is the budget of the future; it is a thoughtful preparation for the days to come. Wills make interesting reading, so much so that the newspapers frequently publish the wills of rich men on the front pages. And for that reason, perhaps, there is a popular impression that only the man who has a good deal to leave needs to trouble about a will. Precisely the opposite is true. For a rich man, a will is more or less a luxury. No matter how expensive

and long-drawn-out the settlement of his estate may be, there will still be enough left to take care of his wife and family. But for the man who has a few hundred pounds to leave, a will is an absolute necessity. His wife cannot afford to wait for long legal proceedings. When he dies without a will, and his few pounds are tied up in the courts, it too often happens that by the time the proceedings are all concluded the little property has shrunk miserably, if, indeed it has not altogether disappeared.

Any banker could recite case after case of bitter suffering and distress that have arisen out of the carelessness of an otherwise thoughtful husband and father on this important matter.

Legislation will not bring Costs Down

To have a sound and growing association with a good bank; to own a home; to carry adequate insurance; to live by budget and not by chance; and to safeguard the future by a proper will—these seem very trite and obvious bits of advice. Yet in them is the solution of the present social problem, so far as the individual family can effect it. We shall be saved from the high cost of living, not by legislation, not by any radical violation of the present social order, but only through the old-fashioned, simple expedients of harder work and less expenditure.

These are the simple facts in the case, as every banker and economist knows them. And in leaving them with you I want to add two other thoughts that are especially appropriate for times like these:

Most of the current discussion about our industrial and social troubles is concentrated on the problem of the distribution of wealth. It is assumed that if we could arrange matters so that the rich would receive less and the poor would receive more we should all at once become happy. Many strikes have their roots in this popular con-



Photo R. A. Maibg

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ception. The effort of certain labour leaders to shorten the hours of work unduly and put a fixed limit on production is based on the same idea. "The employer is getting too much: let us make him divide with us by doing less work and demanding more money in return."

Now what are the real facts? Assume that all the incomes in the country were levelled down, how much would the income of the average worker be increased? Would it be doubled? Or fifty per cent. larger? As a matter of fact, economists have calculated that such a levelling would add only about ten per cent. to the income of the average man. In other words, the good that can be accomplished for the ordinary family by merely changing the channels through which wealth is distributed will not at all solve that family's problem.

One Great Fund for All of Us

There is one way, and only one way, in which all of us can have more; and that is by producing more. The troubles of Europe to-day are not due to improper distribution of wealth: they are due to the lack of production of wealth represented by food and clothes and goods of all varieties. That our distribution at present is perfect no man would for a moment contend. It must, and will, gradually be altered until it more nearly reaches real justice. But the important thing to remember is that, even if we were to alter our whole present system of distribution, we should have succeeded

only in making the rich poorer without making the poor very much richer.

There is just one great fund out of which we all can be enriched—bankers and bricklayers, merchants and mechanics, alike. That fund is the new wealth created by work and thrift. It amounts to millions every year. It could amount to many, many more millions if every man and woman in the country were working to capacity and saving regularly and systematically. The nation which first recognises that great truth, and turns to and works with a will, is going to give itself a leadership in these reconstruction days that other nations may never overcome.

And this is my second and last thought. I have spoken of the years of artificial prosperity that followed the American Civil War and culminated so disastrously in the panic of 1873. Every man who loves his country and his fellow-men hopes that no such culmination may mark the end of our present prosperous years. Every resource of the financial institutions of the country, and of the world, will be used to prevent any such culmination. Yet all of us must recognise that our present prosperity is largely artificial. It is built upon inflation, and upon the need of restocking the empty shelves of the world. Some day, soon or late, business must slow down for a period of readjustment, and times will be harder than they are now.

Therefore, only through frugality and self-sacrifice we can hope to put things right.



Photo: R. A. Mules

Traveller's Joy.

No. 1.—The Hot-Water Bottle

By

Violet M. Methley

TWO uncles, two aunts by marriage, and three assorted cousins sat circle-wise about Joy, and pronounced judgment upon her. And her future, as depicted by them, seemed to the girl to present itself as a blank wall—or rather the four blank walls—of an office.

"With your knowledge of languages—five or six, is it not?—you should have no difficulty in obtaining a secretarial appointment, or a clerkship," Uncle Stephen said.

"Although, of course, your general education has been shamefully neglected," Aunt Miriam interposed. "A course of shorthand and typewriting would doubtless be necessary."

"I should *hate* an office!" Joy's voice was low and desperate.

"My dear Jocelyn, beggars cannot be choosers—"

"I don't see why they shouldn't, and—I haven't begged from you yet, Aunt Miriam!"

Aunt Miriam's high colour grew a few shades more elevated.

"Of course, we must always remember how deplorably your poor father spoilt you," she began; but Joy interrupted fiercely:

"I won't hear one *word* against Dad! He—he made life just heaven for me—life with him . . ."

Thoughts choked her—thoughts of Kashmir valleys and Swiss mountains, of Irish lakes and Devonshire moors, and the golden desolation of deserts. In her twenty-five years of life Joy had seen much of the wonders of the world and seen all with a perfect companion.

"I have no wish to speak against your poor father," Aunt Miriam disclaimed majestically. "But if he had foreseen the loss of his fortune and his own death doubtless he would have taught you *something*—"

"He did! He taught me to travel. I'm very accomplished in that way!" A spark of the fun which she had fancied was

buried for ever in her father's grave lit Joy's grey-gold eyes. "I'm never train-sick, or seasick, or homesick; I can sleep anywhere and eat anything; I talk six languages, with a smattering of a dozen more; I know what to wear and where to go, just as cheaply or just as expensively as you please; and I've never yet lost my way in the Continental Bradshaw, or anywhere else in the Five Nations or the Seven Seas!"

"You are talking in a very boastful and conceited way, and I don't know in the least what you mean," Aunt Miriam said with awful coldness. "In any case I fear that you will not find these accomplishments of yours financially valuable, since you are never likely to be in a position to travel again."

"I *will*!" For the first time since her father's death Joy's voice had the confident ring which he had loved. "I mean to be a professional rolling-stone and make money by it."

"You are talking wildly, Jocelyn." Uncle Matthew eyed his niece severely. "Remember, your income amounts to just one hundred pounds a year—with no assets in the way of furniture or valuable jewellery."

"Of course, there are your *clothes*!" Cousin Alice struck in with her hard, shrill voice. "I would give you five pounds for your fur coat—to help you. And as you will scarcely need your evening dresses or reception gowns, fortunately I and Delia could wear them with a little alteration."

"Thanks—but I shall need them all!" There was a combative gleam in Joy's eye as she scribbled upon a writing-pad. "This is the advertisement, which will appear in the *Times* to-morrow for the first time."

Uncle Stephen took the sheet of paper and adjusted his eye-glasses. After a few moments he raised his head and peered over them grimly.

"Do you wish me to read this—ah—effusion aloud?" he asked.

"Yes, please," Joy nodded, and glanced

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through her long lashes round the circle of relatives.

"To travellers," Uncle Stephen read. "All the worry and anxiety of journeys to any part of the United Kingdom, the Empire, or the World, undertaken by an expert traveller, who will supervise every detail of packing, tickets, passports, hotels, etc., in return for expenses and a gratuity based on the value of services received. Highest references given. Apply, Miss J. Trewarne, Box—whatever it is."

"You are the 'highest references,'" Joy said complacently. "You, and my godfather the Bishop, and Mother's uncle the General. That ought to satisfy anybody!"

"I never heard such nonsense. We will never consent!" Aunt Miriam began; but Joy interrupted her again very quietly:

"That isn't necessary," she said gently, "until I ask for your help. I have made up my mind to try."

During the succeeding twenty-four hours Joy went through her wardrobe carefully.

It was not a huge outfit, but wonderfully complete and perfect of its kind, and containing garments suitable for every occasion and climate. Everything was always ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice, packed in one or all of those four brown leather travelling-trunks, in assorted sizes, which, with their incrustation of varicoloured labels, were Joy's pride.

"All these clothes will be part of my stock-in-trade," Joy thought. "And, oh! how glad I am that Alice and Delia won't wear my nice things—the hateful pigs!"

Joy had scarcely finished a few necessary repairs when the first answer to her advertisement arrived.

It almost took her breath away; for in spite of her outward optimism the girl had hardly dared to expect a response.

It was written on thin paper, with a thin pen, in a sloping, old-fashioned hand, and the signature ran: "Amelia Burney (Miss)."

"I am exceedingly anxious to go to Paris next week," the letter said. "Will you come and see me this afternoon at four o'clock, if possible?"

Miss Amelia Burney, in the dingy drawing-room of a Bloomsbury boarding-house, was very much like her name. She was the kind of silver-haired, pink-faced, round-spectacled old lady who is invariably described as "dear." She wore a soft woolly shawl and mittens, and her voice and manner were rather soft and woolly also.

"You see, my dear, I have never been out of England in my life," she told Joy. "But I have the greatest desire to see the dear, noble King of the Belgians. And I saw in the newspaper that he was to have a great reception in Paris next week—and I have always wanted to go to Paris before I died. You must do everything for me, my dear; it turns my poor head round and round even to look at a time-table."

Joy's gentle, assured manner seemed to give the fluttering old creature confidence, and the girl set to work. She had carte blanche, where money was concerned, up to a reasonable sum, and the next few days were taken up with the provision of passports, tickets and the purchase of various additions to Miss Burney's scanty and countrified wardrobe—garments of which the poor old lady scarcely seemed to know even the names.

Joy had telegraphed for, and secured, rooms at a modestly comfortable hotel on the route of the Royal procession.

"It will be so much better if you can watch it all from your own window, Miss Burney," she said. "I have asked for a first-floor room, and those have balconies overlooking the street. Then, afterwards, we can see Paris at our leisure."

Miss Burney agreed to this enthusiastically, as she agreed to everything.

"Do whatever you like, my dear, and take whatever you like," she said. "I never could pack for myself, and I will leave it all to you—so long as I have my hot-water bottle!"

She was hugging the object in question as she spoke, and patted its red flannel cover lovingly.

"I'm a chilly old creature," she said rather pathetically. "And I always keep my bottle with me, day and night, wherever I go. It's my greatest treasure, is my bottle, and I never trust anyone to fill it, except myself. Maids are so careless, my dear; they are apt to put in boiling water and burst the india-rubber."

Joy managed to answer without a smile. She understood the harmless fads of old people, and, apart from the question of her precious red-coated idol, Miss Burney was exceedingly easy to manage.

The pair departed for France on a grey spring evening. They arrived in Paris on a dazzling spring morning, when the beautiful city appeared at her very best and brightest.

Joy's spirits rose as they drove through the

TRAVELLER'S JOY

streets towards their hotel. It was glorious to be travelling again—glorious to be back in the Paris which she had first visited with her father at the early age of five.

It all seemed so homelike—the very sound of the French language, the smell of French coffee. Even the Customs officials appeared to her friendly, and she could not understand her companion's flushed nervousness and flurry.

Once safely established in their rooms at the hotel, Miss Burney's nerves subsided. She beamed comfortably as she sat in a red velvet chair and drank tea.

"It is all so homely and comfortable, my dear!" she said. "And we shall see the dear King splendidly from our little balcony. He will pass just below—we could almost touch him—although I would not do such a forward thing for worlds! Oh, what should I have done without you, my dear child!"

Next morning Paris was gayer than ever, all a-flutter with flags and alive with the sound of military bands. Joy felt as merry as any little gamin racing along the boulevards, and Miss Burney literally trembled with excitement as she sat on the little iron balcony and watched the cheerful crowds beneath. She had established herself there immediately after breakfast, although the Royal procession was not due to pass until eleven o'clock.

"Are you cold, Miss Burney?" Joy glanced with a little smile at the red-coated bottle still clasped in the old lady's arms.

"Just a little—the air is rather fresh, isn't it? But I've just re-filled my dear bottle. Ah, yes! if you *would* be so kind as to give me my shawl. Don't burn your fingers on the bottle, my dear!"

"No; I won't do that." Joy drew away her hand rather hastily as she spoke, and sat down upon the second iron chair.

For the first time a tiny suspicion had crept into her mind. Was Miss Burney a little mad?

Was her extraordinary craze for the hot-water bottle more than a mere fad? Perhaps she was crazed, too, upon the subject of King Albert. That would account for her eagerness and excitement.

"I do hope that she won't make some ridiculous exhibition of herself when he passes," Joy thought, and felt more than ever uneasy on the point when Miss Burney insisted upon purchasing a huge basket of crimson roses.

"We must have something to throw down to the dear noble King, my dear," she said, "just as a token of our respect."

Joy inwardly decided that she did not intend to take part in any absurd display which would undoubtedly annoy King Albert; but in the meantime she said nothing.

Presently the sound of music announced the approach of the procession with a flash



"During the succeeding twenty-four hours Joy went through her wardrobe carefully"

Drawn by
Sydney A. Lucas

THE QUIVER

of glittering steel and brilliant colour along the boulevard. It turned down the narrower street in which their hotel was situated, between the pavements thronged with cheering crowds.

Joy leant forward, her cheeks flushed with interest, thrilled with the crashing notes of the "Brabanconne" and the "Marseillaise" played by the military bands. But Miss Burney was on her elastic-sided feet, bending forward over the rail of the balcony, pulling the basket of roses towards her.

Close beneath passed the ranks of soldiers, Belgian and French, cavalry and infantry, with accoutrements gleaming in the sunshine. Then followed carriages, occupied by gaily-dressed women and white-moustached, distinguished men.

Then . . . with a rising, deepening cheer to announce it, a final carriage, wherein sat the President of the Republic, together with the tall fine-faced King and the dainty smiling Queen.

Joy watched her companion closely and anxiously. All Miss Burney's attention was fixed upon the approaching carriage, and as the girl saw the old woman's scarcely restrained excitement, she began to dread a scene more than ever.

The carriage was almost below them when Joy herself proceeded to make just such an exhibition as she had resolved to avoid. . . .

In a second she had sprung upon Miss Burney. The people in the crowd below had their attention distracted from the quickly passing carriage by the sight of two women struggling desperately together upon the little balcony.

For just an instant Joy managed to hold the other fast; then she was flung back, half stunned, against the window-frame, by a strength which seemed supernatural. But that instant had been long enough. . . . When the red-coated hot-water bottle crashed into the road it was well in the rear of the Royal carriage. The crowd, too, had had time to scatter, and only a few were injured by the terrific explosion which followed.

The glass of the window beside Joy was shattered by the force of that explosion; she was dazedly aware of uniformed men who dashed through the room and surrounded the figure on the balcony. She saw the round spectacles, the black bonnet, the white hair, dragged off; saw the pink-faced benevolent old lady transformed into a

heavy-jawed man with evil desperate eyes, a man who struggled fiercely until he was finally overcome and dragged away.

Half an hour later, at the Ministry of Police, Joy learnt the whole truth when she had supplied enough evidence to prove to the satisfaction of the superintendent that she had been an unconscious cat's paw and not an accomplice.

"Your bravery in attacking the miscreant and preventing him from accomplishing his appalling crime would prove that, mademoiselle," he said. "But for your courage, one shudders to think of the consequences. . . . Yes; he is an anarchist, very well known to us—one John Swartkoff—although his real nationality and name is a mystery. He can speak every European language, and is amazingly cunning—as you have proved for yourself. It was a very clever plan to reach Paris unobserved—a plan which almost succeeded."

"But he could not have escaped himself in any case?" Joy said.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"These fanatics care nothing for that, mademoiselle, so long as they succeed!" he said. "But did you suspect anything beforehand?"

"Not exactly," Joy answered. "Only—I began to wonder whether she—he—was quite sane when I found the hot-water bottle as cold as ice! That is why I watched carefully, and why I was in time to prevent her from throwing it into the Royal carriage."

"Ah, yes! And it was a clever idea, that hot-water bottle," the other chuckled. "Who would have suspected that it was a bomb of the most dangerous kind? No wonder she filled it herself!"



"Well, I trust that this will be a warning to you!" Aunt Miriam said majestically.

She and the other relations had assembled to hear Joy's own version of the exploit which they had seen reported in the papers and read of with mingled dismay and pride.

"I'm afraid it is rather an encouragement, Aunt," Joy replied demurely.

"Do you actually mean that you will try again?" Aunt Miriam gasped.

"Certainly. . . . You see, it was ever so much more interesting than if she had really been an ordinary dear old lady with an ordinary hot-water bottle! It has made me long for more adventures—and I'll have them too!"

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"For just an instant Joy
managed to hold the ether fast"

Drawn by
Sydney G. Lucas



The Price of Things

THIS almost promises to be a Financial Number, doesn't it? After having made my readers' mouths water with the article "£2,000,000 Going Begging," and then having rendered them glum again on the prospect of the middle-class population being wiped out if the Chancellor of the Exchequer doesn't do something for the family man, it was perhaps inevitable that I should follow up with an article telling you all to tie up your purse-strings indefinitely in a valiant effort to bring prices down. Perhaps I ought to desist now, but the subject has a fatal fascination. What do *you* do, dear reader, when faced with the appalling prospect of fabulous prices? How do *you* make out your family budget? What invaluable secret have *you* discovered for eluding the wily grasp of the omnipresent profiteer? I hate to be inquisitive, but I should dearly like to know—just "between ourselves."

Making Ends Meet

In the papers the other day I read the case of an estimable lady who, by dint of careful management, has actually maintained her food bill at the same level as in 1914. I should like to meet her. At the same time, I am a just a bit doubtful whether I should like to accept the good lady's hospitality. Mind you, I don't doubt that there are such to be found; it seems to me that many little domestic tragedies could be unearthed if one had the will—the solemn tragedy of the middle-class home where the appearances are still kept up, but where the board is more and more scanty, I presume most people have become more

economical about food, and I suppose also that since the Armistice, and the abolition of rationing, the actual expenses of the home have increased far more than the Board of Trade returns would suggest. During the war we were forced to go without: now we can get more—and pay.

Keeping Accounts

Do you keep accounts? When first I started out on the high road of earning my own living I received the handsome remuneration of five shillings per week. In those blissful days I conscientiously kept accounts, and could no doubt turn up the precious notebooks even now and tell you the frugal tale of the five shillings. However, the habit once started has failed to be dislodged, and more or less conscientiously I still note the waning of my tide of fortune. True, a certain little vagueness is permitted when in doubt. The convenient term "misc." finds an all too regular place month by month, but year's-end there is the tale that is told, and a sad tale it sometimes is, to aid reflection when the old year is dying.

In the Good Old Days

The habit has its uses. By way of satisfying curiosity I looked up my little account books for such years as 1910 and 1914 the other day. Of course, one duly noted how the food bill had gone up and up. But one is the most struck with the amazing cheapness of the accessories of life then as compared with the present day. It seems now, with our present-day knowledge of shopping, that the miscellaneous knick-knacks

BETWEEN OURSELVES

were absurdly cheap, and that therefore they were bought then with very little financial conscience-pricks.



Ordering a Suit

It seems very different nowadays. We look at the "knick-knacks" in the shop windows, admire the courage of their prices—and pass on. And even when it comes to the "necessities"—! Do you, my male reader, recall those far-off days when you light-heartedly entered your tailor's shop and blithely debated whether you should have two suits or one, and if you should order a spring overcoat at the same time? And you, my lady friend, do you recall the sales of the pre-war era, the remnant days, with cloth—what was it?—"a penny three" a yard?

Nowadays the ordering of a suit is an event to be entered upon with due forethought and preparation. One must study the money markets and inquire at the bankers the current discount rates; one must make shrewd forecast as to fashions and requirements for the forthcoming sixteen years; one must calculate the interest per annum on a sum invested in War Loan for a year or two versus the probable increase in the cost of a suit if deferred till the year after next. Finally, one must have another look at the wardrobe: perchance some unaccounted pre-war suit has hidden itself behind the box that holds the prehistoric top-hat. Suits have even been "turned," I am told.



The Pre-War Wardrobe

It is surprising to re-discover the merits of one's pre-war attire. The other day I came across a waistcoat I bought at the time of King Edward's funeral. The date is fixed on my mind without the need of looking it up; it is of a rather striking green hue, and I remember to this day my kindly hosiery suggesting that, although for the moment everyone was going into mourning, still a time would come when a bright shade of green would again come into fashion, and would render distinctive the middle of my humble frame. I wore the waistcoat for my Saturday's walk last week; it was a delightfully warm and satisfying garment. Next year I shall go to church in it; probably in 1922 it will make dis-

tinguished my office attire! Then there is the suit I wore on my wedding-day. The frock-coat, it is true, was exchanged for a pot of flowers (since dead) by a well-meaning but misguided servant girl. But the other part of the suit! I shall wear the trousers next time I visit my tailor and see him turn green with envy. The hoarding habit has justified itself. How fortunate it is to be a man, where fashions change not, neither are sports coats superseded by jumpers!



From Germany to Japan

My financial diary takes me through the gloomy days of 1915-17 when one hadn't the heart to buy, but one at the same time took a gloomy satisfaction in nosing out "pre-war bargains."

My account book recalls to mind the day when I discovered I must have a new attaché case to carry home the scrawling manuscripts of urgently aspiring authors, to read at leisure by the home fireside. A friend in the trade told me he could get me one, but prices were high, and "if I could manage to wait till the war was over" it would be more satisfactory in every way.

The case he duly bought me has been worn out long since and superseded. It was some time after that, in 1917 to be exact, that, turning idly round a fancy shop, I espied an attaché case. There was something neat, strong and distinguished about it that caught my eye and impressed me. It appeared that it was the only one remaining and was priced at 13s. 6d. I bought it, and it has served me faithfully to this day; its locks have not broken nor its sides bulged, though the hopes of innumerable authors have been buried awhile within its leatherly portals. The other day, looking in at a dealer's windows, I came across the identical fellow to my old friend. The dealer, when questioned, waxed eloquent on its steel-sided virtues, and finally offered to sell it at the price of two guineas!

That is not the whole tale of the attaché case. As a matter of fact, it came from Japan, and to me it appeared as an object lesson and a portent. I read it as meaning that the huge pre-war trade in fancy goods belonging, before the war, to Germany, will go to our Far Eastern Ally. The shop windows even to-day bear out my forecast; in-

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quire into the origin of the dainty little antimony boxes, for instance, and see if it is not so. During the latter part of the war the importation was stopped, but now the docks are flooded with goods from Japan. A friend of mine is an importer of Japanese fancy goods. He has bought himself a new overcoat—trade must indeed be flourishing!



In Quest of a Jumper

Since purchasing the Japanese attaché case the quest of pre-war bargains has held a fatal fascination for me. Alas! it would seem to need the valour of Sir Lancelot and the virtue of Sir Galahad to track down such rare visions now. And the quest is full of humiliations. In a weak moment an estimable lady let her thoughts stray to a jumper of more than superlative excellence, as revealed in the sales announcement of the daily Press. Your Editor was prevailed upon to secure the goods. Do you, gentle reader, realise how helpless a mere male person becomes when sent to purchase feminine articles of adornment? There is something in the very atmosphere of the modern drapery emporium that makes a man sink into his shoes. You linger long outside the too wide portals; when you at last enter, the autocratic person in the frock-coat who blandly inquires your business inspires you with the confidence a mouse feels when confronted with a lion. This, however, is as nothing to the kindly tolerance extended to the unhappy delinquent by the young lady who condescends to be made the confidante of your intimate secrets. What I chiefly admire about the goddess of the sales counter is the marvellous way in which she pronounces "six guineas" so as to convince you that it is a mere trifle, quite unworthy of discussion. And, after all, how could one go into such trivial details as costs in a palace of old-world carpets filled with the rich treasures of the Indies?

But quite apart from the pull of environment the poor man stands no chance; by a mere word she can disarm him. How *can* an ordinary common-or-garden-variety man enter into the subtleties of "straight cuts" or "V-pieces," or attempt to define the qualities of "duck-egg" blue? A humble and chastened man took back one parcel, one bill and a depleted purse, but his humility and chastening did not reach the

depths until, upon solemn trial, the duck-egg blue jumper convincingly proved its entire unsuitability. With humble mien and sinking heart he once more visited the lady of the jumper palace; once more he came back with a parcel and a bill—and a still emptier purse—and this time the substituted sample was worse than before! Now comes the point where the decision of Parliament to give women the vote is decisively vindicated. The ordinary male person would have put the pale-hued jumper down as a trade loss, or exchanged it with the milk-girl for a pound of butter. Not so the way of true wisdom. The jumper of proved unsuitability was promptly posted back to the firm of palatial standing—and the money returned to a surprised and delighted Editor. No mere male person could have done that! Fancy posting back one's suit to the family tailor! May all fearsome adventures have such happy endings!



When the Happy Day Arrives

No, the moral of the whole thing is, after all, the moral of the fox who in ancient days found the grapes fixed at too high an altitude. Otherwise the story of Ulysses and the Sirens might be read with profit. In the words of all our national prophets, we must buy less and produce more. For myself, I am seriously thinking of calling upon the good offices of my lady friends to teach me to knit. Prices will not go down until every woman knits her own jumper—and one to spare for export to the natives of Africa or the celestial Chinese. (May I be there when the dark-skinned native has donned her V-shaped mystery!) Mere men, if they cannot learn to knit, must cover up the vacancies in their pre-war coats and whistle for a brighter day. One of these times prices will tumble down; the grocer will anxiously implore you to have another couple of pounds of sugar, rival coal-dealers will fight for the honour of your custom, and motor agents will waylay you on your door-step with the offer of a brand new car at a reduced rate for immediate delivery. It all sounds visionary and Utopian, doesn't it? But the patience of the poor consumer has been perfected with much suffering, and hope springs eternal in the human breast.

The Editor

NEEDLECRAFT SECTION

The "Rose" Bedroom Set

Nightdress Case, Curtain Trimming, Comb Case, Large Crochet Inset, etc.

By Ellen T. Masters

The "Rose" Nightdress Case

THE foundation of this pretty night-dress case is of plain white linen and is ornamented with a simple insertion and edging of coarse Torchon lace. In the centre was traced a simple design resembling two heart-shaped devices meeting at the points and having a large, full pink rose in the centre. The hearts themselves were, in the example, traced with pale green to suggest the stems of the roses, small picots doing duty for the thorns. Other roses were set at each corner of the linen insertion, but these had no stems.

MATERIALS.—One ball of Clark's Fil d'Ecosse, No. 20, pale pink, and a small ball, or a couple of skeins, of the same make of thread or of Star Sylko, No. 8, in pale green. Also, a skein of bright yellow for the centres of the roses. A large steel hook, No. 2, is suitable for use with these threads.

For each ROSE, begin with a ring of 6 ch.

ABBREVIATIONS.—These apply to all the patterns belonging to this bedroom set, so they will not be repeated. *Ss.*, slip-stitch; *ch.*, chain; *dc.*, double crochet; *tr.*, treble; *dtr.*, double treble; *ttr.*, triple treble; *pl.*, picot; *lp.*, loop; *pr.*, pair; *grp.*, group.

1st round.—6 ch., 1 tr. into the ring, * 3 ch., 1 tr. into the ring; repeat from * five times, then again work 3 ch., 1 *ss.* into the third of the first six ch.

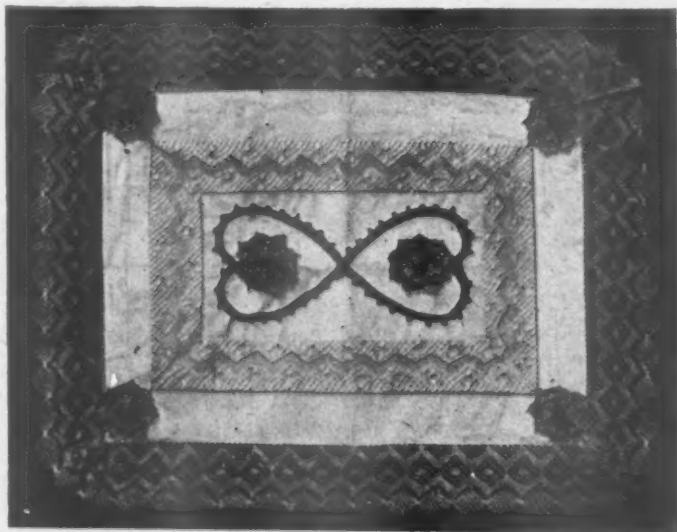
2nd round.—Into every loop of three ch., work 1 dc., 2 tr., 5 ch., 2 tr., 1 dc.

3rd round.—* 1 dc. at the back between two petals, 5 ch.; repeat from * all round, always keeping these ch. loops at the back as usual.

4th round.—Into every loop work 1 dc., 3 tr., 5 ch., 3 tr., 1 dc.

5th round.—6 ch. and 1 dc. as in the 3rd round, always keeping the ch. loop at the back of the previously made petals.

6th round.—Into every loop work 1 dc., 5 tr., 5 ch., 5 tr., 1 dc.



The Nightdress Case, trimmed with lace and raised pink roses, and embroidered in pale green

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7th round.—7 ch. and 1 dc. as in the 5th round.

8th round.—1 dc., 7 tr., 5 ch., 7 tr., 1 dc. into every loop.

9th round.—8 ch. and 1 dc. as in the 7th round.

10th round.—1 dc., 9 tr., 5 ch., 9 tr. and 1 dc. into every loop.

This completes the pink part of the rose, six flowers being required in all.

For the BRAID-LIKE STEM, take the green thread and work a chain long enough to cover the traced design. Work as follows along the chain: Miss three, 4 tr. in the next four stitches, * 1 picot (that is, 4 ch., 1 ss. into the top of the preceding tr.), 5 tr.; repeat from * all along.

Sew the braid with small stitches along the outlines of the design, arranging so that the picots set along the outside edge. In places the stem will have to be turned over so as to bring it and the picots into their rightful places. The picots need not be sewn very tightly down to the background, for the whole effect will be the better if they are left slightly raised. The stem must be sewn along both edges.

Take the yellow thread next for the CENTRES of the roses. Wind this about twenty times round the forefinger of the left hand. Push a length of the same thread into the ring and tie the ends together as tightly as possible, leaving enough for sewing on with before cutting off. Take a large needle, pass the ends through to the wrong side of the material in the heart of a rose and secure with a few stitches. Clip in the threads with a pair of sharp scissors and fluff out the ends with a large pin or needle.

The edges of the outer petals of the rose should next be sewn down to the foundation, the loops of five ch. being allowed to set free,

The "Rose" Handkerchief Case

MATERIALS.—Two balls of pink and two balls of pale green Star Sylko, No. 8, and a fairly coarse steel hook. One yard and a half of pink silk cord, a small fancy button, a piece of thick wadding about eighteen inches by ten inches, sufficient white silk for the lining and white satin for the outside.

Begin with the roses and, of course, the pink thread.

Work a ring of 6 ch. and 8 holes as usual.

2nd round.—1 dc., 2 tr., 1 pt. (that is, 4 ch. and 1 ss., into the preceding tr.), 2 tr., 1 dc.

3rd round.—4 ch. and 1 dc. as usual all round.

4th round.—1 dc., 3 tr., 1 pt. as in the 2nd round, 3 tr., 1 dc. into each loop.

5th round.—5 ch. and 1 dc.

6th round.—1 dc., 4 tr., 1 pt., 4 tr., 1 dc. into each loop.

7th round.—6 ch. and 1 dc.

8th round.—1 dc., 5 tr., 1 pt., 5 tr., 1 dc.

9th round.—7 ch., 1 dc.

10th round.—1 dc., 6 tr., 1 pt., 6 tr. and 1 dc. into every loop.

Now take the green thread for the back-ground.

1st round.—Begin between two petals with 1 dc., * 2 ch., miss three, 1 dc., 5 ch. and 1 dc. into the same place, 2 ch., 1 dc. into the pt. of the rose petal, 5 ch., 1 dc. into the same pt., 2 ch., miss three, 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc. in the same stitch, 2 ch., 1 dc. between this petal and the next; repeat from * all round.

In making further borders link the roses by four of their loops of five ch., that is, two adjoining petals to the corresponding petals of the next rose. Four flowers have thus to be joined, as shown in the illustration.

The WHEEL in the centre has next to be made. Work a ring of 6 ch.

1st round.—3 ch. (for one tr.), 15 tr. into the ring, join the last of these tr. to the three ch. with one ss.

2nd round.—3 ch. (for one treble), 1 tr. in the first stitch, 2 tr. in the next stitch, * 3 ch., catch the last ch. to the free ch. loop of a rose in the open space between four flowers, 2 ch., 2 tr. into the next tr., 2 tr. in the next tr.; repeat from * all round, finishing with 1 ss. as usual. Fasten off.

Surround the roses as follows: Join the thread to the last loop of a flower, 5 ch. (for 1 dtr.), 1 dtr. into the first loop of the next rose, work off both dtr. together, * 5 ch., 1 dtr. into the next loop, 5 ch., 1 tr. in the next loop, 5 ch., 1 dc. in the next loop, 5 ch., 1 dc. as before, 5 ch., 1 dtr. in the next loop, 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 dtr., 5 ch., 1 dtr. into the last loop of rose, leave the last two loops on the hook, 1 dtr. into the first loop of the next rose; work off the top loops of these dtr. together and repeat from *, finishing with 1 ss. into the top of the first five ch.

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2nd round.—Ss. into the second stitch of the loop beyond the joined dtr. of the preceding round, 7 ch. (the first five to serve as one dtr.), 1 dtr. into the same loop, * 2 ch., 1 tr. in the next loop, 2 ch., 1 tr. in the same loop; repeat from * three times, then 2 ch., 1 dtr., 2 ch., and 1 dtr. into the next loop, 2 ch., 1 dtr., 2 ch., 1 dtr., 2 ch., 1 dtr., 2 ch., 1 dtr., all into the corner loop, 2 ch., 1 dtr., 2 ch. and 1 dtr. into next loop, 2 ch., 1 tr., 2 ch. and 1 tr. four times, 2 ch., 1 dtr., 2 ch., 1 dtr. into the next loop, leave the last loops of the last dtr. unworked, 1 dtr. in next loop, worked off with the preceding dtr., 2 ch., 1 dtr. Repeat from the first * all round and finish as usual with 1 ss.

3rd round.—Ss. into space between the first two dtr., 5 ch. (the first three for one tr.), 1 tr. in the next space, * 2 ch., 1 tr. in the next space. In the corner hole between two dtr., work 1 tr., 5 ch. and 1 tr., then repeat from * all round.

4th round.—Ss. into first space, * 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc. into the same place; repeat from * into every space all round, but in the corner loop work 1 dc., 5 ch., 1 dc., 7 ch., 1 dc., 5 ch. and 1 dc. Fasten off after a ss. as usual into the first dc.

For mounting the work, take a piece of white silk and quilt it over the wadding. For the right side of the case, cover the wrong side of this foundation with the satin; slip-stitching all neatly together round the edges, border with the pink cord, leaving an opening in the middle of one margin which can

be slipped over an ornamental button on the other side to correspond. Twist the cord into loops at the two front corners of the case. The sachet may either be left folded in half like a sheet of letter-paper, or two of the three open sides may be closed with small stitches.

The crochet should finally be stretched into shape, laid over the top of the case and held in place round the edges with a few stitches of pale green made just below the picots which themselves may be left to set free. If desired, ribbon may be run in and out the second row of holes round the sachet, and this will be

extra ornamental if tied in a little bow at one of the top corners.



For the Bedroom Curtain



The "Rose" Handkerchief Case

An Uncommon Curtain Trimming

FOR this trimming we picture pretty windows with dainty little curtains not so very much larger than pocket handkerchiefs, and giving no trouble in the hanging. The crochet insertion which runs down them just inside the front margin may be worked either with white or coloured thread as preferred. The foundation material is cut away from the back so that the roses show to their best. For convenience in sewing on it will be

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noticed that the insertion is provided with a firm edging of treble stitches along both margins.

This trimming should be worked either with Arden's Crochet Cotton, No. 24, Perilasta Crochet Thread, No. 30, or any similar thread, with a steel hook about No. 4½, though the sizes of hook vary so much in different places that the worker must make a choice for herself. Coarser Mercer Cotton, No. 16, was employed for the scallops in the model.

As usual, the roses are made first. Work a ring of 6 ch., and make two rounds exactly as in those of other roses.

3rd round.—* 1 dc. at the back between two of the petals, 5 ch., as usual; repeat from * all round.

4th round.—1 dc., 5 tr., 1 dc. into every loop.

5th round.—6 ch. and 1 dc., as in the 3rd round.

6th round.—Into every loop work 1 dc., 5 tr., 5 ch., 5 tr., and 1 dc.

Link the roses when making the 5 ch. in two loops of the last round, on opposite sides of the edge, thus leaving two loops free along each edge of the flowers.

Continue thus to make a band of little roses of the length needed for the small curtain, then work the following rows along each side of the insertion:

1st row.—Begin in the first free loop of five ch. at the edge of a rose with 1 dc., * 5 ch., 1 tr. (cotton three times round the hook) between this petal and the next, 5 ch., 1 dc. in the next loop of five ch., 5 ch., 1 tr. between this petal and the next, 7 ch., 1 tr. between the next two petals, 5 ch., 1 dc. into the next five ch.; repeat from * all along, finishing with 1 dc. into the second free loop of five ch. of the last rose.

2nd row.—Turn with 5 ch., * 1 tr. over the loop of five ch., 2 ch., 1 tr. on next dc., taking up both loops at the top, 2 ch., 1 tr. in the next loop of five ch., 2 ch., 1 tr. on the next dc., 2 ch., 1 tr. into the next lp., 2 ch., 1 tr. on the tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. into the lp. of seven ch., 2 ch., 1 tr. into lp. of seven ch., 2 ch., 1 tr. on the next tr., 2 ch. Repeat from * all along, putting 1 tr. between two ch. into every small loop and 2 tr. between two ch. into every large loop of seven ch.

3rd row.—Turn with 5 ch., 1 tr. into the first small hole, * 2 ch., 1 tr. in the next hole; repeat from * all along.

4th row.—Like the 3rd row.

5th row.—2 tr. into every hole of the preceding row.

Mosquito net of a coarse quality is one of the best of materials available for small curtains trimmed in the style shown in the illustration. If anything firmer is required, plain cream or white casement cloth, or butter muslin may be used.

To mount the trimming: Cut the curtain of the necessary size, leaving an ample quantity for hems at the top and bottom. The front edge must have a hem of from an inch to an inch and a half. It is easy enough to get this straight by following a row of holes of the net. Hem one edge of the crochet trimming down just inside the margin of the hem. It is as well to have two lines of these stitches along the treble of the last row for the sake of strength when the curtain has to be cleaned. Keep the opposite edge of the crochet quite straight against the net and sew this down in the same way. Make a hem along the top of the curtain to hold the rings, and a good broad hem along the bottom edge. Needless to say, only a detail of a curtain is shown in our illustration—just enough, in fact, to give an idea of the method of working.

When these hems are done, the net at the back of the crochet should be cut away with a blunt-nosed pair of scissors that will not damage the work. The cutting should be taken as near as can be to the stitches along the edges of the treble.

The little crochet SCALLOPS along the front margin of the curtain have next to be made.

Take the coarser thread and hook and begin with 1 dc. half an inch from the top corner of the hem running down the front edge.

1st row.—2 ch., 1 dtr. into the edge about half an inch from the dc., * 3 ch., 1 dtr. in the same place; repeat from * four times; 1 dc. about half an inch farther on (that is, the length of one of the dtr.), then 1 dtr. missing a space equal to that passed over before the last dc.; repeat from the first * all along, finishing with 1 dc. in the bottom corner.

2nd row.—1 dc. on the first dc. of the row, * 1 ch., 1 dc. in the first three ch. between dtr., 1 ch., 1 dc. in the next chain, 5 ch., 1 dc. into the same space, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next hole, 5 ch., 1 dc. into the same place, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next hole, 5 ch.,

1 dc. into the same place, 1 ch., 1 dc. in the next hole, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the dc. between two scallops; repeat from * all along, finishing with 1 dc. on the last dc. of the preceding row.

This pretty rose insertion and scallops may be mounted on casement cloth, or cotton voile, if liked, and used as a trimming for a flounce for the edge of a toilet cloth, or a slip for a chest of drawers. Also, if mattress sides are liked nothing would look prettier than such a trimming mounted on madapolam. For the ends of the cosaque shape of bolster case, too, it looks very dressy, and makes a smart edge if sewn, unfrilled, along the upper margin of the top sheet. In short, among household plenishings there are at least a dozen ways in which such an insertion as this can be employed.



The Brush-and-Comb Case, finished with crochet and embroidery

Rose-bordered Comb Case

THE rose border to this comb case is carried out rather more heavily than on some of the other articles belonging to the Rose bedroom set, because the extra weight in the flowers is useful in holding the flap of the satchet down in its place above the pocket. The crochet in the model was executed with Ardern's Crochet Cotton, No. 24, and a moderately fine steel hook. The flap itself was first of all embroidered with white Peri-Lusta Thread, a somewhat full design having been chosen. An initial letter of the name of the owner made a pleasing addition to the general effect.

For the little roses begin with a ring of 6 ch.

1st round.—6 ch. (the first three to serve as one tr.), 1 tr. in the ring, * 3 ch., 1 tr. into the ring; repeat five times from *, then 3 ch., 1 ss. into the third of the first six ch.

2nd round.—Into every lp. of ch. work 1 dc., 5 tr., 1 dc.

3rd round.—1 dc. at the base of the dc. of the last round, working at the back of the preceding stitches, * 5 ch., 1 dc. at the bottom of the next dc. as before; repeat from * all round. Remember to keep the

loops of ch. behind the petals of preceding rounds.

4th round.—Into every lp. of ch. work 1 dc., 5 tr., 5 ch., 5 tr., 1 dc.

Link the roses, by two of the loops of ch. along each side, leaving two free lps. at the top and two free lps. at the bottom of the trimming. In the corners catch two lps. from the last rose along each side (four in all), leaving four free lps. round the outer edge of the corner flower.

In the model there were twelve roses along each side and eleven along the bottom, exclusive of the two corner flowers—thirty-seven in all.

When all the roses have thus been joined, work as follows for the INNER EDGE OF HEAD of the lace:

1st round.—In the end rose, * in the second lp. of 5 ch. from the joining, put a grp. of 2 tr., 2 ch. and 2 tr., then 4 ch., 1 grp. as before in the second lp. of 5 ch., 4 ch., 1 dtr. in the lp. of rose just before it is joined to the next rose, 1 dtr. in the lp. of the next rose, after the linking, work off the last two lps. of these dtr. together, 4 ch.; repeat from * till the corner has to be turned.

In the ANGLE: Work 2 dtr. as usual in the last rose and in the corner rose, then 2 dtr. in the last lp. of the corner rose and

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first link of the next rose, working the last two loops of each off together above the join. At the short end of the lace, after the last group, work 7 ch., 1 dc. in the next ch. lp., 7 ch., 1 dc. into the next loop, then work on as usual, and do not fasten off.

For the OUTER EDGE: * * 7 ch., 1 dc. between the next two petals, 7 ch., 1 dc. in the middle edge of the next petal, 7 ch., 1 dc. between the petals, 7 ch., 1 dc. in the middle of the next petal, 7 ch., 1 dc. between two petals, 7 ch., 1 dc. over the link between two roses; repeat from * *. At the end, after 6 lps. of 7 ch., round the rose work 7 ch., 1 dc. in the last lp. of five ch., 7 ch., 1 ss. into the first tr. of the row at the place where the inner edge was begun.

2nd round.—Begin in the 2 ch. of the first grp. with 4 tr., then 4 tr. into each ch. lp. between grps. and tr. in the middle of each group. In the ANGLES work 2 tr. into the last lp., miss the two prs. of dtr., 2 tr. into the next lp. and so continue along the three inner sides. After the 4 tr. in the last grp., put 6 tr., 2 ch., 6 tr. in the first lp. of 7 ch., 8 tr. into the next seven ch., 8 tr. into the next, 7 ch., 6 tr., 2 ch. and 6 tr. into the next (that is, the corner) lp., then work round the whole of the outer edge as follows: * 7 ch., 1 ss. in the 3rd of these ch. (to make a pt.), 2 ch., 1 dc. into the next lp.; repeat from *. After the last pt., when four free lps. of seven ch. are left across the short end, work into these: 6 tr., 2 ch. and 6 tr. into the first lp., 8 tr. into the second, 8 tr. into the third, and in the last (that is, the corner lp.) work 6 tr., 2 ch., 6 tr. Finish with 1 ss. into the first tr. of the round.

Large Ornament for Bedspread

FOR the design shown in the next illustration two sizes of ordinary crochet cotton should be employed. In the original these were Arden's No. 2 for the rose and fillings, and No. 4 for the leaves and border. Most workers will find that the same hook will act quite well with both cottons.

There are several ways in which this four-scalloped device may be used. One only may be *appliqué* to the centre of a white cotton bedspread, or a group of three, or five, may easily be arranged. Should the one device be used in the centre, others should be placed in the corners, a band of

one of the several insertions described here being carried between each piece.

It will be noticed that the broad margin of treble carried round the device makes it quite easy to apply to the background which may be cut away from under the crochet if an openwork effect is fancied. It must be remembered, though, that this is rather apt to weaken the background owing to the weight of the cotton and the somewhat rough treatment to which the most dainty of bedspreads must infallibly be subjected.

The work is begun with the rose in the centre. Make a ring of 6 ch.

1st round.—6 ch. (the first three for one tr.), 1 tr. in the ring, * 3 ch., 1 tr.; repeat from * six times, then 3 ch., 1 ss. into the third of the first six ch.

2nd round.—1 dc., 2 tr., 1 dtr., 2 tr., 1 dc. into every hole made by three ch.

3rd round.—4 ch., and 1 dc. at the back of the work all round as in other roses.

4th round.—1 dc., 2 tr., 3 dtr., 2 tr., 1 dc. into every ch. loop.

5th round.—6 ch., and 1 dc. for the loops.

6th round.—1 dc., 2 tr., 5 dtr., 2 tr., 1 dc. into every loop.

7th round.—8 ch. and 1 dc. all round.

8th round.—1 dc., 2 tr., 3 dtr., 3 tr., 3 dtr., 2 tr., 1 dc.

9th round.—10 ch. and 1 dc. all round.

10th round.—1 dc., 2 tr., 3 dtr., 5 tr., 3 dtr., 2 tr., 1 dc. into every loop of ch.

This completes the rose as shown here, but it is easy enough to make it larger, if finer cotton is used, merely by adding more ch. for the loops and more tr. and compound tr. for the petals, in several additional rounds. In the coarse cotton mentioned the numbers of stitches suggested will prove sufficient for a rose measuring nearly four inches across.

Now for a LEAF. Begin on a foundation of 15 ch. Miss two of these ch., then work 1 dc. into each of the next twelve ch., 3 dc. into the last ch., turn the work round and make 12 dc. into the foundation ch., that is, at the base of the dc. already worked into it, * turn the crochet over, 1 ch., miss one, 12 dc. into the next twelve dc. of the last row, 3 dc. into the last dc. to shape the tip, 12 dc. up the second side; repeat from * three times, turn the work over, 1 ch., miss one, 1 dc., 12 dc. into the next twelve dc. of the preceding row, 1 dc. into the end dc., then, for the little stem, make 8 ch., miss

NEEDLECRAFT SECTION

two ch., 6 dc. into the next six ch., 1 dc. into the base of the leaf and 12 dc. up the side. Fasten off, leaving the last two dc. of the preceding row.

Five of these leaflets are needed for each leaf, that is, twenty in all. Unite them when making the main stem as follows: 14 ch., catch the last of these ch. to the end of the stem of one of the leaflets, 10 ch., link to another leaflet, 1 ch., link to a third leaflet, 1 ch., catch a fourth leaflet, work 10 dc. along the preceding ten ch., link on another little leaf, and on the remaining ch. work 5 tr., 5 dtr. and 4 tr. Fasten off.

When making the last tr. of the stem link the base of it to the sixth stitch along the edge of one of the outermost petals of the rose and the top of the stitch to the corresponding stitch on the next petal. This makes the stem bridge across the opening between the scalloped shape of two petals. The next gap between two petals is left for the present, a second stem is linked between following pair and thus the four leaves are set at equal distances apart round the edge of the rose.

For the BORDER, which has to be worked next, begin in one of the corners, * 1 dc., in the tip of the leaf, 9 ch., 1 tr. in the last point of the same leaflet, 12 ch., 1 dtr. into the first point of the next leaflet, 12 ch., 1 dc. in the tip of the same leaflet, 8 ch., 1 tr. into the last point of the same leaflet, 5 ch., 1 tr. into the first point of next leaflet, 8 ch., 1 tr. into the tip of this leaflet and the tip of the next, thus uniting them, 8 ch., 1 tr. into the last point of the leaflet, after the join, 5 ch., 1 tr. into the first point of next leaflet, 8 ch., 1 dc. into the tip of the same leaflet, 12 ch., 1 dtr. into the last point of the same leaflet, 12 ch., 1 tr. into the first point of the corner leaflet, 9 ch.; repeat from * all round.

2nd round.—4 ch. (the first three for one tr.), 1 tr. into a ch. of the preceding round, * 1 ch., miss one, 1 tr.; repeat from * finishing with 1 ch. and 1 ss. in the third of the first four ch.

3rd round.—1 tr. (3 ch.) into the first space made by one ch., * 1 ch., 1 tr. into

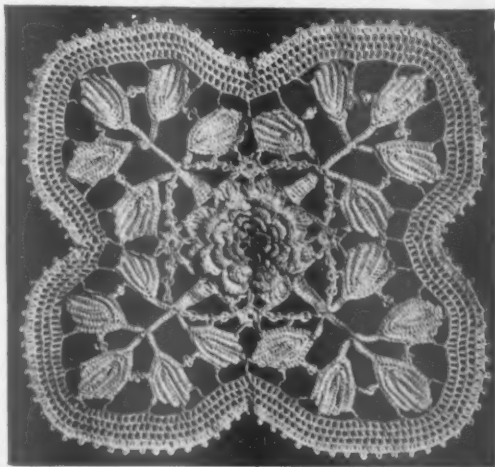
the next space; repeat from * all round and finish with 1 ch. and 1 ss. as in the 2nd round.

4th round.—Like the 3rd round.

5th round.—Work 2 tr. into every space made by the ch. of 4th round, and between the pairs of tr. work 1 picot of 4 ch. and 1 ss. into the top of the preceding round.

The devices of loops, a ring and picots that border the rose and join it to the leaves are worked in four parts.

Begin with a ring of 6 ch., then 3 ch. (for 1 tr.), 2 tr. into the ring, 7 ch., 1 dc. into the third of these seven ch., 5 ch., catch into the centre stitch at edge of leaf, holding the work so that the rose is towards the left side, 3 ch., 1 dc. into the third of the five ch., 7 ch., 1 dc. into the third of the seven ch., 3 ch., link into the place at which the lower two leaflets meet the stem, 3 ch., 1 dc. in the last picot, 4 ch., 1 dc. into the same pt., 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next picot, 4 ch., 1 dc.



A Large Crochet Ornament for the Bedspread

into the same pt., 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next picot, 4 ch., 1 dc. into the same pt., 2 ch., 1 ss. into the last-made tr. of the ring, 4 ch., catch into the centre long tr. on the next petal of the rose, 4 ch., 1 ss. into the last-used tr. of ring, 3 tr. into the ring, 5 ch., link between the two petals of the rose, 5 ch., 1 ss. into the last-used tr. of the ring, 3 tr. into the ring, 4 ch., link into the

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centre of the edge of next rose petal; 4 ch., 1 ss. into last tr. of the ring, 7 ch., 1 dc. into the third of these seven ch., 7 ch., 1 dc. into third ch., 7 ch., 1 dc. into the third ch., 3 ch., link to the place at which the stem meets a leaf, 3 ch., 1 dc. into the preceding pt., 4 ch., 1 dc. into the same pt., 2 ch., 1 dc. into next pt., catch into the centre of the edge of next leaf, 2 ch., 1 dc. into the same pt., 2 ch., 1 dc. into the next pt., 4 ch., 1 dc. into the same pt., 2 ch., 1 ss. into the last-used tr. of the ring, 3 tr., 4 ch., catch to the next point of the same leaf, 4 ch., 3 tr. into the ring, 4 ch., catch to the point of the next leaf, 4 ch., 1 ss. into the first tr. at the beginning of this filling. Fasten off.

When all four of these fillings have been made, unite the leaves with a group of picots worked as follows: 1 dc. in the middle of the edge of a leaflet, 7 ch., 1 dc. in the third of these seven ch., 2 ch., link to the middle stitch at the margin of the next leaf, 2 ch., 1 dc. over the last dc.; 4 ch., 1 dc. in the same place, 2 ch., 1 ss. in the place where the first dc. was worked. Fasten off.

Sixteen of these little bars are wanted in all, and when they are finished nothing remains but to run in the ends. These may either be darned into the crochet with a large needle, or folded down on the wrong side and sewn with a fine needle and thread. With the very coarse cotton this is perhaps the less tedious process.

"The Quiver" Parliament

Age is a Matter of Training

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In the excellent article "The Woman who Works," it is taken for granted that the woman of fifty is too old to be of value. Surely this is a mistake, for after all mental age is a matter of training. I contend that a woman of fifty can, by careful and sustained mental training, be even more alert and capable than a young girl. Moreover, her business experience and her knowledge of human nature will give her a pull over her younger competitors.

The great essential is that women must realise that unless they keep mentally fit they will be too old at fifty. They must realise that mental activity is the secret of intellectual longevity, and that if the brain is given sufficient work to do throughout life, development is possible after the age of fifty.

But supposing that a woman is too old at fifty, what is the best thing to do? The great point is for her to realise that sad probability here and now. Once this is done, provision for the future becomes her aim. Thrift will be essential. An endowment policy should be taken out, and the sooner the better, for the younger the woman is the lower will be the annual payments.

Then another excellent idea is for each woman to join some good building society, so that she will be in a position to buy some small domain into which she can retire at will. A home and a small annuity and she will at least be able to keep the wolf from the door.

Another good suggestion would be for women of the middle class to band together to form a union—a union which would look after their interests and establish comfortable hostels in which the elderly women could retire when they so desire. Here they could enjoy congenial society, and loneliness, the great bugbear so dreaded by elderly people, would be done away with.

DORA SHEWRING.

Readers' Opinions on

"The Woman who Works"

A Case in Point

SIR,—Having three daughters of my own, and four women shop assistants, I am interested in your article on this important subject. In my employ is a faithful soul who for nearly fourteen years has studied my business so as to rise from an apprentice at 2s. 6d. per week to position of buyer and manageress.

Retail shopkeeping seldom permits of rewarding service as one would desire. And in this case, as in others, age will prevent in due course that continuity of labour. Thus it is, that such a scheme of pensions as suggested by your contributor is both necessary and desirable. Personally, I do not see any difficulty in employers affixing (say) shilling stamps, when paying the weekly wage, to a card for this purpose, on similar lines as Health Insurance is now arranged for.

London, N.4.

CHAS. H. CUMMINS.

Why not Save?

SIR,—There is no reason why a girl earning from £2 to £2 10s. a week, and living at home, with all its attendant privileges, should not save a portion of her salary every year, so that by the time she has reached the age of fifty she should have a little nest-egg of, say, three or four hundred pounds to fall back upon.

And for the most part, while she is at work, she is having a happy time in the society of boy and girl friends. She turns out each morning, and so becomes healthy and hardy. She returns in the evening to appreciate the home comforts after being away from them all day.

Meanwhile, though her sole aim and object is not matrimony, she is just as much a homemaker as the stay-at-home girl, and will give up her career if she meets a mate with whom she feels she will be happy.

KATHLEEN M. PERRY.

Eastertide

by
John Oxenham

OF all the holy days in the year Easter Sunday ought to stand highest with us. Christmas Day stands for the Birthday of Christ and the beginning of a new era; Good Friday stands for His Death-day—the two mightiest events on Time's record up to then.

But Easter Sunday stands for still more. Without it and all that it meant and means to all the generations of men—past, present and to come—that greatest wonder of all time would have been incomplete—would have spelled simply the story of a magnificent attempt and a gigantic failure. Easter Sunday turned the apparent failure into a glorious success.

The Tragedy of Calvary

The tragedy of Calvary had shattered all the high hopes of Christ's followers and scattered them in panic for their own lives. But a few hours before, they had sat with Him at the Passover table. Since then, Judas had betrayed Him, hot-headed Peter had denied all knowledge of Him, even John the Beloved had deserted Him. Alone in His great sorrow, amid the jeers of the soldiers and the people, God's Messenger of Goodwill to Men had been nailed to the cross, and there had died—outcast, rejected, broken-hearted; yet, with almost His last breath, begging forgiveness for His persecutors.

The wonderful life on which His disciples had built so much had ended in catastrophe. Everything was lost, so far as they could see.

They had seen His body taken down from the cross by Joseph and laid in his new tomb. They had seen the tomb sealed by the rulers and the guard set round it.

It was the end. There was nothing more to be done but to return to their homes and

their old trades and spend the rest of their lives wondering what it had all meant, and why the gracious promise of it all had ended so disastrously.

Yet they lingered in the neighbourhood, scarce knowing why perhaps.

And then—they learned.

*His followers had fled like frightened sheep,
Their hopes all wrecked by the catastrophe;
And yet, within a little span of days,
They were all bound together and to Him
In fellowship far closer than before;
And, bold beyond their natures, and aflame
With new-born zeal that burned like pure
white fire,
They faced the world prepared to live and die
To bring to man the Kingdom of God's Love.
They were new men, remade, and wholly filled
With that great spirit that had been their
Chief's.*

*They had sore doubted; they had feared and
fled;
Their hearts had turned to water when He
died;
They had lost hope; and faith, too hardly
tried,*



Photo: R. A. Maibg

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*Had sped, and left them bruised and stupefied,—
But now—— they knew!—— they knew!——*

They had been weak—but now they were like gods,

*Performing wonders in the name of God,
And preaching everywhere their risen Lord
In words that pierced like lightning to men's hearts.*

*And all with such vast plenitude of power
That all men marvelled.*

And why?

How had this wonder come?——

Hear now the crowning glory of it all!——

*He had made promise on that fatal night
To come again and be with them awhile,
To cheer and hearten them for His great work.*

*They saw Him die the malefactor's death,
They saw His body sealed within the tomb,
They saw the guard that watched it night and day.*

*But His true self was not to bind nor hold,
And three days later, as He had foretold,
He came again among them as of old—
Came in His own marred body, bearing still
The ragged nail-wounds in His hands and feet—*

Came in the flesh, and ate and drank with them;

*And not of them alone was He thus seen,
But unto many who had known Him well.*

*Unto His own, He spoke full lovingly,
And pledged them all anew to do His will,
That all men everywhere should know
God's love for man,
And His eternal longing for man's good.*

*No man may see the face of God and live;
His Love enfolds us like the air and light;
His wonders are about us everywhere;
But finite cannot grasp the infinite,
And so He veiled His God-Head in the flesh,
That all might see and know Him in His Son—*

*Might see in Him the fullness of His love
And share with Him the victory He won.*

*So died the mortal of this son of man,
Whose body shined the immortal love of God.*

*He lived that His fair life might be to man
A perfect mirror of the Love of God,
The full expression of His Fatherhood.*

*He died that Love might live for evermore,
And find in Him its ever-open door,
And we in Him find God still more and more.*

*He rose to show that Death is not the end,
But the beginning of a life that will transcend
Man's highest hopes, and will in full amend,
By God's sweet grace, life's woe.*

An end? An end? Nay then, there is no end!

*Death vanquished is no more man's foe
But his good friend.*

*He rose to show that Death is but The Gate
To Life Immortal, where he still doth wait
To welcome man with love impassionate*

*And now He lives and loves and pleads as then,
And in His own good time will come again,
To dwell once more among the sons of men.*

There it was—the astounding epilogue to the wonderful life. And yet, epilogue, as we usually use it, meaning “a conclusion,” is hardly the word. The dictionary, I see, gives as its derivation from the Greek, “*epi*, upon, *legen*, to speak—to speak upon.” And therein is a great truth. Christ's death was not the end of His life. His resurrection was not the glorious conclusion of the whole matter.

He still lives, and loves, and longs for the salvation of mankind, just as He did nineteen hundred years ago. Through all those years He has never ceased to live and love and long. And so He will continue to do till all mankind turns to Him and acknowledges His Kingship.

Then—His Kingdom will have come, and everywhere His gracious Will will be done.



of n more. scend mend, is no Gate it s then, ain, men. gue to ue, as vision," I see, ," epi, upon." Christ's e. His clusion for the id nine- all those and love e to do acknow- me, and be done.

Their Father's House

A Scottish Story
By
Isabel Cameron

DURING the dreary war years the church had been growing more and more dilapidated. The frost of 1914 had burst the pipes. Of course, no one thought of employing a plumber for such a huge job, so "owing to the war" the church remained at freezing point during the successive winters. The lighting restrictions had made it impossible to have evening service, so it was not till these restrictions were removed that the congregation realised that their lighting apparatus had followed their heating. They protested loudly at the inconvenience of having an afternoon service instead of an evening one, and to mark their disapproval stayed at home.

In calling a congregational meeting to discuss the necessary repairs, the minister spoke for the first time of the hardship he had felt it to have to crowd two services and the Sunday-school all into the short daylight hours of a winter day. It was the first time it had ever occurred to the folk that theirs was not the only grievance. Yet they were not an unkind congregation; they merely looked at things from their own viewpoint.

"When you're speaking about the heating an' the licht," said old James the beadle, "ye can tell them that the floor is full o' holes. I can hardly sweep it. They maybe dinna ken, for it's few o' them that comes to see. I mind, in oor last minister's day, I used to gather twa pails o' dust aff the floor on a Monday's morning. Noo, it takes me a' ma time to gather half a painfull o' sweepings. Ay, times is sore changed!" The old man was in the habit of deploring the decadence of the present times and comparing them, unfavourably, with the good old days when the other minister preached. It is an old man's privilege—but depressing to the present minister.

The meeting was called for an evening in April because the folk were fishers and were presently going north to Shetland for the herring fishing. The church felt as cold as a well when the minister took his place,

not in the pulpit, but in the seat usually occupied by the elders on communion Sabbaths. A wonderful number of folk had turned out, and the minister felt much of his nervousness pass as he faced them. He could number a good many supporters in the gathering. True, the "nesty buddy" of the congregation was there sitting well to the front, but "Greater is He that is with us than any that can be against us," the minister thought.

He was a keenly sensitive man, with an almost painfully accurate knack of gauging the predominating feeling in any gathering. The present meeting's tone was tentative. If the "nesty buddy" did not get in his oar too soon this feeling could be transformed into interest and subsequent assistance. Old Sandy Main was sitting at the back of the church, and seeing him the minister was comforted. Sandy was an elder and a saint whose prayers at the weekly prayer meeting had often given an uplift to the minister's soul. In him, at least, he was sure of a warm supporter. Whether he would take an active part in tonight's doings was doubtful, for in material matters Sandy was a tongue-tied man.

The meeting opened by singing—

"I joyed when to the house of God
Go up, they say to me.
Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be."

No congregation can sing like a fisher one. To the glorious tune of St. Paul they swung out the grand old psalm, and were in the right mood afterwards to listen to a prayer which made them realise afresh that they were in God's house. God seemed very real, very near. Peter Bain, who had come determined that no matter what would happen, he would not unbutton his pockets, began to "swither." If all his friends were going to have shares in the kingdom of God, he was not sure but he had better have some too. Old Marget Murray, who managed somehow to keep body and soul together on the old age pension, suddenly resolved that she would give twenty shil-

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lings instead of ten, and "If the worst comes to the worst the parish can bury me," she told herself.

Then the meeting proper began. The present uncomfortable situation was briefly explained: the accumulation of repairs which had been gathering during the war years. The good time coming after the war did not seem any nearer, the minister reminded them, and it was for the congregation to say to-night if the time of delay had not better end. One cannot ask women and children to sit through a service when the thermometer is at freezing point. He pointed out that now, during the spring and summer months, was the time to get things made more or less comfortable for the winter.

While the minister was speaking there entered quietly, by the side door, a man who took his place in a seat beneath the gallery. His pockets were bulging with papers of various shapes and sizes. On his keen, businesslike face there was an expression of determination. Yet the kindness of his eyes told you that that determination would always be for justice, and for mercy too.

The banker, who sat in a side seat, was the only one who noticed his entrance. From the way he had kept watching the door, it looked almost as though he had expected him. The two exchanged nods; that was all.

The minister had now ceased speaking, and there ensued that nerve-racking pause which makes a meeting so dreadful. Everyone waits for everyone else to take the lead, and no one seems to get farther than shuffling their feet and clearing their throat.

Then a young fisherman rose, and he rose to say he thought the whole thing unnecessary. If the kirk were cold, why not get a few lamps? They would warm and light at once. He was willing to help with a simple scheme like this, but anything else—no!

Had a bombshell exploded in their midst the folk could not have been more astounded. Dan Young of all people! He had never been absent from his place till he had gone as skipper of a patrol boat. Old Sandy Main only was not surprised, only grieved. He had been watching how, for the last four years, the stream of money flowing into the place was making its receivers hard. The old picture of the

man with the muck-rake has been wonderfully common since the war began.

Then the "nesty buddy" spoke. His name was Adam Smith, and he was known, not inaptly, as Old Adam. He rose with alacrity. There was a smile on his lips which did not seem to reach his eyes. "I quite agree with Mr. Young," he began, speaking in the curious, rapid voice of the man who is always "agin the Government." "I think the proposal to buy a few lamps most reasonable.

"To attempt anything more expensive at a time like this would be perfectly absurd—not to be thought of for a single moment. By and by, perhaps. In the meantime we must get a memorial hall built for our soldiers and sailors who have fallen; we must do much for the boys who have come back to us; there are widows and orphans to be thought of; and then, when that is all done, let us consider the church by all means." By the time he came to say this for the third time he was in a glow of what he considered patriotism. He always referred to the soldiers as "our brave laddies." He was a ship chandler, and had not the smallest scruples in making these same "brave laddies" pay the utmost farthing in selling goods to them.

The "nesty buddy" now assumed the humorous rôle. Thrusting his hands deep into his capacious pockets, he regarded first the minister, and then the people, with a look he meant to be rollicking and of the hail-fellow-well-met order. "We have been hearing of how cold it is here in winter. Well, let the minister warm us with his discourses. I have heard of people who could sit in a snow-drift and listen to a sermon without thinking about the cold—"

"That was because Claverhouse and his dragoons were lurking near." It was the schoolmaster who spoke, and there was honest indignation in his voice. Old Adam laughed. Oh, he was a sad dog! "Just listen to what this learned young friend has told us," he cackled. "Well, of course, he ought to know. He goes—nearly—every day to school."

The teacher's face went red. He had been absent from his duties two days that week because he had not been well. It was like Old Adam to ferret out the news and to fling it in his face in public.

"I can only repeat," he went on, "that I am fully in sympathy with this scheme, but not now. I move the lamps as a tem-



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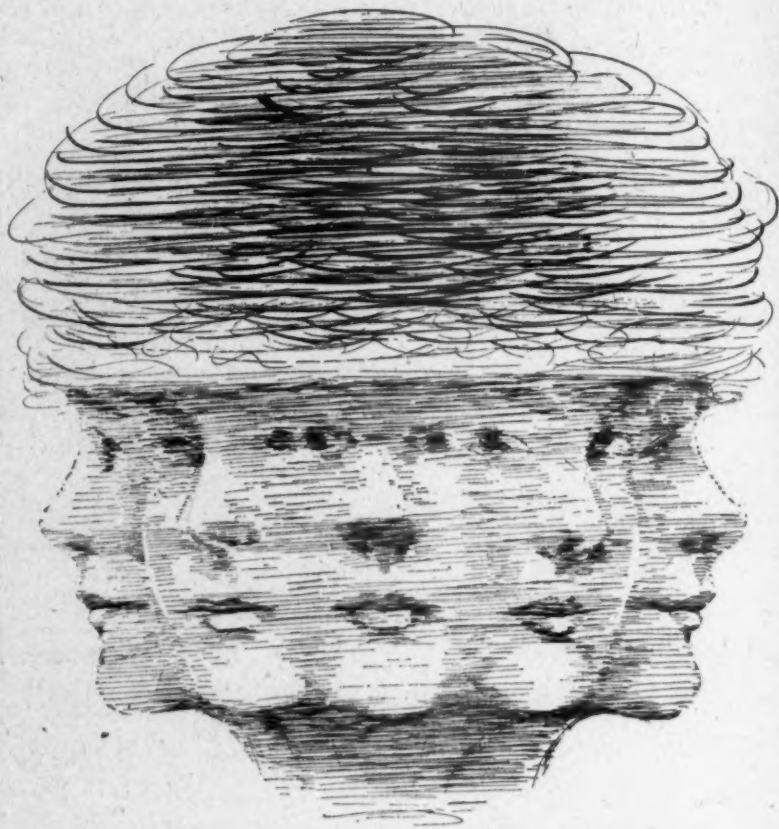
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THE QUIVER



FOR THAT DIZZY FEELING
TAKE
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THEIR FATHER'S HOUSE

porary measure." After another sickening pause Dave Cowie rose to his feet. He was a young fisherman who had been unlucky or lazy, just as you look at it, and had got deeply into the books of Old Adam. He knew that if he did not second this motion things would be made disagreeable for him by his creditor.

"I—I second—the motion," he stammered, and sat down with a crimson face and a horrible feeling in his heart that he had committed a crime.

"Is there any other motion?" the minister asked. Try as he might, he could not keep the pain out of his voice. Just then the clock rang the half-hour. Only thirty minutes since they had assembled. It felt like thirty years!

These dreadful nightmare pauses, he told himself, were what was soaking his vitality. He must get the other folk to speak. It must not be that this was all.

"Is this motion the finding of the meeting?" he repeated anxiously.

As quickly came the answer back. "Na, it's no!" Old Sandy Main, the elder, was the speaker. There was on his saintly old face the glow of heavenly inspiration. Sandy was an immense favourite, and there were instant cries of "Come forrit, Sandy; come forrit, man!"

He took his place beside the minister, and the two fronted a meeting that, however hostile it might be, was firmly convinced of the genuine goodness of both men. They were quite prepared to listen too.

"Freens," began Sandy, and like another orator of the old time, he beckoned with his hand. "Freens, I never meant to speak the nicht. Ye'll excuse me. In the beginning o' our days, when our forbears built this kirk, this village was a poor placie. We hadna muckle gear. We had small boats; our hoosies were wee, and we hadna muckle in them. We didna get the price for our fish we get the day. I mind when a saxpence wad buy thirty haddies!" Everyone was listening now. Heads here and there nodded approvingly.

"I mind when our claes were poor and few too, when it used to keep me frae ma sleep at nicht plannin' hoo I was to get winter shoon for a' the littleans, ay, and food too! Ye'll mind o' that, Jock; and ye, Dave; and ye, Wull?" He nodded towards some of the older men, who nodded back. Ay, they minded many a bitter day too!

"I mind," Sandy went on, and now you could hear a pin drop. "I mind the black winter when our little Sandy died o' the kinkhoast" (whooping cough). "I hadna as muckle in the hoose as wad pay for his coffin. That was hard, but the wright trusted me till I cam hame frae the winter fishing." Few noticed that Sandy wiped his eyes. Every man had his own firmly fixed on space and was sternly gripping his jaw. There are some things of which it is not lawful to speak.

"Weel," Sandy went on, putting his red hanky back into his trousers pocket. "Weel, that's a' changed noo. We have enough and to spare. Better houses, plenty meat, and plenty claes. Our boats are better, and, thanks to His name, He comes to sea wi' us still. The Father still is with us—the Christ still gangs to sea. Freens, it was the Father that gave us a' we have—boats and gear and hame and the unspeakable gift o' His ain dear Son. Noo, men, it's a poor family that canna keep the Faither's house in order. *I move we go forrit and repair His house an' mak' it worthy o' Him that was aye the friend o' fishermen.*"

"Thank God," the minister whispered, but no one heard, for the church was ringing with cheers. The miracle of it all! This simple old fisherman swaying the meeting and doing with it what he would!

When the noise had died down a little, the folk saw that another speaker had joined the minister and the elder. It was the man who had sat by the door. Standing in front of them, they recognised him with pleasure as one of the leading business men of Scotland and an old friend and native of the village. They could not be surprised though. Their capacity for astonishment had been stretched as far as it would go for one evening.

"My dear old friends," he began, and he spoke in the kindly, heartsome Doric speech, and it became him well. "I didna expect to be here the nicht, but I just happened to hear frae our friend, Mr. Shaw, here" (he nodded towards the banker), "that ye were thinking to mend the auld kirk, and I came to see if I could help. Ye'll mind, Sandy," he said, turning with rare courtesy to the old elder, "when you and my father gave a night's fishing to the building funds?" Sandy gave a shamefaced nod. The speaker turned to the others. "My father and Sandy loved this kirk. They had an interest in it. The only way you can have

THE QUIVER

a real interest in a thing is by supporting it. If you put money in war savings, you expect interest, dinna ye? Weel, if ye put your work or your money in the kirk you'll have an interest in it, and it'll pay you weel." Quite suddenly he dropped the Doric and began speaking as a business man to business men. "We'll need a new gallery," he began; "a new floor, new pews, a proper heating apparatus, and a lighting plant of some kind. I've been going over figures and estimates," he went on, calmly taking the helm and guiding the ship into smooth waters. "I think the whole thing could be done quite reasonably if we studied each item." He handed to the men near him price lists, catalogues and illustrations. Mechanically each one began examining the papers—appraising, criticising and admiring, but, all honour to their hearts, not one was protesting.

"A friend who wishes to remain anonymous has given me a hundred pounds for a beginning. I'll give another," he went on.

"Put me down for twenty-five," said the skipper of the *Bonnie Lass*. It was a fine offer. He and all his friends thought so. Not so the man at the helm. He had the meeting well in hand now, and could dictate his terms. He knew also how much each of these skippers was worth. "Twenty-five! Man, I wunner at ye. Say fifty now!" The homely Doric did it. The man laughed and said "Yes." "Put me down for the same," cried another. "And me." "And me." The teacher was a quick writer, but he had enough to do to keep up with the list of subscribers that memorable evening.

Even the "nesty buddy" caught a gleam of the enthusiasm, and said that if they liked he would supply any materials needed at cost price. Whereat one young man was seen to wink knowingly at his neighbour.

"Mr. Smith spoke of something in memory of the boys who have fallen." The speaker was Mr. Shaw, the man whom his friends named "The Silent." Since his boy had fallen in France his silence had become almost painful. Yet on this astonishing night he was speaking.

"My—boy," he said, and paused, "and

forty other boys who—used to come here—are in France. In memory—of them—I should like to present to the church—a new communion table in remembrance."

It was a short and difficult speech, every word throbbing with feeling and wrung out of a quivering human heart.

"Now blessed be His glorious name
To all eternity,
The whole earth let his glory fill.
Amen, so let it be!"

That was how the meeting closed, and it was sung to the tune of Effingham.

The minister was still humming it as he opened the door of a little house on the way to the manse.

"It's all right," he cried.

"Come in, come in," a voice answered.

The man was propped up in bed, and on his pale face lay a great gladness.

"I thocht ye wad never come," he said. "Come in an' tell's a' about it. I ken it was weel."

He listened breathlessly to the tale. "I was wi' ye in spirit," he said wistfully. "Did anything by-ordinar' happen about the time the clock struck the half-hoor?"

"That was the time when I thought the meeting was going to go all wrong."

"I kent it!" cried the sick man. "Something told me just then to pray, an' pray, and agonise in prayer an' no to gie God peace till He answered. Blessed be His glorious name, He answered! I thocht lang till I wad hear! There were great doings to-night, sir. I believe masell a battle was fought in this place the night that wad mak the battles in France seem like bairns' play. And we won!"

The light that ne'er was seen on sea or land was in the minister's face as he quoted: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

They expect to open the Father's House very shortly. When I saw it last they were putting the finishing touches to a new pulpit—a sort of happy afterthought.





The Shepherd :
A Typical Scene on the Sussex Downs

Photo :
J. Gale

Concerning the Teeth

A Health Talk
By
Dr. Lillian Whitney

THE teeth cannot strictly be termed a facial feature, nor can they be included among the organs of the body, yet the beauty of any face, however perfect, is marred by an inattractive denture, while the integrity of the entire organism is dependent upon healthy teeth. To one who has failed to follow the progress in modern dentistry, this statement will appear somewhat rash, but oral hygiene has quite recently flashed into the front ranks of the sciences.

"The dental profession," says one of its shining lights, "has never seriously considered in what condition the human mouth is, or what is necessary for its improvement, under the subject of oral hygiene. Since the fearful jolt we have received in the last few years from the medical profession in regard to focal infection in its relation to secondary diseases, I have no fear as to the future in this respect."

The Mouth—and Health

Translated into ordinary language, this means that scientific investigators have thrown the searchlight of research into the mouth and have discovered that many conditions of the body, hitherto of obscure origin, have their centres of infection in the mouth; that blind abscesses at the roots of teeth and pus pockets in the gums harbour germs that destroy health and, by the diffusion of their poisons through the system, so lower the vitality as to give rise to chronic infections of one kind or another that have heretofore baffled diagnosis.

A notable example of this is rheumatism, with its allied manifestations. ("Rheumatism" is a much abused word, and is used here in its popular sense.) Many investigators now believe that the cause of rheumatism lies in the teeth and gums. Certain it is that when diseased foci in the mouth are removed—teeth drawn and gums healed—existing rheumatic affections often disappear, so that painful, chronically inflamed joints here, or a dully aching nerve there, have been healed as if by magic.

Probably no health crusade has ever been given a greater and wider impetus than that of oral hygiene, but the health and beauty of the mouth depend upon much more than toothbrushes, pastes, and powders; indeed, these have, in myriads of instances, laid the foundation for future troubles. It has been proven over and over again that stiff toothbrushes, gritty dentrifices, and the like are a serious menace to the protective covering of the teeth—the enamel—and to the delicate mucous membrane of the gums, while *having absolutely no remedial or preventive effect upon bacteria and consequent putrefactive changes.*

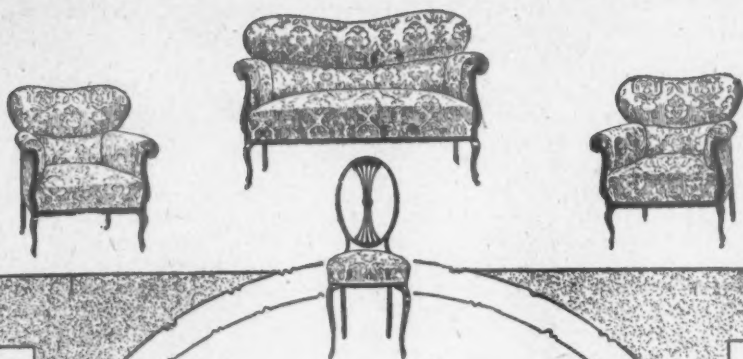
The Point of Attack

So long as the teeth are free from decay and the gums are hard and healthy, no infection can invade them, despite the presence of billions of germs in the mouth. The slightest break, however, in the enamel gives these disease breeders their opportunity.

Now, strong teeth and gums cannot be cultivated with toothbrushes and pastes, as must be obvious to anyone. They are often inherited from a long line of sturdy ancestors and then destroyed in a few months.

That sound teeth are dependent first upon proper food—especially grains as nature intended us to use them—is well known; and that parents are responsible to their offspring for the health and beauty conditions thrust upon them also needs to be pointed out.

The simple explanation that follows will surely go far toward preserving the teeth of those who read and profit by it. In most of us, the mucous membrane of the mouth is always in a state of mild inflammation as a result of our perverted methods of preparing food. Dental caries is not a disease—it is a putrefaction, a chemico-parasitic process; and it is the accumulation of carbohydrate food debris in and about the teeth that is directly responsible for it. (The ingestion of these foods is remotely responsible.) The



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CONCERNING THE TEETH

splitting up of these carbohydrates—sugars and starches—into acids by bacteria furnishes the attacking agent. Now the normal mouth is fairly well protected by nature; it is richly supplied with blood and with salivary glands. Vigorous chewing increases both the circulation of blood and the flow of saliva. But while a normal healthy adult should produce 1 c.c. of saliva *per minute*, and increase this markedly during mastication, there are many in whom so high a percentage is not forthcoming and in whom, furthermore, the saliva is not as active as it should be.

Immunity from dental caries depends on teeth free from imperfections and on freely flowing saliva. It will be observed that teeth well preserved into maturity are always freely bathed with the natural fluids of the mouth.

Now the normal reaction of saliva is slightly alkaline, and it goes without saying that whatever interferes with this injures the structures of the mouth. Carbohydrate food ranks first. The action of saliva upon such material is to convert it into sugar and prepare it for the acid medium of the stomach. A free flow of saliva washes the teeth clean of food particles, but when they are allowed to remain upon and between the teeth, they invite disaster.

The Essentials

What, then, are the imperative factors toward maintaining the mucous membranes of the mouth and the teeth in a healthy state? Less carbohydrates—starch and sugar—that the alkalinity of the secretions may be ensured; more hard and dry food that necessitates thorough mastication, and so stimulates a copious flow of saliva. *Hard* food preserves the gums; *dry* food is the only kind that acts upon the parotid glands. These particular salivary glands—the parotid—fail utterly to contribute any fluid to the mouth unless invited to do so with dry food; which accounts for the fact that persons who eat soft pap and consume quantities of fluids are likely to have poor teeth, an impure breath and wretched digestions.

Soap should never be used as a cleansing agent upon the teeth, as it kills the active principle—ptyalin—in saliva. Now the search for tartar solvents occupies the mind of dental hygienists. The formation of this unpleasant concretion occurs more rapidly

in some cases than in others. At first it is soft, easily removable with a rubber band or dental floss. If the teeth are carefully gone over every day or two and this soft deposit removed, there is little danger of its accumulating and forming hard, scaly masses around the bases of the teeth.

A physiologic salt solution—consisting of one teaspoonful of salt to a pint of boiled water—reduces germ growth; while a tablespoonful—one-half an ounce—of lime water, added to this, forms an ideal mouth wash, particularly in acid mouth conditions, as it corresponds more nearly to an artificial saliva. It cannot be emphasised too often that saliva is nature's protector of the teeth and mouth. The ideal mouth wash, then, consists of one pint of boiled water, to which has been added a teaspoonful of table salt and a tablespoonful of lime water.

Washing the Teeth

The teeth should always be rinsed with this wash after eating, the liquid being drawn back and forth with a suction movement, expelled, and the process renewed until the teeth are entirely free from all extraneous matter and the mouth feels sweet and clean. Many dentists now condemn the tooth-brush *in toto*, claiming that erosion of the teeth and gums follows heroic brushing; also that it is impossible, with the usual brush, to reach back teeth and behind and between teeth, so that the object of the brush not only fails, but does harm, in many instances.

Some conscientious dentists have special brushes made for their clientele. One man of long experience originally took a brush with a tufted end and cut off all the bristles but the tuft. This, with the shank tapered down, is the brush that he now has made up for that purpose.

Of the thirty or more varieties of brushes on sale in the shops, there are long-handled brushes almost answering this description to be had now, but it is an easy matter to make them, and, once they have been used the ordinary kind will never again give satisfaction. As to tooth pastes, powders, and the like, volumes have been written and fortunes made, while common salt is as good a dentrifice as any and better than most, as it sweetens the mouth, hardens the gums, and prevents decay.

THE QUIVER

It is the opinion of experienced oral surgeons that the gums of *all* those who live under modern conditions are in a state of continual inflammation. In some the condition is so mild as to elude ordinary detection, and it ranges in severity between this and a state of deep-seated pyorrhea. The *immediate* causes given are many; the fundamental cause has already been thoroughly gone over above—*demineralised, soft, perverted foods*. Of the immediate causes may be mentioned erosion of the teeth and gums by brushes and powders; the pressure of ill-fitting dental work—bridges and crowns—the putting of infected things into the mouth, especially dirty fingers; eating with unclean hands; drinking and eating after others; hard particles of food forced against the gums; picking the teeth; collections of tartar and bacteria; neglect and uncleanness of the teeth; dental caries.

In the beginning, the symptoms are so faint that no attention is given the condition *either by the dentist or by the patient*. There may be a slight uneasiness felt in the gums and around the teeth—not an actual pain, just a discomfort or a sensitiveness; then it is observed that picking or suction makes them bleed; and then a slight soreness occurs.

The process is exceedingly slow, taking years to develop. Even when the gums have softened and broken away from the roots of the teeth and pus pockets have formed deep down in the alveolar processes, the patient remains unaware of it. He does not taste the bleeding gums while chewing his food, and he does not dream that his lack of buoyant health is caused by the absorption into his system of the pus, bacterial debris, and what not from his mouth. The accumulation of this debris during the night imparts a bad taste to his mouth and a foul odour to his breath in the morning.

The question naturally arises: Is the condition curable? Yes. Of course too much stress cannot be laid upon preventive measures. Rubbing the gums daily with table salt and a rubber massage brush, packing the teeth nightly with bicarbonate of soda and prepared chalk are among the simple means at the command of anyone. These methods *prevent*; they also *check* the beginnings of the trouble. Now, when it has advanced to an appreciable extent, what is to be done?

All the cleansing in the world with the usual preparations goes for naught, but *tincture of iodine* destroys every germ with which it comes in contact and renders the mouth sterile! So, in mild cases, a solution of tincture of iodine—say half a teaspoonful to a small glass of water—daubed on the gums and around the teeth, then used as a wash and gargle and *used, actually used*, a half dozen times daily, will correct the condition and keep it corrected.

For more difficult cases, in which the gums are red, swollen, and bleeding and cavities appear at the necks of the teeth, a noted and successful man uses the following: zinc iodide, fifteen parts; distilled water, ten parts; iodine crystals, twenty-five parts; glycerine, fifty parts. He advises that this be applied to the teeth and gums, and the sensitive cavities saturated every day with an application, for one, two, or three weeks, until the cavities cease to be sensitive, the mouth is clean, the germs are all destroyed, and the gums have receded to nearly or quite normal. At the same time, the following gum wash should be used:

Zinc sulpho-carbolate	. . .	60 grains
Alcohol	. . .	1 ounce
Distilled water	. . .	2 ounces
True oil of wintergreen	. . .	8 drops

The gum wash must be applied with a stiff gum massage brush that will reach the festoons between all the teeth, and of course a dentist should have the patient under observation.

No Excuse for Neglect

There is no excuse for the decay and degeneration of the teeth of the rising generation. If parents neglect the simple suggestions given herein, they are guilty of gross and wanton negligence. X-ray investigations to clear up doubtful cases, which are now being used by physician and dentist, are by no means confined to adult practice. X-ray measurements of the unerupted permanent teeth at the ages of five and six years, to provide for the regulation of the arch of the mouth, are now being carried out, so that the overlapping of teeth and deformities of the jaws with all that follows—*arrested* development of the nasal passage, even *arrested* mental development—can be prevented by this precaution.

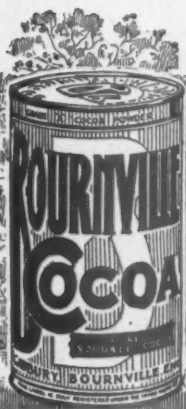
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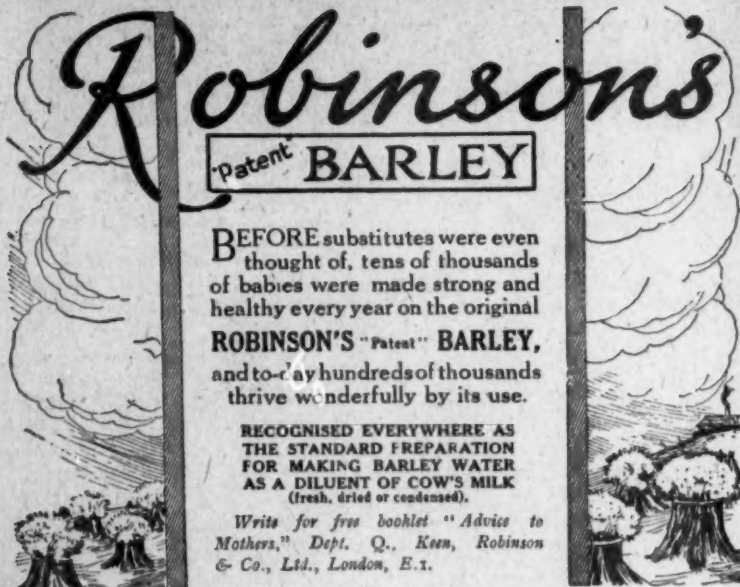
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THE QUIVER

ARMY OF HELPERS

CONDUCTED BY MRS R. H. LOCK
(BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF)

"No one truly knows happiness who has not suffered."—AMIEL.

MY DEAR HELPERS,—By the time you read these words in all probability I shall be many thousands of leagues away from England. At the time of writing I am hoping to sail for Ceylon for a visit of some months. I feel the need of a complete change and rest after severe war-strain both of sorrow and of work. I hope to send you some news of the voyage in next month's QUIVER; meanwhile I do hope my readers will make my holiday additionally enjoyable by sustaining their efforts while I am away. My sister, Mrs. Sturgeon, who is an experienced journalist, will deal with my correspondence during my absence. She is keenly interested in the Army of Helpers, and she will report to me the progress of our work.

A Burmese Charity

I feel it is appropriate to make an appeal this month for an Eastern charitable enterprise. It is undertaken by a friend of mine, in whose splendid work for the deaf and dumb I was much interested when I lived in Ceylon—Miss Mary Chapman. She is now going out to Burma as Organising Commissioner of the Girl Guides together with Miss Walden, who is a Staff Captain. At the same time Miss Chapman is beginning work for the deaf and dumb in Burma. At the census in 1911 there were said to be in Burma 8,564 deaf and dumb inhabitants, of whom 2,386 were children under 15 years old.

Nothing has been done for these afflicted ones so far.

Miss Chapman wanted £1,000 to meet the expenses for five years for two teachers of the deaf, after which the Burmese should support the school themselves. But the

difference in exchange has depreciated the value of the money already collected and Miss Chapman needs an additional £300 to get things going. She wrote to me:

"Only last week two such nice teachers came to offer to go to Burma—both are keen Guides—and are willing to give up their splendid posts and come for a small salary as the pioneering work so appeals to them."

Little Deaf and Dumb Martin

You will see an illustration of a dear little person, Martin, who is deaf and dumb. He is a little Cingalese boy, and I want you to hear his history. He was one of Miss Chapman's pupils in Ceylon. Martin's mother died in the Kandy Hospital and his father, not wishing to be bothered with a deaf and dumb child, took him to the hospital and was never heard of again. One of the "Sisters" said that she believed the father poisoned Martin, for he was so ill when he was admitted. Miss Chapman's sister, who was a visitor at the hospital, heard about Martin and arranged for him to come to the Deaf and Dumb School near Colombo, as soon as he was well enough to leave hospital. He was a miserable little creature then, hopeless, forlorn, unable to make himself understood—in fact, so wretched that the doctor at the Home said it was a pity his life had been saved.

But after a while Martin brightened up, learnt to communicate with the outside world, and is now the happy, pretty child with a mischievous twinkle in his eye that you see in the photograph. He is very fond of embroidery and needlework of all kinds, so he will be trained to be a tailor.

A Thank-offering for Hearing and

Speech

I hope THE QUIVER readers who are thankful for the priceless gifts of speech and

THE QUIVER

hearing will give a thank-offering, small or large. This shall be sent to Miss Chapman to further her work among the Burmese. I am sure all THE QUIVER helpers—especially Girl Guides—will follow her splendid work with interest and will wish her good fortune. All contributions should be sent addressed to me at THE QUIVER office in the usual way.

Books Still Needed

Books of all kinds are still most welcome, and I am most grateful for those already sent. You will be interested to see these extracts from letters from those to whom books have been sent.

A girl who works very hard in an embroidery shop and has no money to spare for books, writes :

"I was delighted to receive a parcel of books from readers of THE QUIVER. Very many thanks. It is so nice, as it happens to be my holidays this week, so I shall enjoy reading them."

The Rev. W. W. Warren, Chaplain of the Dreadnought Hospital, Greenwich, writes :

"Many thanks for the splendid lot of magazines duly received to-day. The sailors do so appreciate them, they are so easily handled in bed."

An invalid—formerly a domestic servant—in a nursing home wrote :

"I am writing on behalf of the patients and myself to thank your readers so much for the parcel of lovely books I received yesterday tea-time. It was so exciting when I opened it. I distributed them all round to the nurses, maids and patients, and all are so grateful."

Miss Methley says :

"Thanks so much for the parcel of books. I have several eager canteens only waiting to adopt them, so they will be most acceptable."

Mrs. Martin, who runs a Girls' Club in Smethwick, is delighted with our latest parcel. She says :

"The books will be very much appreciated, as the other lots were."

Last, but not least, I have the following appreciative

letter from Mr. Blenkinsop, of the Y.M.C.A. :

"Mrs. R. H. Lock.

"Red Triangle Library.

"DEAR MADAM,—On behalf of H.R.H. the Princess Helena Victoria and the Committee of this Library, I send you most grateful thanks for the excellent literature which you have been good enough to send us from THE QUIVER readers, and which will be much appreciated by the men to whom it will be sent.

"May we beg you to add to your kindness by making known our continued and urgent need of reading matter of all kinds, books, magazines and papers?—With renewed thanks, Yours very truly, A. M. BLENKINSOP."

Kind Helpers

I wish to give a special word of thanks to those kind readers who have taken special interest in Mr. Dalton, Alfred Martin and other cases I have mentioned in THE QUIVER. They have been the means of bringing much sunshine into clouded lives.

Wool Wanted

We have a continuous demand for wool and very appreciative letters from those to whom it is sent. My friend Miss Grace Lowe, who is now teaching in some Hackney school, writes :

"The wool you have sent me has brought sunshine to many a girl. I gave some to my friend who has a Mentally Deficient School in Drury Lane, and the girls just revelled in the gift and they sent me some pairs of cuffs (about 20) which they had made for my little ones as well as making things for themselves ; so you see it has been well used."

Wool of all lengths, all qualities and all thicknesses is welcome.

A Gift of Hair

"M. E. B." sent me a kind note and a gift of hair. It is most kind of her, and she asks me if we can use it. As a matter of fact, we hope to dispose of this, but we cannot receive hair at the office. It is difficult for us to dispose of it, and it would be



Little Martin

"THE QUIVER" ARMY OF HELPERS

far better if intending donors of hair would sell it themselves and give the proceeds to our funds.

Christmas Cards

No used Christmas cards can be received at the office, as they block up space, and it is far better to send them direct to: G. J. Hill, Esq., The Union of Floating Christian Endeavour, 215-217, St. George Street, London, E.; or to Miss Ella Butler, Crab Hill, South Nutfield, Surrey.

Mr. Hill sent me a very attractive specimen of a "housewife" made from used Christmas cards. He says:

"We can make good use of any number of Christmas cards. We send them out to Endeavourers, who turn them into needlecases as per enclosed sample. We send out 50,000 of these to sailors each Christmas with handwritten letters."

And Miss Butler says:

"Please forgive me for not writing sooner to thank you and others who have so very kindly sent me such a splendid number of Christmas cards, but I was away from home when they arrived. I am most grateful for them, and so I know will the poor recipients in some of our Surrey lunatic asylums be when they receive them on Christmas Day. One doctor told me some years ago that quite early in

the autumn the patients asked him if he thought they would have Christmas cards sent to them that year."

Welcome Gifts and Letters

Welcome gifts in money and kind, letters, etc., have been received from:

Miss Tempest, "An Occasional Reader," Miss A. E. Morris, "A Friend" (St. Andrews, Fife), Miss L. Cruse, Miss Flowers, Mrs. Chandler, A. R. Cooper, The Misses Bailey, Miss M. A. Alsop, Miss Gorham, Mrs. Burness, Mrs. Morgan, Miss V. M. Grimes, Miss Podmore, Mrs. Slade, Janet Potter, Mrs. Nicholson, Miss A. G. Lean, Mrs. Allen, Miss Hagyard, Miss Grace M. Lowe, Mrs. Ballantyne, Mrs. Fairington, Mrs. Liddiard, The Misses Stephenson, Mrs. Carre, Miss Chapman, Miss Pascoe, Miss Irene Grice, Mrs. Waddington, Miss C. Walker, Miss Isted, Miss Cope, Miss H. M. Beach, M. E. B., F. Randolph, Miss Anderson, Ada Sivart, etc.

Many names are held over 'till next month.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF
(MRS. R. H. LOCK).

A Living Wage for the Parson

To the Editor of THE QUIVER

DEAR SIR,—May I be allowed to thank Mr. Arthur Brooke for his stirring article which appeared in the February QUIVER entitled "The Scandal of the Starving Parson," and in this way bringing so important a matter before the British public. I am particularly grateful to him, as I am at present assisting the Rev. Canon Phipps of Wakefield to raise sufficient money to pay the clergy in the Wakefield diocese a living wage, and in view of that article I should be grateful if you could spare space to publish the following information:

The writer seems to imagine nothing is being done for the clergy who are so inadequately paid; but I do not think he is aware that "the Maintenance of the Clergy" is amongst the objects of the Central Church Fund, and that the Central Board of Finance at their meeting held last November set aside the sum of £120,000 for the express purpose of temporarily increasing the stipends of the clergy, and stipendiary lay workers of our Church. This sum was divided amongst the forty-two dioceses, and block-grants were sent to the several diocesan boards of finance for them to disburse as they thought best. Of course this grant was not nearly sufficient for the requirements, and most dioceses in the North of England formulated a plan by which the sufferings of the clergy may be alleviated. The diocese of Wakefield has, I think, led the way to what we hope may be a very successful effort.

An appeal was issued last October by our Bishop on behalf of—

A.—A Sustentation Fund, for temporarily increasing the Stipends of Incumbents whose incomes are under £400 per annum; for which

no less a sum than £15,000 per annum is required; and

B.—An Augmentation Fund for permanently augmenting all benefices in the dioceses to at least £325 per annum, for which £64,000 would be required during the next six years.

Although this special appeal was only issued in October last, the special committee appointed by the board were able to disburse £3,631 to 176 clergy, and 11 lay workers, as an interim grant just before Christmas; this included £1,800 received from the Central Board of Finance.

Many letters expressing gratitude have been received by the Bishop and Canon Phipps, which show how much the effort has been appreciated.

In addition to this a number of parishes have had their benefices augmented, £2,575 having been contributed for that special purpose in addition to a very large sum of money raised by the parishes themselves and sent to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in the hope that it will be met by similar sums, and so make a substantial increase to these particular parishes.

Twenty-nine parishes have taken upon themselves the responsibility of paying the Dilapidations of the Vicarage House, Insurance of the Vicarage, and even in some cases the rates and taxes.

Where the appeal has been made known the people are very ready to respond.

By the above it will be seen that something is being done, and very willingly too, to blot out the stain that is upon the Church of England at the present time.

KATIE F. COLLINGWOOD GREENWOOD,
Assistant Organiser,
Wakefield Diocese.



COMPETITION PAGES

Conducted by
THE COMPETITION EDITOR

FOR the past few months—ever since Peace was signed, in fact—there has been much talk of building new houses; rather more talk, perhaps, than the result has so far warranted, though the coming summer may possibly witness an appreciable move in the direction of putting plans into practice. Inasmuch as the topic may be regarded as a fairly exhausted one, however, I venture to propose that my readers give the matter a few moments' thought this month, but purely from the point of view of *improvements* that might be carried into effect in the construction of the new houses. It seems to me that this is a matter of special interest to women, since they would naturally be the first to appreciate any change that might facilitate the domestic arrangements of their households. The essay might be entitled: "The New Houses—Some Improvements." Prize for seniors (over 18), Ten Shillings; and for juniors (18 and under), a Book.

Our Special Art Competition

As most of our readers are already aware, April 23rd is the closing date for receiving entries in connection with the special art competition that was announced in January last. The subject set was the choice of any incident from the story of "Peter Pan," and the illustration was to be carried out in colour or in black-and-white. The prize for the seniors is Two Guineas, and for the juniors One Guinea.

Rules for Competitors

1. All work must be original and must be certified as such by the competitor. In the case of literary competitions work must be written on one side of the paper only.

2. Competitor's name, age and address must be clearly written upon each entry—not enclosed on a separate sheet of paper. All loose pages must be pinned together.

3. Pseudonyms are not allowed, and not more than one entry may be submitted by one competitor for each competition.

4. No entry can be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped and directed envelope *large enough to contain it*. Brown paper and string, wrappers, and stamps unaccompanied by envelopes are insufficient.

5. All entries must be received at this office by April 23rd, 1920. They should be addressed, "Competition Editor," THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Results of the January Competitions

There was quite a good entry for the story competition this month, but few, I fear, could lay claim to great originality, even though readers were not restricted as to the type of story chosen.

The prize-winner in the senior division is A. REDFERN, whose story is printed below. It is quite a pleasing little tale, well written, with just a sufficient amount of sentiment to give it the human touch. Regarding smaller points, however, this reader would be well advised to exercise greater care. For instance, the introduction of a fresh character without explaining throughout the story who he or she is.

"WHO LOVETH ALL"

She was a large grey cat, the biggest, furriest altogether the handsomest he had ever seen. Some misguided persons might even say she hadn't the slightest claim to beauty; it was just a question of taste. Pietro's own private opinion was that she was the most beautiful the good God had ever made, with the softest, most affectionate eyes in the world.

But she wasn't his; one day she would be claimed by her rightful owners, and Pietro hated to think of that day. If only she belonged to nobody and he were free to keep her so long as ever she chose to stay! That, indeed, would be happiness.

He had not realised before how lonely he had been.

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Costume length at these
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COMPETITION PAGES

Whilst his mother lived it had been different; and since her death he had struggled on the best he could. He no longer lingered on the way home, but dashed up the crazy stairs two at a time, always sure of a welcome. At first his fear had been lest upon opening the door one day he should find her gone, but as day followed day and she was still there he began to take courage.

"My!" ejaculated Liz, upon seeing his treasure for the first time. "Her's a beauty, her is. You've copped 'er, that's what you've done!"

Pietro flushed.

"Scusi," he said very politely. "No, no. The cruel ones—they did try to drown the bellissima!"

"Ain't there no notice up yet?" she demanded presently. "Maybe they'll be h'offerin' of a reward; most of 'um does; 'andsome ones, too. You'd better keep 'er shut up tight if you don't want 'er nabbed. 'Sides, you'd look precious blue if someone nicked the reward astead of you!"

Pietro had never dreamed of a reward being offered, and the idea troubled him. Why had she put it into his mind? All through the day he dreaded meeting with one of the fateful little placards. Whenever one caught his eye he tried to hurry past and not look; but it held him fascinated.

It was then, not finding what he feared, his heart suddenly grown lighter, he would run briskly on, calling his newspapers.

"Paper! Evening paper! The latest news? Si, si, signore!"

This particular day, however, had not gone well for Pietro. It had rained for hours, that steady soaking rain that shows no promise of abating, and people were disinclined to loiter. They hurried past the barefooted little figure with its half-merry, half-sad face, and consequently he had still a good number of papers left on his hands. To make matters worse, he had not a single soldo in his pockets. There was, then, to be no supper for him that night. The reflection that the "bellissima," however, would not go hungry somewhat cheered him.

He quickened his steps and hastened on as fast as his chilled limbs would allow him. At the same moment his eyes caught sight of a small square sheet of paper. He stopped as though petrified. He read it slowly; read it again; but there it was, flapping in the wind, bearing the legend in big black letters:

TEN SHILLINGS REWARD

LOST, A LARGE GREY CAT.

He gazed at it numbly, a strange, buzzing sensation in his ears. There was no getting away from it. He stumbled on blindly, feeling stunned and queer. Without her it would be more than he could bear.

"Carissima," he cried. "O carissima mia! (O my dearest!) they would part us—they would take you from me!"

He uttered a choking cry and caught her up in his arms, holding her so tightly she mewed a little. Why should he let her go, the only thing he loved and who loved him? Those rich ones, they had others to love, they did not need her as he did, he who had nothing.

He crouched sobbing on the cold floor, clasping the cat closely to him. Pleadingly, he held her up before his mother's picture, his face lifted passionately.

"Must I give her up?" he whispered. "Must I give her up?" but her eyes looked only sadly into his. He turned away, and threw himself on his bed. She must not be disappointed in him, must not be ashamed.

Yet had he not a right to her? Had he not rescued her in the nick of time, and hadn't the ring-leader of the rascals who would have drowned the angel given her himself—a wet, miserable object—to do with what he liked?

Già, it was all true. But for him she would never

have been found at all, however much they offered. Why should he not keep her? they would not know; she would be only one of the many lost cats that are never found.

He drew her closer, and buried his face in her fur. She snuggled up to him, purring loudly, but he could not sleep. All night his mother's words—the last she ever spoke to him—rang in his ears.

"Do the right, Pietro mio," the faint voice said.

"Always do the right, the rest will come easy."

But ah, that was the hard part—to do the right!

In the morning he took the cat in his arms and hurried out without a backward glance, fearing lest he should change his mind. The calm eyes of the picture seemed to smile upon him this morning as though to give him courage; last night they had seemed sad, and very, very tired.

It was not far to go; he remembered the address perfectly; and the big house with its long broad drive soon came into sight.

He did not trust himself to look down at the cat lying snugly in his arms. She seemed to grow heavier at every step. At last—he had reached the door. He gave a ring at the bell; it was feeble, and no one came; he rang again, louder.

The door opened, and Jakes, the butler, looked down not unkindly upon the little forlorn figure.

A moment of suspense. Would he recognise her? And then, scarcely hearing:

"What? A lost cat? No, it doesn't belong here; we wants no stray cats. They brought ours back last night. Better keep it yourself—or drown it: a small loss to anybody, I should say!"

Whereupon Jakes, the butler, banged the door; while a wildly excited boy, scarcely believing he had heard aright, his eyes swimming with happy tears, hugged a large grey cat to his breast.

"So you are mine," he said huskily. "Treasure of my heart, really mine—after all!"

E. A. REDFERN.

Highly Commended.—J. Margaret Ross, Gwendolen Leijonhufvud, Una Burgess, Ellen M. Chown, E. Phyllis Merryweather, Eva Bickley, Millicent Baird, B. Salmond, Gertrude Hall.

Commended.—Kathleen McLean, Lydia Mary Foster, Dora Shewring, Ethel Bickley, Sybil Megan, L. G. Bartlett, Mrs. Lindley Grigsley, Marjorie Bell, Kathleen Mills Perry, Alice E. Hunt.

In the junior division the prize is awarded to KATHLEEN PAGE, aged 16, for the following little story:

TWO LITTLE PEACEMAKERS

Maisie Dorrington looked, as she felt, a very miserable little girl. Her eyes were stiff from the tears that had washed her pillow last night, and her head ached painfully. Why was she so unhappy when it was such a lovely day? The kind of day that her chum Cecil and she would have had a picnic. If only they had not quarrelled! Cecil was such a dear, too; but there, if he liked his cousin better than her, she didn't want to go where she was not wanted. With these thoughts she got up, and her cat Pixie jumped from the bed to rub his head against her feet. When she first came to Maisie, Cis had said she looked like a wicked elf, so they called her Pixie. Cis always did choose good names; was there anything he could not do?

Later in the day Maisie was walking towards Cis's house; she was only going to have a little peep in the gates to see if he were about. Presently she saw a dog bounding after a stick which his master threw. There was something familiar about them—yes, it was Royal taking his morning run with Cis; she was wondering if she should go to him and say she was sorry (perhaps it had been nasty to call him a "false cad," but it had sounded so grand when she

THE QUIVER

said it), when she saw his cousin was with him, so she gave her head a little toss and marched by. Cis was not going to be beaten, so politely lifting his hat he thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled sweetly. When they were out of sight, Maisie impatiently pushed a dark curl aside that would keep getting in her eyes. She was not crying, it was only that tiresome bit of hair making her eyes sting!

Days went by and still the two friends did not speak to each other. Cousin Madge had gone home, and Cecil was feeling very dull. "Maisie is a decent kid, it is a pity she's so jealous. I suppose girls are made that way," he told Royal. "Good job you're not a girl, old chap; they're all the same. Even Pix is as jealous of her two kittens as can be." Royal looked up and blinked, showing he understood, then putting his head on his paws pretended he was watching a fly struggling on its back, when he was really thinking how he could bring the two friends together. He liked Maisie and could not bear to see his master lonely; besides he admired Maisie's cat, and was amused at her fluffy babies as they crawled over her with their eyes shut. He thought they might have the sense to look where they went. He and Pix had often had romps together until her family came, when she had nearly scratched his eyes out because he wanted to help wash them, so he had kept away from her since.

Maisie shut her book with a sigh much too deep for a little girl of eleven. She had been reading of a boy who had all his wishes granted by the fairies. "Lucky boy, if I could be in his place for a minute I would wish for Cis to be friendly again; I wonder if we will be enemies when we are ever so old—I've often heard of it! Well, I'll go and see Pix." She climbed down from her seat in the tree. That was something she could show Cis, some day; he had said no girl could climb up there.

She reached the shed where Pixie was, or rather had been, for the place was empty now. The kittens could not go by themselves, who could have taken them? She was hurrying away when she heard a shout, and turning round saw Cis following Roy, who was trotting along slowly with—yes, surely it was a kitten in his mouth! She joined Cis, forgetful of all except the kitten. Suppose Roy had bitten it—perhaps he was going to eat it!

They could not run for fear of frightening Royal and make him hold the poor kitten tighter, so they followed patiently to see what he was going to do. He was getting near his home now, they hoped he would go in the gates. Sure enough he did, and went straight to his kennel. If they hurried they could snatch the kitten away before he ate it. They ran up, and what a shock they had. There, curled up on the straw with the other kitten, was Pixie purring loudly! Cis and Maisie stared at each other, and at last Cis managed to say, "Isn't he clever? he must have carried one first and gone back for the other."

"Yes, and they haven't been friends since the kittens came."

"I say, Maisie, I couldn't help going with Madge such a lot, because there was only I to entertain her. She's not half such a sport as you, anyway."

Maisie's eyes brightened. "All right, Cis. I was jealous. I'm sorry now. Oh, look, aren't they sweet!" Royal had squeezed in by Pixie and each had a paw round a kitten. "I think we ought to be friends again as they are, don't you? I missed you, Cis."

"Have you, kid? I expect I've missed you, too," he answered, as they went, leaving the animals, as they supposed, asleep. When they had gone you might have seen Royal look at Pixie and wink, and could you understand their language you would perhaps have heard the Little Peacemakers congratulating themselves on the success of their plan.

KATHLEEN PAGE.

Highly Commended.—Marion Geoghegan, Marian Silcock, Mary Ireland, Gladys Fansett, Ruby Hinch, Annie Evans, Jean Stewart, Muriel Corbett, Dorothy A. Kuhuber, Dorothy Crompton, Margaret R. Sergeant, J. R. McCallum, Joan F. Ferris.

Commended.—Edith Parkin, Muriel Joyce Stringer, Edith Martin, Kathleen Edith Taylor, Vera Joy, Frances E. Judge, Marie Manley, Lorna Rutten, Leatham, Gwen Poole, Phyllis Garland, Alice May Kemp, Lily Ward, May Flower, Clarice Thompson, Doris Evans, Dorothy Hudson, Freda Evans, Eleanor Wilks, Nancy Lancashire, Nellie Ingledow, Marjorie L. C. Hayter, Ruth Evelyn Stokes, Eva Hulme, Margaret E. Drake.

Debate

"IS FASHION CHANGING FOR THE BETTER OR WORSE?"

The topic of modern fashion raised a very interesting discussion, and it was encouraging to see the number of readers who took part in it. With few exceptions the general opinion seems to be that present-day fashion, if not carried to the extreme, is decidedly for the better of both health and appearance.

The four prizes set apart for this competition are awarded to W. J. BAKHURST, MARGARET ROSS, EDITH E. MCWILLIAM and ALFREDA LUCAS.

IS FASHION CHANGING FOR THE BETTER OR WORSE?

"Fashion" is so closely related to evolution that to wisely criticise the former one must keep in mind the fact of the latter. "To be in the fashion" may mean the foolish imitation of some custom of the moment—on the other hand, it may be the practice of some modern and beneficial improvement on an undesirable and unnecessary custom now out of date. The popular use of the term "fashion" is chiefly associated with women's dress—particularly its style—for quality is of secondary importance. Whence originates new fashions? Paris is suggested, but the fact remains that few people could give a satisfactory and satisfying answer to this most pertinent of questions. Perhaps in these days of enterprise it is the enterprising manufacturer who, in deep consultation with the sartorial artist, evolves some startling creation and then by judicious advertising "places" the new fashion in the shops—and the rest of the explanation is obvious. To adequately answer the question set by the Editor requires long experience—and great caution. If one in a spirit of modesty suggests that low-cut blouses and short skirts mark a decadence, one must not forget the styles affected in Victorian days, or the fact that evening dress is sanctioned indoors—then why not in the street? The short—reasonably short—skirt marks a distinct advance hygienically speaking; no woman would wish to return to the mud-beset, draggled heavy skirt of the past. Controversy might more easily be aroused by the low-cut blouse. In this respect modesty may easily be defied and the best taste abused. In all cases health should be studied. There is noticeable a tendency to wear dress for show—rather than suitable to the weather. In this, as in all personal matters, moderation and good taste should be observed. Dress is undoubtedly to please others as well as to cover and protect the body.

W. J. BAKHURST.

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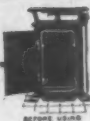
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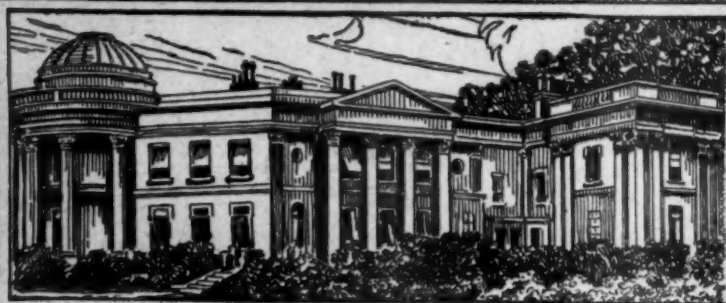
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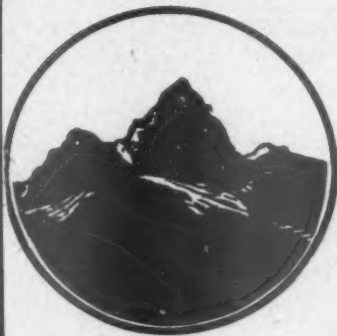
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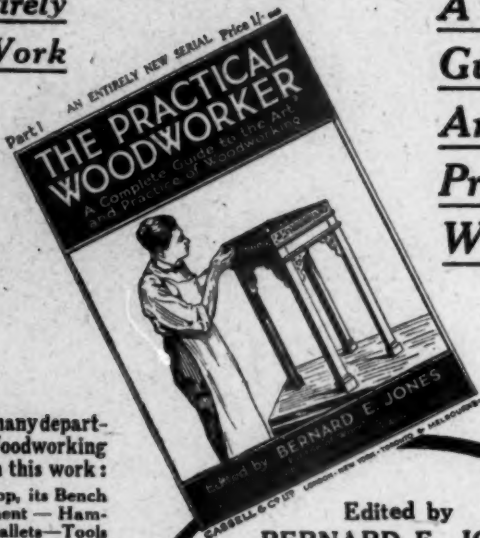
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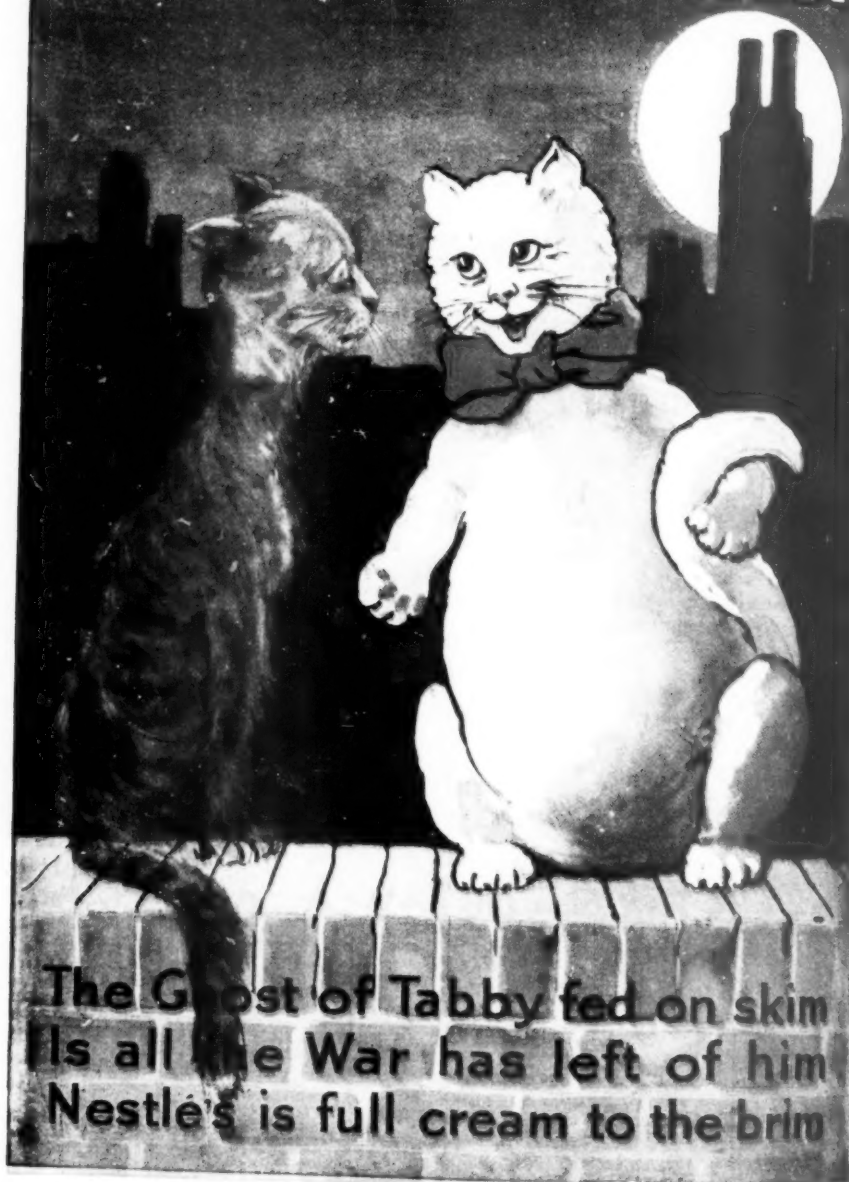
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